Henry Ward Beecher

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HENRY WARD BEECHER.
ÆTAT 70.

BEECHER:

CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHER, PULPIT ORATOR, PATRIOT AND PHILANTHROPIST.

A VOLUME OF

REPRESENTATIVE SELECTIONS

FROM THE SERMONS, LECTURES, PRAYERS, AND LETTERS OF

HENRY WARD BEECHER,

WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

BY THOMAS W. HANDFORD.

ILLUSTRATED BY TRUE WILLIAMS.

With Copious Index of Subjects.

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PREFACE.

HENRY WARD BEECHER was so conspicuous a figure, and occupied so commanding a position in the religious and political life of America, that it would not be remarkable if many books should appear, each purporting to deal more or less exhaustively with the life and labors of this illustrious man. Every eye sees its own rainbow, and from various standpoints estimates will be formed of the many-sided character of the Pastor of Plymouth Church. There will be a great demand for a Life of Mr. Beecher, from the hand of some one who knew him intimately, and loved him well. Not from idle curiosity, but from motives both of love and admiration, we shall all be glad to know whatever can be told us of the inner life of this great thinker and teacher. There will also be a demand for a careful analysis of the doctrines Mr. Beecher taught and of his methods of teaching. There is room, also, for another book — a handy, portable volume — presenting, in compact and careful outline, a general impression of Mr. Beecher and his work. Such a book the Compiler offers in these pages. The design of this volume — indicated on the page of contents — is to present to the reader, along with a brief biographical sketch, extracts from the sermons, lectures, prayers and correspondence of Mr. Beecher, in such order as shall be a pleasant memorial of the great preacher to those who had the privilege of knowing him, and an equally pleasant possession to those who know him only through his published works. The voice of Mr. Beecher is heard mainly throughout these pages, and by their aid the reader will be able to spend

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many pleasant hours in the genial and helpful companionship of this man who, "being dead," yet speaks to us in impressive and perpetual eloquence. The preparation of this book has been an exceedingly pleasant task. The Compiler counts it one of the great privileges of his life that he has been permitted to offer his tribute of admiration and respect to the greatest Preacher and Teacher of the Nineteenth century.

Maywood, Ill., July 8th, 1887.

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HENRY WARD BEECHER.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

For David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep, and was laid into his fathers.—Acts: xiii. 36.

Spirits are not finely touched but to fine issues. * * Heaven doth with us as we with torches do, not light them for themselves; for if our virtues did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike as if we had them not.—*Shakespeare.*

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial;
We should count time by heart throbs.
He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
And he whose heart beats quickest, lives the longest.
Lives in one hour more than in years do some.

* * * *

Life is but a means unto an end; that end,
Beginning, mean, and end of all things,— God.
The dead have all the glory of the world.

—*Philip James Bailey.*

TO write wisely of a great man's life, it is necessary to be a good distance from his grave. We are much too near the grave of Henry Ward Beecher to think, or speak, or write of him with perfect calmness. The light has hardly faded from his genial face, the music of his voice still lingers in our ears. There has not yet been time for him to become a memory of the past. It seems but yesterday that we heard the bells tolling a solemn requiem over his lifeless clay. We have not yet grown accustomed to the world without Henry Ward Beecher. Some things seem too good to be true, and some too sad to realize. A great void was created when the Plymouth pastor died. He was so large a part of his age, so deeply

concerned in all its best interests, that in his departure the world misses one of her "Apostle lights." Our moods are too much charged with emotion to permit a perfectly impartial judgment of the dead. And yet the hour is ripe and the occasion at hand for laying gratefully a simple wreath of immortelles on the silent orator's grave. In days to come, when all the materials are gathered, some wise voice will tell the world a larger and completer story of the life of the greatest preacher of the nineteenth century. On Henry Ward Beecher fell the mantle of the prophets of the elder days. He was a servant of God, and of the people, and of the age. Concerning him, that fine scripture eulogy of David, King of Israel, might be transcribed for an epitaph. "He served his own generation by the will of God and fell on sleep."

Henry Ward Beecher, the eighth child of Lyman and Roxana Foot Beecher, was born at Litchfield, Conn., on the 24th of June, 1813; he died in Brooklyn on Tuesday morning, March the 8th, 1887. He was spared to pass the limit of three-score years and ten, he went down to his grave in a good and radiant age. Like a shock of corn fully ripe, he was gathered to the garner of God. The lines fell to him for the most part in pleasant places, his lot was cast in the best years of the best age of the world. The nineteenth century was only in its teens when Henry Ward Beecher was born, and it was in the first flush of a promising manhood when in 1837, he commenced his great life-work. Fifty years have passed since the young preacher of Lawrenceburg put his hand to the Gospel plow. What years they have been! The wonderful events of the last half century have been rich enough in meaning to fill with romance any dozen centuries of the world's former history. Few men have had more to do as individuals in forming the modern history of America than Henry Ward Beecher. He has helped to the very uttermost of his ability to make America the best, the freest, the happiest country beneath the stars. And in doing this he has

made himself a part of his country forever. As long as the stars and stripes float in the blue free heavens, as long as America endures, the pastor of Plymouth Church will be remembered with gratitude and pride.

Mr. Beecher's life was not rich in great or prominent events. Some men by the deeds of a day have sprung into perpetual fame; an hour on the battle-field, or the happy accident of some great occasion has made heroes of them forever. All honor to them! They deserve to be held in grateful remembrance, but it is not by great events, by great speeches or sermons uttered on great occasions, but by fifty years of devoted service that Mr. Beecher has endeared himself to his country.

In very early life Mr. Beecher lost his mother. He was too young to understand all that that loss implied, and yet the event made an impression on his young mind that was never wholly effaced. But he was not permitted to go through the early years of life with a great "mother-want," as Elizabeth Barrett Browning calls it, making his young heart sad. Dr. Lyman Beecher married again, and of this second mother Mr. Beecher speaks in very tender terms: "my dear mother — not she that gave me birth, but she that brought me up; she that did the office-work of a mother, if ever a mother did; she that, according to her ability, performed to the uttermost her duties — was a woman of great veneration."

No man can tell the story of his earlier years better than Mr. Beecher himself. He says. "My childhood was perhaps no different from that of others seventy years ago. The little ones in those days were not given the consideration that is now accorded them, and properly so. I didn't have any jumping-jacks, nor tops, nor marbles, nor toys of any kind. It doesn't seem to me that I knew any boys to play with, either. We lived in a part of the village where there didn't seem to be any boys, and so I was let alone. My father was kept busy with his pastoral duties and my mother had so many other children to attend to

that little attention was paid to me. Occasionally the paternal government would reach me. Sometimes my father would whip me. I remember that he used to tell me that the whipping hurt him more than it did me. It was hard to believe that, because he was a strong man, but I believed it, and it used to make me cry to be told so; then, of course, I had to cry when the whipping began, and, all in all, those were very doleful times."

At the age of twelve we find the future pulpit orator at the Latin School at Boston, where he made considerable, if not brilliant progress. In these early days he found great delight in the records of Nelson and Captain Cook. A spirit of adventure seized him, and he determined to go to sea; but this was not to be.

> "There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them as we may."

Dr. Beecher became aware of Henry's purpose, and instead of violently opposing his plans, suggested a course that seemed to be in line with the young adventurer's desires. A course of mathematics and navigation was considered necessary for such a vocation. The enterprising youth was sent to Amherst, and there for a time he gave his attention to mathematics.

It was during his residence at Mount Pleasant Institute, Amherst, Mass., that Henry Ward Beecher gave the first indications of what manner of man he was to become. The seeds that had been sown in earlier years were now to bring forth good fruit. He was fourteen years of age when he commenced his Amherst course, a lad well grown, with vigorous health, trained to obedience and hard work; full of bright dreams of the future, and exceedingly sensitive to kindly, genial influences. He made very fair progress in the study of mathematics, and under the guidance of Professor Lovell he became quite enthusiastic in the study of elocution, devoting an hour a day during five days a week to this important branch of his education;—especially important for him, from the fact

that his voice was naturally thick and husky, and his enunciation was rendered very indistinct in consequence of enlarged tonsils. The passages he most of all delighted to declaim were selections from "Paradise Lost," from Shakespeare's plays, from Sheridan Knowles' "William Tell," and from the sermons of the eloquent Robert Hall, of Leicester. His study of this subject was most thorough and exhaustive. Indeed, it is said that he knew nearly the whole of "Porter's Rhetorical Reader" by heart, and yet no man on the platform of America manifested less than Mr. Beecher the traces of the technical elocutionist. As time passed on, the ardent desire for a seafaring life began to weaken. The stories of Nelson's naval conquests and Captain Cook's intrepid wanderings lost something of their old fascination. Life was filling fast with larger meanings. The young student of Amherst was reaching toward the stature of an earnest manhood. About this time, when in a mood of spiritual anxiety, a religious revival arose, stirring the deep undercurrents of that spiritual susceptibility which had been, for the most part, the habit of his life, and was largely the result of his home training. Henry Ward Beecher resolved to be a Christian, and in this bright, fair morning of his days, he set himself to "follow the Lord fully." His conversion — if we may use that word in this connection — was not the doleful giving up of everything glad and beautiful to live a life of gloom and sadness. It was a joyful consecration to the Lord. If Mr. Beecher could not have been a joyful Christian, he would not have been a Christian at all. All life was glad to him. Existence alone, under the blue skies and in the happy fields, was a luxury. And he judged that the Christian life ought to be of all lives the most joyful. True to these convictions, his life was sunny where some thought it should only be solemn. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe writes of him at this period in her own characteristic manner. "The only thing," she says, "which prevented Henry from taking

the first rank as a religious young man was the want of that sobriety and solemnity which was looked upon as essential to the Christian character. He was like a converted bobolink, who should be brought to judgment for short quirks and undignified twitters and tweedles, among the daisy heads, instead of flying in dignified paternal sweeps, like a good swallow of the sanctuary, or sitting in solemnized meditation in the depths of pine trees like the owl."

At the early age of seventeen he became a member of his father's church in Boston.

It was while he was a student at Amherst College that the future brilliant preacher made *his first public speech*. It was delivered at the college debating society, in a debate on Garrison's attack on the Colonial Society. Beecher was assigned to speak on the anti-Garrison side, but in reading up the subject his mind changed, and at the last moment he surprised the meeting by joining the ranks of his adversaries.

The desire of Dr. Lyman Beecher's heart — that his son Henry should become a preacher — was destined to be fulfilled. Mr. Beecher might have made a good commander on the deck of a ship, but the pulpit was to be his throne of power. We are told that Professor Stowe had a good deal to do with Mr. Beecher's final decision to devote his life to the work of the Christian ministry. He did not enter upon his sacred calling without very thorough consideration. He was not dismayed at the solemn responsibilities of the Christian ministry. Indeed, he was not dismayed at anything. He loved God with that whole-hearted, trustful love that casts out fear, especially the fear that savors of dread. His chief concern was to know what to say to make men Christians. To *really raise* man to God was in his view the only true test of success in the Christian ministry. The following paragraph contains Mr. Beecher's own account of his determination to preach the Gospel:

One memorable day whose almost every cloud I remember, whose high sun and glowing firmament and waving trees are vivid yet, there rose before me, as if an angel had descended, a revelation of Christ as being God because he knew how to love a sinner; not that he would love me when I was true and perfect, but because I was so wicked that I should die if he did not give himself to me, and so inconstant that I never should be steadfast; as it were saying to me, "Because you are sinful, I am yours." Before that thought of a God who sat in the center and seat of power that he might bring glory and restoration to everything that needed him I bowed down in my soul; and from that hour to this it has been my very life to love and to serve the all-helping and pitiful God. That determined me to preach.

Knowing the man as we know him now, we are not at all surprised that he accepted the first invitation to a pastorate that presented itself: He had resolved to preach — where and under what circumstances were not to him matters of great importance. He would probably have accepted the charge of "a little garden walled around" if it had been offered him, but he was quite as willing to be "a voice crying in the wilderness;" anything — anywhere — if he might but lift men into the light of God, and lead their feet into paths of peace.

In the year 1837 — just fifty years ago — Mr. Beecher commenced his public life. He became pastor of a small church in the village of Lawrenceburg, Ind. The flock consisted of twenty members: "Nineteen of them were women," he said, "and the other — was nothing." Here for two years he continued preaching with great joy to that little flock. How poor they were, and how happy he was in his work, his own words best tell: "I remember the days of our poverty," he says, "our straightness. I was sexton of my own church at that time. There were no lamps there, so I bought some; and I filled them and lit them. I did not ring the bell, because there was none to ring. I made the fires and swept the building. I opened the church before prayer-meeting and preaching, and locked it when they were over, in fact, doing everything, but coming to hear myself preach — that they had to do. We were all poor together, and to the day of my death I never shall forget one of those faces or hear one of those

names spoken without having excited in my mind the warmest remembrances. Some of them I venerate, and the memory of some has been precious as well as fruitful of good to me down to this hour."

From Lawrenceburg he removed to Indianapolis, where for eight years he toiled with great success. In this pastorate he proved himself to be "a workman that need not to be ashamed." He assailed intemperance and gambling with such force that the whole town felt and acknowledged his power.

It was here he delivered his famous "Lectures to Young Men," which have justly attained a world-wide popularity. In the preface to the first edition he explains in the following words the occasion of their delivery:

"Having watched the courses of those who seduce the young, — their arts, their blandishments, their pretenses; having witnessed the beginning and consummation of ruin, almost in the same year, of many young men, naturally well disposed, whose downfall began with the *appearances* of innocence, — I felt an earnest desire, if I could, to raise the suspicion of the young, and to direct their reason to the arts by which they are with such facility destroyed. I ask every YOUNG MAN who may read this book not to submit his judgment to mine, not to hate because I denounce, nor blindly to follow me; but to weigh my reasons, that he may form his own judgment. I only claim the place of a companion; and that I may gain his ear, I have sought to present truth in those forms which best please the young; and though I am not without hope of satisfying the aged and the wise, my whole thought has been to *carry with me the intelligent sympathy of* YOUNG MEN."

In the preface to the last edition of these powerful appeals to young men, he gives a quaint and pleasant account of the mode of their preparation:

"The lectures were delivered on successive Sunday nights; the church was crowded during the series, — a thing that seldom happened during my Western life.

Indianapolis, in 1844, contained about four thousand inhabitants, and had not less than twelve churches of eight different denominations. The audiences of the Second Presbyterian church, of which I was pastor, did not average five hundred in number during the eight years of my settlement. But five hundred was regarded as a large audience. The lectures were written, each one during the week preceding the day of its delivery. I well remember the enjoyment which I had in their preparation. They were children of early enthusiasm. I can see before me now, as plainly as then, the room which in our little ten-foot home served at once as parlor, study, and bedroom; and the writing-chair, the place by the window, and the skeleton bookcase, with a few books scattered on solitary shelves, like a handful of people in church on a rainy day."

If the work of these first ten years of his pastorate were of value to Lawrenceburg and Indianapolis, they were not without great value to Mr. Beecher himself. He was unconsciously fitting himself for larger and more important tasks. Faithful in his duty to these smaller flocks, he received the guerdon that comes sooner or later to all faithful toilers — he was called to rule a larger and a mightier kingdom. For in truth, when Henry Ward Beecher came to Plymouth Church, he came to preach to thoughtful men of Brooklyn and New York, but his words were destined to be echoed all round the civilized world. On the morning of October 10, 1847, he entered upon the duties, continued through the remainder of his life, as pastor of Plymouth Church. One of his first acts was to distinctly state from Plymouth pulpit his principles and beliefs. He announced that he would preach Christ living and full of love, by whose standards all men should rule their daily acts, advocate the temperance cause, and fight on the side of anti-slavery. There was no need for him to wait in order to prove his words by his deeds, for the storm burst almost immediately. He came to his larger work when the days were ripening to revolution. As he himself says, the con-

dition of the public mind at that time was a condition of "imprisoned moral sense." It was "the Egyptian era" of American life. To form any true estimate of Mr. Beecher's work in the best twenty years of his service, it is needful to be well informed concerning the true condition of the nation in those days. Speaking of this very matter, a few days after his death, Professor David Swing said:—

"There is now a generation in active life in our land who did not see the uprising of this eminent man, and hence they cannot measure the height of his well-earned fame. Our land is not mourning for a great writer; Irving and Macaulay had more historic lore and literary grace than Mr. Beecher possessed; Longfellow more and better poetry; Lamartine and Coleridge could surpass him in describing nature; Winkleman and Ruskin were greater in delineating the merit and demerit in art. A heart or a mind of a type differing from all these immortals has found the end in death. Beecher joined the benevolence of a Wilberforce to the eloquence of a Henry Clay or a Webster; he did not have an eloquence that could express history, but an eloquence that could make it. A Macaulay could write a page, but a Beecher could help make the nation that must fill the page. He made facts for eloquence to record.

"When this influential manhood began, our nation was divided into two very hostile sections. The South had become so alarmed regarding its peculiar property that a Northern man having a known love of liberty did not dare travel in the South. The Northern merchants were so anxious to retain the cotton and sugar trade of the South that they all frowned upon any politics which numbered freedom among its ideas, and they would mob or burn a church which contained the disciples of a Christian liberty and equality. The students in Dartmouth College mobbed free-soil speakers; the President sympathized with the students. Churches, schoolhouses, asylums, and homes of colored people in the North were burned, to check the spread of hope among the Africans in the South. Twelve

buildings were burned in New York; one large church and many homes in Cincinnati; forty houses and two churches in Philadelphia. Pennsylvania Hall, built for anti-slavery meetings, was burned down, along with its valuable library, while mayor and council offered no protection and no word of sympathy. White men were imprisoned in Boston for preaching Abolitionism. In 1837, a slave had been burned to death over a slow fire in St. Louis, and for denouncing such atrocity the Rev. Elijah Lovejoy, of this State, was mobbed to death.

"It was in such days, reaching from 1830 to 1860, the hot oratory of Mr. Beecher was fabricated like the bolts of Jupiter in the infernal shop of Vulcan. Thence came also the equipment of Dr. Cheever, Phillips, Parker and Sumner. The age sharpened their speech, condensed their style, and poured in the heroism and passion which make martyrs. Of all these men Mr. Beecher was the most visible, because his pulpit brought him each week before the people. His logic, his simple style, his illustrations, his pathos, his hope, made his words fly straight as arrows to the heart. This vast plea for universal freedom was well sustained for twenty years, and beginning in our West it reached its zenith in England, when, in 1863, he had to teach the horrors of slavery to the nation which had produced Cowper and Wilberforce, but had forgotten them. He embodied the new genius of the United States. He lived, in 1840, the life our nation reached thirty years afterward. Boston railways built a mean, plain car for negroes to ride in. It was called the "Jim Crow" car. Charles Lennox Redmond, an educated colored man, entertained in England by persons of rank and fame, and commissioned by O'Connell and Father Mathew to bear greetings from liberty in England to liberty in America, found, on going from Boston to Salem, his home, that he must not take the good car, but must ride in the "Jim Crow" car. In such a time Mr. Beecher began to ask the colored men to sit on his platform in his church, and thus the "negro car" was met

in equity by the refuge of the greatest pulpit the world possessed. In 1835, while Mr. Beecher was looking out of his soul window with his powerful vision and tender nature, he saw, in the Charleston *Courier*, a notice of a public sale of slaves to satisfy a mortgage held by the Presbyterian Theological Seminary of South Carolina; he read also that the estate of the Rev Dr Furman was to be sold at auction —'the farm, a large theological library, twenty-seven negroes, some of them very prime, two mules, one horse, and an old wagon.' In those days the Episcopal Bishop of Virginia, Dr. Meade, had published some sermons to slaves. One great thought was, that they must bear well correction, and even if corrected when not guilty of the offense, they must bear the flogging in meekness, and assign the whipping to some other transgression which had been concealed from these masters in the Lord.

"It was high time for religion to reach out its hand to the slave. Oh, the joy that our hearts should feel that these sad facts are all so far back of us that they must be sought for in the records of almost forgotten history! The slave block, the whip and the slave are gone from our land forever!"

The pastor of Plymouth Church rose grandly to the need of his age. When Wendell Phillips found no place for free speech in New York or Brooklyn, Mr. Beecher invited him to the platform of Plymouth Church, and counted the words of the great Abolitionist as no desecration of its sanctity; for did not the Son of Man come to preach the Gospel to the poor, and to set the captives free? From the hour that Wendell Phillips made his great anti-slavery speech from the platform of Plymouth Church until the Emancipation Proclamation, nearly twenty years after, the Plymouth preacher became a flaming advocate for liberty of speech and action on the question of the national evil. If there was anything on earth that he was sensitive to up to the day of his death, it was any form of denial to liberty, either in literature, politics or religion.

Although he boldly confronted the corrupt political spirit of the age, he did not do it as an abolitionist, but as an anti-slavery man. The professed abolitionist disclaimed the obligation to maintain the government and the promises of the Constitution. Mr. Beecher, with the anti-slavery men, recognized the binding obligation, and sought the emancipation of the slave by a more circuitous and gradual influence. But the opprobrious epithet "Abolitionist" was applied to every man who, by *any* method, advocated the abolition of slavery. To be an Abolitionist was to have the mark of Cain set upon the brow. To preach on personal liberty for the slave was a punishable offense. From 1847 to 1865 was a time of battle, and his ardent nature found expression through his bold and passionate utterances. His voice of trumpet tone was far better for the time of such a conflict than the flutes and harps and dulcet melodies of peace.

A touching incident occurred early in the year 1861, which helped to increase Mr. Beecher's reputation as the friend of the slave.

A beautiful octoroon girl, raised and owned by a prominent citizen of this country, Mr. John Churchman, attempted to make her escape North. She was arrested and brought back. Her master then determined to sell her, and found a ready purchaser in another citizen, Mr. Fred Scheffer. Shortly after this the late owner was impressed with the belief that the girl intended to make another effort to go North the first opportunity that presented. To meet the emergency and save trouble Mr. Scheffer proposed to Sarah that she should go North, and raise enough money from the Abolitionists to purchase herself. This proposition she eagerly accepted, and, being furnished with means by Mrs. Scheffer to pay her fare, she started. A few days after her arrival in New York she was taken to Mr. Beecher, and on the following Sabbath evening was escorted to his pulpit in Brooklyn. She was a woman of commanding presence, rounded features, and

winning face and long jet black hair, and of course, under the circumstances, attracted most eager attention and interest from the large and wealthy congregation assembled. She was requested to unloosen her hair, and as she did so it fell in glistening waves over her shoulders and below her waist. Robed in spotless white, her face crimsoned and her form heaving under the excitement of the occasion, she stood in that august presence a very Venus in form and feature. For a moment Mr. Beecher remained by her side without uttering a word, until the audience was wrought up to a high pitch of curiosity and excitement. And then in his impressive way he related her story and her mission. Before he concluded his pathetic recital the vast audience was a sea of commotion. Tears ran down cheeks unused to the melting mood, eager curiosity and excitement pervaded the whole congregation, and as the pastor announced that he wanted $2,000 for the girl before him to redeem her promise to pay for freedom, costly jewels and trinkets and notes and specie piled in in such rapid succession, that in less time than it takes to write this down, enough and much more was contributed than was necessary to meet the call that had been made.

After she was free the ladies of the church wrote a little book, in which a full account of her life was given. With the money that was obtained from the sale of this they bought a little place for her at Peekskill, where she raised fowls and sold eggs and butter for a living. She is living there still, but is now a woman of mature years. She was known as both Sarah Scheffer and Sarah Churchman. She never married, and was never tired of talking about how good Mr. Beecher and his family had been to her.

The crisis of the nation was at hand and Plymouth's patriot preacher girded himself for the fight. With pen and voice he labored for the success of Abraham Lincoln in the campaign of 1860, urging the preservation of the Union and of national honor. When, on April 12, 1861,

the first shot fired at Fort Sumter smote the Northern heart, Mr. Beecher sprang to the aid of his country. From Plymouth pulpit came the ringing words of patriotism, cheering the timid, encouraging the downcast, denouncing traitors, but hopeful of the future, pointing out clearly the path of right and duty for those who loved their country. His church, prompt to answer, raised and equipped a regiment, the First Long Island, in which his eldest son was an officer. Before this regiment went into actual service, Mr. Beecher often visited the camp and preached to the young soldiers, many being "my own boys," as he used to call them. Meanwhile, beside the cares of his pastorate, he was constantly delivering speeches. At last his health began to fail. His voice gave way, and he was imperatively commanded to seek rest. To recruit his exhausted energies he sailed for Europe, little thinking then that this journey was to give him a world-wide instead of a national reputation.

It has been erroneously imagined that Mr. Beecher's visit to England was arranged by the northern Executive, and that he was a special commissioner in the pay of the Government at Washington. This, however, is not true. Mr. Beecher says: "I had no commission; was sent on no mission. I went of my own motion, for rest and strength; for the war tarried, and there was no prospect of its coming to an end for years. The South was yet confident, and the North had not fairly revealed its resources. I was not in a pleasing mood. The English public very largely refused its sympathy to the Union, and, on the whole, wished well to the South. The laboring classes of Great Britain, and especially in Lancashire, sympathized with the North. In those sterling days compromises had been burned up in the war. My own feeling was, 'He that is not for us is against us.' It was only after a summer on the continent that I returned to England and yielded to the persuasions of some staunch friends of the North, and engaged to speak in some of the large industrial centers."

Mr. Beecher spent a fortnight in Wales, and then traveled through Germany, Switzerland and Italy. A second request to speak in public on his return to England was again declined. But Newman Hall, Francis Newman, Baptist Noel and other prominent Englishmen and Americans living in England, urged that he owed a duty to the small party of resolute Union-lovers who were maintaining the cause of America in England against overwhelming odds. Mr. Beecher yielded, and engaged himself to speak in the principal cities of England and Scotland.

In order to fully comprehend the magnitude of the work on which Mr. Beecher had entered, it is necessary to recall the state of feeling in England at that time. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote after Mr. Beecher's return: "The devil had got the start of the clergyman, as he very often does after all. The wretches who have been for three years pouring their leprous distillment into the ears of Great Britain had preoccupied the ground and were determined to silence the minister if they could. For this purpose they looked to the heathen populace of the nominally Christian British cities. They covered the walls with blood-red placards, they stimulated the mob by inflammatory appeals, they filled the air with threats of riot and murder. It was in the midst of scenes like these that the single solitary American opened his lips to speak in behalf of his country." Howling mobs, urged on and rewarded by paid tools of the South, crowded into Mr. Beecher's meetings.

Nothing will account for the exceeding bitterness of this opposition but the venom of party spirit, and the bitterness of men who felt that all their personal interests were being endangered. For no true American could have spoken in warmer terms of England and England's queen than Mr. Beecher had done. The following paragraph is about as strong for England as anything well could be:

"Which is the strongest throne on the globe to-day? Why, the English unquestionably. Partly because a noble,

virtuous, illustrious woman sits upon it. An everlasting answer to those who say that a woman ought not to speak and vote is the fact that the proudest sovereign in the world to-day is Queen Victoria. She dignifies womanhood and motherhood, and she is fit to sit in empire. That is one reason why the English throne is the strongest, but that is not the only reason; it is the strongest also because it is so many-legged. It stands on thirty millions of people. It represents the interests of the masses of its subjects. Another cause why England is the strongest nation, is because it is the most Christian nation — because it has the most moral power. It has more than we have. We like to talk about ourselves on the 4th of July; but we are not to be compared to-day with Old England. I know her sturdy faults; I know her stubborn conceit. I know how many things are mischievous among her poor, common people, among her operatives of the factory, and among her common serfs of the mine; but taking her up one side and down the other, there is not another nation that represents so much Christianity as Old England. If you do not like to hear it, I like to say it, that the strongest power on the globe to-day is that kingdom. It is the strongest kingdom and the one that is least liable to be shaken down. England should have been destroyed every ten or fifteen years, from the time of the Armada to the present day, in the prophesy of men. * * * And yet she has stood, as she now stands, mistress of the sea, and the strongest power on the earth, because she has represented moral elements."

But Mr. Beecher braved the British lion in his most angry mood. His great speeches in Manchester, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Liverpool and London were magnificent as specimens of natural oratory, but they were sublime and heroic as the utterances of one who loved his country, who believed his country to be in the right, and dared to say so in the face of all the world. The great London speech,

the crowning effort of this strange campaign, will be found in the later pages of this volume.

The following description of the great meeting in Exeter Hall is from the pen of a gentleman who was present:

It was my privilege to hear him when he addressed an audience of Englishmen in Exeter Hall, London, on the then all-absorbing topic of the 'American War.' Never shall I forget the scene. The masses of the English people had already taken sides in favor of the Southern Confederacy, and only a few, such, for instance, as the Rev. Newman Hall, the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Wriothesley Noel, and a few other nonconformist clergymen of the same stamp, had the courage to defend the North, and this at the hazard of mob violence, when Mr. Beecher suddenly appeared, and fighting his way from Manchester to London dared to face the howling and vicious mobs who assailed him, and by his indomitable courage succeeded in gaining at least a respectful hearing, which, at Exeter Hall, culminated in a grand triumph on behalf of liberty and justice. On that occasion his grand eloquence carried his audience until burst after burst of deafening cheers greeted his every period, and the scene at the close of his address can never be fully realized, except by those who were eye-witnesses of this grand event. To him alone should be attributed the credit of having turned the tide of English opinion, and of having succeeded in laying the foundation of that better judgment which prevented the government of that day from officially recognizing the Confederacy as an accomplished fact.

One of the most impressive and one of the most informal of all Mr. Beecher's speeches was delivered at the Lancashire Independent College, Manchester, on the afternoon of Saturday, October 10, 1863.

An address from the students was presented and read by Mr. Atkinson, the senior student, to which Mr. Beecher made the following happy reply:

Although I am pressed for time, I could not deprive myself of the pleasure of meeting you, for I feel a most lively interest in all young men who are preparing themselves for that which I esteem to be the most honorable and by far the happiest work in life — the Christian ministry. My father, you know, was a clergyman before me, and

it pleased God to give him eight sons. Every one of them is a minister of the Gospel, and their children are — not all, but in numbers, also, becoming clergymen.

I can say that I am a Hebrew of the Hebrews. My own ministration has extended now over a period of from twenty-five to thirty years. I was called, having been born and educated in New England, to leave immediately after my graduation at college, for the West, where I labored for fifteen years as a settled pastor in the Presbyterian church, for the ministry is interchangeable between the Congregational and Presbyterian churches. In our country Presbyterians take Congregational churches, and Congregationalists Presbyterian, indifferently.

I was called to minister in the Presbyterian church in the West for a period of about fifteen years, studying and preaching in the midst of communities where, from recent settlement and sparseness of population, there was much missionary work to be done. My study was my saddle for years of my life. After that I was removed to the great metropolis of our country, Brooklyn being really a part of the city of New York, separated only by a river. There I have pursued my ministry from that day to this, in a time of agitation unparalleled in the history of our country.

I have stated these facts because I wish to bear witness that after this experience, and with the knowledge that I now have, if any office of State, or any office in society of any description whatever, were proffered me as an honor, or as a place of joy and comfort, I should, without any hesitation, reject them each and all as being less than the Gospel ministry.

To a young man who looks out with some proper diffidence of his own power; who is uncertain whether he shall succeed or not; who has, if he be a cautious man by nature, some provident fears, as to support and as to relative position in society, it ought to be something encouraging to hear one as old as I am, and, after so many years of ministration, say, that there is nowhere else in the world where the promise of the Saviour is so sure to be fulfilled, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you"

Young gentlemen, if you seek a settlement for the purpose of forestalling God's providence and making your own arrangements, if it is an ambitious settlement, if it is a profitable settlement, you put that promise away from you. You make men your almoners and treasurers — not God. But I had rather settle in poverty with God for my treasurer than take the most ambitious position in life with only man to lean upon. He never betrays his promises, and although I have seen days of poverty, days also of abundance; under both circumstances I have the most simple, unfeigned and childlike faith in this, that if a man will without reserve give himself to the work of God, God will put about him the everlasting arms of his support, and he never, not for an hour, not for a moment, whatever the seeming may be, will be betrayed or forsaken.

You may trust God, and you may give yourselves, without a thought for external matters, to the work of the ministration of the Lord Jesus Christ.

But this leads me to say that for this work you must love Christ. There are a great many religious people in the world, but I am

afraid not many Christians. There are many whose religion is a duty; whose religion is worship, or submission, or holy fear and reverence, which are all indispensable auxiliaries. But no man is a Christian who does not love. And it is love as a very torrid zone in the heart, and love to Christ as distinguished from the Father or the Spirit, that makes a man a Christian. And where one has that heroic inspiration where more than father, more than mother, more than wife, more than child, more than friends, more than self, he, loving the Lord Jesus Christ, has the witness of it day by day in his own soul, so that all these other relationships derive their odor, their flavor, their light and their beauty from the reflection of the higher love in him to the Lord Jesus Christ, where it is his life, so he can say with the apostle, "The life which I live in the flesh I live by faith in the Son of God," then it will become easy to do it; otherwise, hard.

I beseech of you never to neglect a duty; never to cease to cultivate conscience; but I beseech of you do not go into the ministry to be duty-performing ministers. Let me say, without offensive personality, that I do not preach because it is my duty. I both preach and I labor because I don't know anything on earth that is so pleasant to me; I love it.

Every year it pleases my people to give me some four Sabbaths of rest, and the weeks on either side make it a rest of about eight secular weeks. I am always glad to go away and rest, for I am very tired when the hot month of August comes; but I can bear witness that I go back a great deal more glad to my work than ever I went away from it. I have to say again and again, "After all, vacation is the heaviest month in the year to me." And yet that season is happy, it is floral, it is full of God in nature; but after all, to stand among my people, to look among those faces that I shall yet see glorified, to know that I bear my Master's heart in my hand, and that I am laboring for the dear Christ, and am to present spotless before the throne of eternal glory those whom he has committed to my charge; to see the evolution of God's grace in the hearts of men; to trace, to follow, to aid — I know of nothing under the sun that is such fruition and such joy, and such continual peace as that. Why, a man who knows as much as I do about the Christian ministry is a fool if he don't preach. If you consulted but selfish joy, if that were a possible thing, you had better be a minister of Christ's Gospel — not a fearing minister, not an anxious minister, not a minister that is always talking and thinking about his "awful responsibilities." That is the way a slave should talk, but that is not the way, as a son of God, you should talk. You are children, not servants, who have been taken into the bosom and confidence of the Lord Jesus Christ, and why should you talk about "awful responsibilities?" Love and Trust are the victorious mottoes of every Christian minister. No evil can befall you; nothing can harm you, if ye be followers of Christ. To go cheerfully and hoping, and loving, and courageous, and undaunted, always sure that there is a Providence in which you are moving — this is, indeed, to be a true man. And there is nothing that takes away the fear of man and the fear of human society, and nothing which takes away that fear which is the most troublesome of all, the fear that works through conscience, so much as love. "Love casts out fear," and it is not perfected till it does.

No one can ever tell through what depths of anguish Mr. Beecher passed in that terrible English campaign. The soldiers who went forth in defense of the Union, who laid their lives on the altar of their country and are now sleeping in the Wilderness or on the bloody field of Gettysburg, were brave and heroic; not less brave and heroic was he who, to set his slandered country right in the eyes of England and the world, dared the anger and confronted with fearless front the wild, mad fury of the bigots of Manchester, and especially of Liverpool. There is a martyrdom that burns at the stake and springs full-statured in an hour; there is also a martyrdom that lives and endures and suffers long. It was the palm of this latter order of martyrdom that Mr. Beecher won and waved. The following letter addressed to a personal friend from the scene of conflict is worth careful perusal.

God awakened in me a desire to be a full and true Christian to ward England the moment I put my foot on her shores, and he has answered the prayers which he inspired. God has kept me in perfect peace. I stood in Liverpool and looked on the demoniac scene without a thought that it was I who was present. It seemed rather like a storm raging in the trees of the forests, that roared and impeded my progress, yet had no matters personal or wilful in it against me. You know how, when we are lifted by the inspiration of a great subject, and by the almost visible presence and vivid sympathy with Christ, the mind forgets the sediments and dregs of trouble and sails serenely in an upper realm of peace as untouched by the noise below as is a bird that flies across a battle-field. Just so I had at Liverpool and Glasgow as much an inward peace as ever I did in the loving meeting of dear old Plymouth Church. And again and again when the uproar raged, and I could not speak, my heart seemed to be taking of the infinite fulness of the Saviour's pity, and breathing it out on those poor troubled men. I never had so much the spirit of continuing unconscious prayer, or rather of communion with Christ. * * * And I have been able to commit all to him, myself, my family, my friends and in an especial manner the cause of my country. Oh, my friend, I have felt an inexpressible wonder that God should give it to me to do something for the dear land. When sometimes the idea of being clothed with the power to stand up in this great kingdom against an inconceivable violence of prejudice and mistake, and clear the name of my dishonored country, and let her brow shine forth, crowned with liberty, glowing with love to man. Oh, I have seemed unable to live almost! It almost took my breath away! I have not in a single instance gone to the speaking halls without all the way breathing to God unutterable desires for inspiration, guidance and success; and I have had no disturbance of personality. I have been willing, yea, with eagerness, to be myself contemptible in man's

sight, if only my disgrace might be to the honor of that cause which is entrusted to our own thrice dear country.

I have asked of God nothing but this—and this with uninterrupted heart-flow of yearning request—"Make me worthy to speak for God and for man." I have never felt my ignorance so painfully, nor my great want of moral purity and nobility of soul, as when approaching my task of defending liberty in this her hour of trial. I have an ideal of what a man should be that labors for such a cause that constantly rebukes my real condition and makes me feel painfully how little I am. Yet *that* is hardly painful. There passes before me a view of God's glory so pure so serene, uplifted, filling the ages, and more and more to be revealed, that I almost wish to lose my own identity, to be like a drop of dew that falls into the sea, and becomes a part of the sublime whole that glows under every line of latitude and sounds on every shore. "That God may be all in all"—that is not a prayer only but a personal *experience*.

And in all this time I have not had one unkind feeling toward a single human being. Even those who are opposers I have pitied with undying compassion. * * * God be thanked who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

My dear friend when I sat down to write I did it under this impulse that I wanted somebody to know the secret of my life. I am in a noisy spectacle and seem to thousands as one employing merely worldly implements and acting under secular motives. But should I die on sea or land I wanted to say to you who have been so near and dear to me that as God's own very truth "the life I have lived in the flesh I have lived by faith of the Son of God." I wanted to leave it with some one to say for me that it was not in natural gifts nor in great opportunities, nor in personal ambition, that I have been able to endure and labor, but that the secret and spring of my outward life has been an inward, complete and all-possessing faith of God's truth and God's own self-working in me to will and to do of his good pleasure.

On his return from England he was welcomed with an enthusiasm that knew no bounds. Not Brooklyn alone, but the whole of the North, felt that Mr. Beecher had laid his beloved country under a debt of gratitude. Oliver Wendell Holmes spoke of him as America's great Plenipotentiary, and added: "After a few months' absence, Mr. Beecher returned to America having finished a more remarkable embassy than any envoy who has represented us in Europe since Franklin pleaded the cause of the young Republic at the court of Versailles. He kissed no royal hand, he talked with no courtly diplomatists, he was the guest of no titled legislator, he had no official existence. But, through the heart of the people, he reached the nobles, ministers, courtiers—the throne itself."

After the close of the war Mr. Beecher devoted himself

with renewed ardor to the grand work of his life: the preaching of the Gospel and the building up of Plymouth Church.

When the sun was brightest in the heavens, a terrible storm swept across the horizon of Mr. Beecher's life; a storm that threatened to sweep away his usefulness, if not his very life. The world has probably heard all it wants to hear of the famous Beecher-Tilton trial. Yet it would be impossible to pass by so remarkable an event in Mr. Beecher's life without some comment. Having, however, neither space nor inclination to enter into the discussion of this matter in detail, we venture to quote a passage from *The Christian Herald* of March 17, 1887, containing a brief and judicious reference to this painful subject:

"The most distressing episode in Mr. Beecher's life, both for him and his friends, occurred when his fame and influence were at their zenith. At a time when men of character, intelligence, and piety hung upon his words, when the most cultured classes of the country accepted him as their guide, when the first place as a preacher and an orator was accorded to him on all hands, and when his writings were eagerly read from one end of the land to the other, a formidable assault was made upon his reputation. At first vague hints were circulated reflecting upon him, then a direct charge appeared in print, but not in a quarter to which the people looked for reliable information. Finally, in an action at law, brought by Theodore Tilton against Mr. Beecher, with a claim for $100,000 damages, the whole case was disclosed, and for six months the prurient appetites of the sensual and the malice of scoffers at Christianity were gratified by the details of the terrible accusation against the pastor of Plymouth Church.

"Three times did Mr. Beecher meet his accusers, and three times the charge was investigated. First it was heard by a committee of the church, appointed at Mr. Beecher's request, and the committee pronounced the pastor innocent. Afterward it was tried in court when

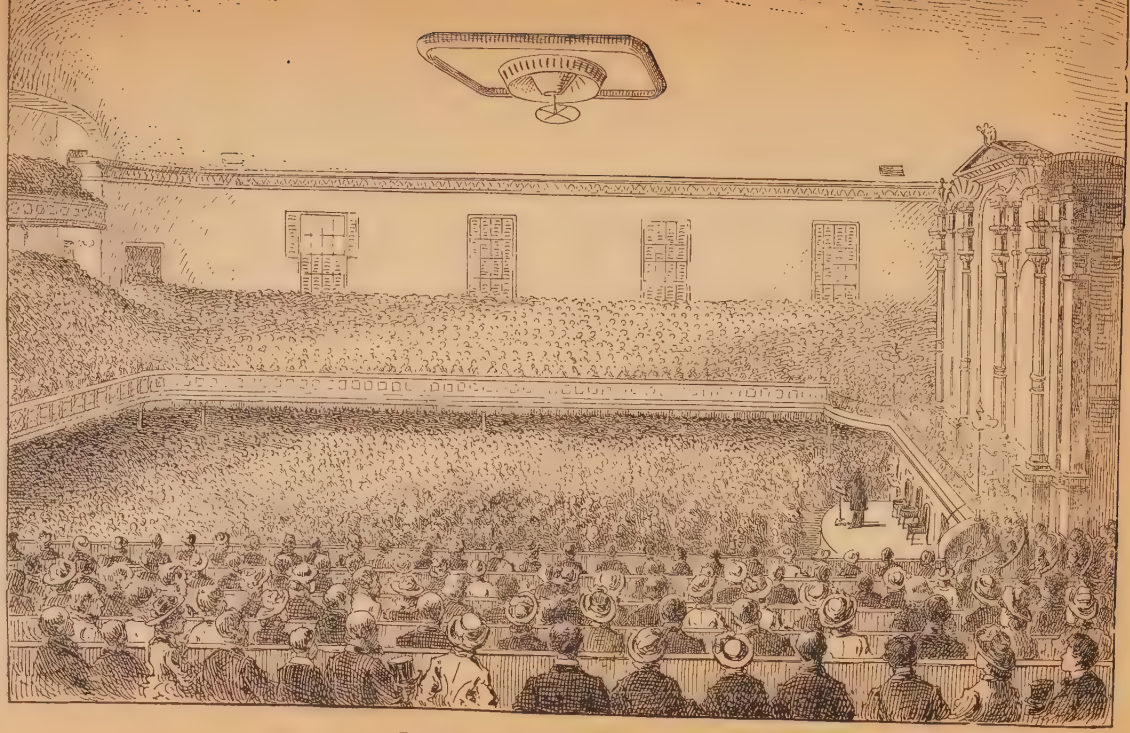
the jury disagreed, and thirdly by a council of Congregational ministers. Undoubtedly the scandal was a cause of reproach not only to Mr. Beecher, but to religion. That it would be so if it were made public, whatever the issue might be, Mr. Beecher and his friends had foreseen from the first, and, unhappily, in attempting to prevent its coming to trial, they actually prejudiced the case, and their efforts to keep it from the public were regarded as an admission of guilt. It was a noteworthy fact that Theodore Tilton, who brought the charge, was a protégé of Mr. Beecher's, a man possessing undoubted talent, a sphere for the exercise of which had been provided by Mr. Beecher."

The unwavering fidelity of Plymouth Church to its pastor during this fierce ordeal, the love and sympathy of his wife, and the unfaltering allegiance of a host of friends in this country and in Europe encouraged and supported him, and enabled him to continue his pastorate and public work.

After the terrible ordeal was over, Dr. Armitage, one of Mr. Beecher's life long friends, asked him: "Beecher, how have you managed to live through it?" His eyes filled with tears, and, with half-choked utterance, he said, "Armitage, I could not have lived through it if the Lord had not strengthened the back for the burden. Sometimes I thought I must sink, but I said, 'Lord, here is my heart; whatever others may say, I know I am thine.'"

In personal appearance Mr. Beecher was one of the most striking men about New York. He was of medium height, with broad shoulders and a heavy girth. His head was large, his forehead high, and his features strong and full. His hair was gray, turning to white in recent years, and hung in loose locks down his black coat collar. His face was always smooth-shaven. His eyes were of a grayish blue, full of fire and expression in his moments of feeling, always humorous and inquisitive.

But to portray the ideal Henry Ward Beecher requires



INTERIOR OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

that he be taken as he stood before the public eye at the close of the civil war. He was then about fifty-two years of age; perfect in health, robust, yet graceful, his voice strong, clear, and of great compass—a commanding voice, his body the willing and complete servant of his mind and heart—his whole frame responding to his changing moods. He had come of an ancestry so famous in American ecclesiastical history that he was introduced in England by one who thought to do him the greatest honor as "the son of the great Dr. Beecher, of America." In personal presence he was remarkable, chiefly by the great transformation of his countenance under the play of emotion. On the platform of Plymouth Church he was a king upon his throne.

The editor of the *Andover Review*, in a judicious, kindly and exhaustive article on Mr. Beecher, to which we gladly acknowledge our indebtedness, gives a fine analysis of Mr. Beecher on the platform of Plymouth Church.

"Mr. Beecher's conduct of the service was full of interest. Who that ever heard him pray can forget the impression? There were many among his parishioners who valued his ministry of prayer more than the message of the sermon. In our personal experience we never heard but one man besides Mr. Beecher—the English Unitarian, James Martineau—who seemed actually *communing* with God face to face, as a finite representative would speak the needs and aspirations of a people to the ear of the Infinite Father. The ideas were those appropriate to public prayer, copious, simple, yet varied as the wants of the soul; every suppliant seemed to feel, "*That* is *my* prayer, that is for *me*." In expression, and as the nobler passions began their action, then the voice would expand in volume, become vibrant and concentrated, strong, rich, and impassioned; the latent inward heat filled the mild blue eyes with flashing fire, it radiated the face with earnestness; it penetrated arms, hands and fingers, and produced gestures forcible, varied, and significant. There was no grace of elegance, and yet his action was graceful with that freedom which goes with

disciplined power, moving easily. His whole body became an obedient servitor of the impassioned soul. The vast audience looked, listened, admired, and loved. Deeply moved, they unconsciously threw out their own inward fire. It kindled the speaker to a whiter heat. Their sympathies formed a whole key-board on which he played with a master hand. For the time they gave a simultaneous assent to every thought he uttered.

"But this consummate manager of the multitude was too wise to keep their emotions beyond the pitch he instinctively felt to be natural for them and true for him. He understood the power of contrast in appealing to the heart and the imagination. He appreciated the value of neutral tints in emotional expression. Before the audience were aware of it, he had gradually subsided into the easy naturalness of colloquial speech, and they would find themselves smiling, perhaps laughing, at some witty thrust, or humorous anecdote or illustration. The next moment his voice was full of a tremulous tenderness or touching pathos, like a Welsh song; tears would be running down his face, and the audience would respond with a tribute of emotion they did not try to conceal. It was the *beauty* in the pathos and the tender-hearted manliness of the speaker, that moved them. By his art of resting an audience, through variety of vocal and rhetorical treatment in different parts of any form of public address, he often held the people unwearied through a discourse of an hour or more in length. He used to say that the speaker helps his audience 'by enabling them to listen with different parts of their mind; one part rests the others.' The eye looked upon the noble form and its eloquently expressive action; the ear heard the resonant voice with its varied melody; but the mind felt the influence of his personal force—they felt it in his style. His style was impassioned because his temperament was impassioned; because the spirit of his time was impassioned. In the reading both of the Scriptures and of hymns he never lifted the eye

from the page, except to give significance to an idea, and the look was always associated with a pause. There was often an undertone in his Scripture reading, especially in the interpretation of sublimity of thought, or grave rebuke, or solemn warning, or affecting personal experience, that suggested his silent personal commentary upon the passage. *His tone* hinted the deep impression that the ideas were producing upon his own mind, and that he was sympathizing *with* the author.

"When he came to the sermon he faced his audience with a bearing of calmness and repose. His placid self-possession instantly won the confidence of the auditor. His presence engaged and riveted attention before he opened his lips. Artistic skill in various forms has made his pictured face a cherished possession in every household, and the future, through the same medium, will know his form and feature. Of good height, he was not sufficiently tall to be styled "magnificent" in person, but he was nobly and benignantly impressive. His superb physical advantages, even at threescore and ten, made him our Demosthenes. Few public speakers since the great Greek have been so generously gifted for a forty years' continuous service as preacher, lecturer, political orator, and conqueror of mobs. And yet his face and physical appearance were scarcely two days alike. His features varied with his temperamental conditions and his emotional moods. His voice was an organ of a hundred stops. It was at once strong, of great volume, penetrating, flexible, melodious, and capable of great power of endurance. An infant might be soothed to sleep by it, and a savage would feel himself getting civilized under it. It was a robust baritone in its musical register, and covered a wide compass. Training had put it under perfect control; and it was always kept in tune from constant practice in speaking and the fineness of his ear for music. Few men were so susceptible to sound as he. Good music of any kind would first excite his sensibilities, then lull his outward senses, and all man-

ner of fancies and imagination would teem in his brain. His choir had no more intelligent, sympathetic, and grateful listener than Mr. Beecher. The introductory passages of the sermon were generally given in a low, gentle, conversational tone, as if conversing in a friendly way with his farthest auditors. Gesture and all modes of physical expression in public address, except the voice, were reserved for the rising tide of emotion. His familiarity with the philosophy of delivery, as well as his instinctive oratorical sense, led him to recognize the true source of action, — the feelings. Gesture, to him, was regulated according to the spontaneous action of the excited sensibilities."

The Friday evening prayer meeting was one of the favorite institutions of Plymouth Church. These meetings were of a social nature and very informal in their character. The following description will call to the minds of many readers pleasant memories of the Plymouth prayer meeting:

The room is large, very lofty, brilliantly lighted by reflectors affixed to the ceiling, and, except the scarlet cushions on the settees, void of upholstery. It was filled full with a cheerful company, not one of whom seemed to have on more or richer clothes than she had the moral strength to wear. Content and pleasant expectation sat on every countenance, as when people have come to a festival, and await the summons to the banquet. No pulpit, or anything like a pulpit, casts a shadow over the scene; but in its stead there was rather a large platform, raised two steps, covered with dark green canvas, and having upon it a very small table and one chair. The red cushioned settees were so arranged as to inclose the green platform all about, except on one side; so that he who should sit upon it would appear to be in the midst of the people, raised above them that all might see him, yet still among them and one of them. At one side of the platform, but on the floor of the room, among the settees, there was a piano open. Mr. Beecher sat near by, reading what appeared to be a letter of three or four sheets. The whole scene was so little like what we commonly understand by the word "meeting," the people there were so little in a "meeting" state of mind, and the subsequent proceedings were so informal, unstudied, and social, that in attempting to give this account of them, we almost feel as if we were reporting for print the conversation of a private evening party. Anything more unlike an old-fashioned prayer-meeting it is not possible to conceive.

Mr. Beecher took his seat upon the platform, and, after a short pause, began the exercises by saying, in a low tone, these words, "Six twenty-one."

A rustling of the leaves of hymn-books interpreted the meaning of

this mystical utterance, which otherwise might have been taken as announcing a discourse upon the prophetic numbers. The piano confirmed the interpretation; and then the company burst into one of those joyous and unanimous singings which are so enchanting a feature of the services of this church. Loud rose the beautiful harmony of voices, constraining every one to join in the song, even those most unused to sing. When it was ended, the pastor, in the same low tone, pronounced a name; upon which one of the brethren rose to his feet, and the rest of the assembly slightly inclined their heads. It would not, as we have remarked, be becoming in us to say anything upon this portion of the proceedings, except to note that the prayers were all brief, perfectly quiet and simple, and free from the routine or regulation expressions. There were but two or three of them, alternating with singing; and when that part of the exercises was concluded, Mr. Beecher had scarcely spoken. The meeting ran along in the most spontaneous and pleasant manner; and with all his heartiness and simplicity, there was a certain refined decorum pervading all that was done and said. There was a pause after the last hymn died away, and then Mr. Beecher, still seated, began, in the tone of conversation, to speak, somewhat after this manner:

"When I first began to walk as a Christian in my youthful zeal I made many resolutions that were well meant, but indiscreet. Among others, I remember, I resolved to pray, at least in some way, every hour that I was awake. I tried faithfully to keep this resolution, but never having succeeded a single day, I suffered the pangs of self-reproach until reflection satisfied me that the only possible wisdom with regard to such a resolve was to break it. I remember, too, that I made a resolution to speak upon religion to every person with whom I conversed, on steamboats, in the streets, anywhere. In this, also, I failed, as I ought; and I soon learned that in the sowing of such seed, as in other sowings, times and seasons and methods must be considered and selected, or a man may defeat his own object, and make religion loathsome."

In language like this he introduced the topic of the evening's conversation, which was: How far, and on what occasions, and in what manner, one person may invade, so to speak, the personality of another, and speak to him upon his moral condition. The pastor expressed his own opinion, always in the conversational tone, in a talk of ten minutes' duration; in the course of which he applauded, not censured, the delicacy which causes most people to shrink from doing it. He said that a man's personality was not a macadamized road for every vehicle to drive upon at will; but rather a sacred inclosure, to be entered, if at all, with the consent of the owner, and with deference to his feelings and tastes. He maintained, however, that there *were* times and modes in which this might properly be done, and that every one *had* a duty to perform of this nature.

When he had finished his observations, he said the subject was open to the remarks of others. Mr. Beecher always keeps his seat. He not unfrequently interrupts others with a question, they sometimes interrupt him. A good-humored play of feeling or fancy is not uncommon; and rippling laughter is not regarded as any infringement of the decorum of the place.

In the departure of Mr. Beecher the lecture platform

has lost one of its greatest ornaments. For nearly two generations America rejoiced in three great lecturers, unrivaled by any platform orators of the civilized world. These names were Wendell Phillips, John B. Gough and Henry Ward Beecher. They have all gone whence they will not return. They have left vacancies that will never be filled. They each had the inspiration of a great cause, and to their work they brought not only remarkable powers, but that which gave their powers their due influence, a consecrated enthusiasm for their work. Major Pond has many interesting stories to tell concerning Mr. Beecher's lecturing tours, having been for many years his agent and guide. The following paragraph records one very interesting lecture episode, and is from the pen of the major:

In all the five hundred lectures which I have heard from Mr. Beecher, and I have traveled with him over 200,000 miles, there was no one so remarkable as that delivered in Richmond, Virginia. I had sold his lecture for $500 to a man by the name of Powell, who owned the theatre. We went to Washington and I was telegraphed to by him that we must not come, as Mr. Beecher would not be allowed to speak in Richmond. I said nothing to Mr. Beecher about it, but telegraphed to Powell that we should be there. As we arrived at Richmond in the morning, he came aboard the train and said to me, "It won't do for Mr. Beecher to speak here," and he showed me a four-page circular issued by a State official, the heading of which ran something like this: "Shall Beecher be allowed to speak in Richmond? The brother of Harriet Beecher Stowe! Henry Ward Beecher, who sent the Sharp's rifles to Kansas! Henry Ward Beecher, who is famous for drawing the bead, and probably is as liable to draw the bead on his auditors as any! Henry Ward Beecher who helped to dig the graves of millions of our best sons of the South! Henry Ward Beecher, who has been false to his country, false to his religion, false to his God! Shall this man be allowed to speak in Richmond!"

When we got into the city the newsboys were selling anti-Beecher poetry and songs in the street; and that night when we arrived at the theatre we found it crowded with a shouting, noisy audience. Mr. Powell was afraid we would be egged. Mr. Beecher knew that it was to be a wild meeting; but at last he said to me: "Well, I'm ready," and together we went out and took seats. As we sat down, the vast crowd of men, and the few ladies in the gallery began to applaud, and some turbulent characters gave a regular rebel yell. I rose at last and introduced Mr. Beecher, merely saying that there was no act of my life that gave me such pleasure as introducing so great and good a man as Henry Ward Beecher. I sat down and they went at it again. We speak of a man rising to an emergency. He stood up there in his

old way, and let them yell until they got tired. He was to lecture on "Hard Times," and his first words were that there is a law of God, a common and a natural law, that brains and money control the universe. He said, "This law cannot be changed even by the Virginia legislature, which opens with prayer and closes with a benediction." As the legislators were all there in a body the laugh went around. It was not five minutes before the house was clapping. Mr. Beecher talked two hours and a half to them, and of all the speeches that I ever heard that was the best one.

Of his literary tastes Mr. Beecher has himself given an idea: "I read for three things — first, to know what the world has done in the last twenty-four hours, and is about to do to-day; second, for the knowledge which I especially want to use in my work; and thirdly, for what will bring my mind into a proper mood. Amongst the authors which I frequently read are De Tocqueville, Matthew Arnold, Mme Guyon, and Thomas à Kempis. I gather my knowledge of current thought from books and periodicals and from conversation with men, from whom I get much that cannot be learned in any other way. I am a very slow reader. I never read for style. I should urge reading history. My study of Milton has given me a conception of power and vigor which I otherwise should not have had. I got fluency out of Burke very largely, and I obtained the sense of adjectives out of Barrow, besides the sense of exhaustiveness."

We should get but a very imperfect idea of the work Mr. Beecher did were we to omit the literary toils. The materials for estimating the qualities of his mind, the principles of his teaching, and the literary characteristics of his written and spoken styles are to be found in his published writings. In mere quantity of published matter he ranks among authors whose works are comparatively limited. But few of them were composed for publication. They were chiefly gatherings of articles from the journals with which he was connected. He revised many of them at the request of friends for permanency in book form. The famous "Star Papers," which were occasional essays on his experiences of art and nature, "Eyes and

Ears," "Pleasant Talks on Fruits, Flowers and Farming," "Aids to Prayer," "Views and Experiences on Religious Subjects," "A Circuit of the Continent," and the most far-famed of all, the "Life Thoughts," received his editorial attention. Robert Bonner persuaded Mr. Beecher into a reluctant consent to write a novel for the "New York Ledger," and "Norwood, a Tale of Village Life in New England," was the result — and his sole venture into the field of fiction. This novel is simply an interesting, picturesque and didatic story, with no dramatic or artistic value, and adds nothing to the author's fame. His critical and philosophical work appears in the "Yale Lectures on Preaching," "Working with Errorists," "Eight Sermons on Evolution and Religion," discussing the bearings of the evolutionary philosophy on the fundamental doctrines of evangelical Christianity, and the last work of his life, which he hoped to be his best monument — his "Life of Jesus, the Christ." A large collection can be made of the occasional lectures and addresses that were made during the last twenty-five years of his public career. The best known are: "The Loss of the Arctic," "Raising the old Flag at Sumter," "The Death of Lincoln," "Wendell Phillips," "Man and his Institutions," "Hard Times," "Reasons for Lecturing in the Fraternity Course," the speeches made in Great Britain during the Civil War, eleven lectures before the Cooper Union in New York, his platform lecture on "Democracy," and his last effort in occasional oratory, the "Eulogy on General Grant." Of the thousands of sermons that he preached during his ministry of half a century, the first that were published were the remarkable "Lectures to Young Men," delivered during his early ministry in Indianapolis. The "Plymouth Pulpit" series of sermons, numbering over a score of volumes, is a collection of stenographic reports of his sermons and prayers, all of which were extemporaneously delivered. Two volumes of carefully selected sermons representative of the preaching in the Plymouth pulpit were revised by

their author, and reveal the great preacher at the height of his power and in his best vein of thought and expression. Many of his strongest and choicest public efforts, especially his Lyceum addresses and after-dinner speeches, have never been printed in full. Much of his most forcible and brilliant writing can be found only by consulting the columns of *The Independent* and *The Christian Union*, with which he was connected either as editor or contributor. In the fragments of his time while a pastor at Indianapolis he wrote for the *Indiana Journal*, and conducted the agricultural department under the title of "Western Farmer and Gardener." This department was reprinted monthly, and gained a national reputation.

A glance at the Beecher literature just enumerated will indicate the province of his *published* authorship, both in variety of topic and their numerical amount. The range of his subjects was varied enough and the area of his discussion broad enough to give full play for the exercise of his literary gifts. His thought embraced in its expression almost all the essential forms of prose, — narrative, descriptive, philosophical, oratorical, and the miscellaneous essay.

Nature, humanity and art he saw only in their relations to the divine. Like a true man he hated shams above all things, but he believed in the true and the real, because he saw God in everything and everything in its relation to God. With Carlyle he would tolerate the toad for the sake of the jewel, and like Ruskin he was inclined to the existence of the jewel because of the toad, but unlike both he felt that toad and jewel were both divine, and that somewhere and somehow there was discoverable between them an essential harmony. He could not conceive of any toad without a jewel; of humanity unrelated to deity; of a nature that did not reveal the mind of a creator. He has been called a Christian pantheist. Nothing could be wider of the truth. He did not worship nature, but saw in it the evidence of God. He did not worship God as a divine man, but looked upon man with a peculiar and uni-

versal reverence as the clearest exponent—the nearest analogy of the divine. This idea of the holiness and divinity of beauty, he impressed not only on our religious thought, but on our literature and even on our politics. The tender, exalted and truthful religious, patriotic and artistic ideals of the generations which have listened to his teachings owe to him the fusing, intensifying and enlargement of the thought of his great contemporaries. He was pre-eminently the Christian interpreter of nature.

He was like a reed flourishing in the Oriental gardens, so formed that the winds of Nature blew through him and awoke the sweetest and most varied of beautiful melodies. Greatest as a teacher and as a moral teacher, he would have shone with brilliancy in any other profession to which he had lent his gigantic intellect and his wonderful magnetism. If his life had been cast in Southern Europe or Asia, he would have been a great prophet, and swayed nations. Of all men, he possessed that strong personality and vivid eloquence which rouse men to the enthusiasm that controls events. And he expended his magnificent endowments with a noble prodigality. No movement that concerned itself with the advancement of humanity or the uplifting of the oppressed, no purpose that had for its object charity and good-will to the world was ever brought to his attention but it found in him a ready leader and a warm and eloquent champion.

And yet, great as was this remarkable man, how simple was he! The smallest child found in him a playful and sympathetic companion, and its merry laugh was to his ears the happiest of music and to his heart a well-spring of pleasure. The world to Henry Ward Beecher without children would have been like a garden without flowers; a vine without grapes; a brook, and no water gurgling and gushing in its channels. His nature was full of love for beauty, whether it took the form of a merry child, a beautiful flower, or a feathered songster decked with rich plumage. He was at home with everything that was

beautiful, and Nature never found a more ardent admirer of its different moods and changes.

In the summer of 1886, Mr. Beecher made another tour through England and Scotland. He was the guest of Dr. Joseph Parker, of the City Temple, London. He lectured and preached in London, Manchester, Glasgow, and Edinburgh. On Tuesday, September 28, 1886, the London Board of Congregational Ministers, with their wives and a few invited guests, entertained Mr. and Mrs. Beecher at a social meeting in the Memorial Hall. In response to the kindly words spoken, Mr. Beecher made the following touching reply:

I say in regard to all church worship, that is the best form of church economy that in the long run helps men to be the best Christians. In regard to ordinances I stand very nearly where the Quakers do, except that they think that because they are not divinely commanded they are not necessary. I think they are most useful. Common schools are not divinely ordered, Sunday schools are not divinely ordered; but would you dispense with them? Is there no law and reason except that of the letter? Whatever thing is found when applied to human nature to do good, that is God's ordinance. If there are any men that worship God through the Roman Catholic Church — and there are — I say this in regard to them: "I can not, but you can; God bless you!" In that great, venerable church there is gospel enough to save any man; no man need perish for want of light and truth in that system; and yet what an economy it is, what an organization, what burdens, and how many lurking mischiefs that temptation will bring out! I could never be a Roman Catholic, but I could be a Christian in a Roman Catholic church; I could serve God there. I believe in the Episcopacy — for those that want it. Let my tongue forget its cunning if I ever speak a word adverse to that church that brooded my mother, and now broods some of the nearest blood kindred I have on earth. It is a man's own fault if he do not find salvation in the teaching and worship of the great Episcopal body of the world. Well, I can find no charm in the Presbyterian government. I was for ten years a member of the Presbyterian church, for I swore to the confession of faith; but at that time my beard had not grown. The rest of the Book of Worship has great wisdom in it, and rather than not have any brotherhood, I would be a Presbyterian again if they would not oblige me to swear to the confession of faith. On the other hand; my birthright is in the Congregational church. I was born in it, it exactly agreed with my temperament and with my ideas; and it does yet, for although it is in many respects slow-molded, although in many respects it has not the fascinations in its worship that belong to the high ecclesiastical organizations; though it makes less for the eye and less for the ear, and more for the reason and the emotions; though it has, therefore, slender advantages, it has this: that it does not take men because they

are weak and crutch them up upon its worship, and then just leave them as weak after forty years as they were when it found them. A part of its very idea is so to meet the weakness of men as that they shall grow stronger: to preach the truth and then wait till they are able to seize that truth and live by it. It works slowly, but I tell you that when it has finished its work it makes men in the community; and I speak both of the Congregationalists that are called Baptists and those that are called Congregationalists; they are one and the same, and ought to be hand in hand with each other, in perfect sympathy.

Speaking of Mr. Beecher after his demise, the Chicago *Inter Ocean* made the following reference to him as a patriotic American:

Beecher is fully as signal a product of the American life and spirit as was John Adams; Washington, Franklin, Webster, Greely, Lincoln, or Grant; Demosthenes was not more identified with Greece, nor Cicero with Rome, nor Luther with Germany, nor John Knox with Scotland, nor Hampden with England, nor Grattan with Ireland, nor Cotton Mather with New England, nor Calhoun with the South, nor Douglas with the West, nor Phillips with Abolitionism than Beecher with America. As an American reformer, during the period of his golden prime, Beecher was matchless. His championship of the cause of liberty was often terrific as any storm or cyclone, but was, nevertheless, almost always sweet and full of assurance as any morning. As determined as Garrison or Phillips, he never steeped his word in bitterness, or cursing and despair. He did not for a moment lose faith in God, or in the ultimate and speedy resurrection of the American conscience, drugged to death, though it had seemed to him, by the poisoned cup in the hand of the Southern slave power. No country in the world was ever blessed with a nobler host of patriots than America. In no other country did patriotism ever have a meaning and intent so vast and sublime. And what American was ever more possessed by its spirit than Mr. Beecher, specially in those heroic days of our history, used to be? He had not only the partiot's heart, but the prophets vision and forevision. He hated slavery, but he never hated the South. He saw awful and ugly obstacles in the way, but at the same time he saw the more or less hidden forces of truth and righteousness that were at work and that would, in one way or another, clear the way for the new and the fairer order of things.

Among some of the latest utterances of Mr. Beecher in Plymouth Church, we cull the following paragraph, which would almost give the impression that he was half aware that his end was not far:

"I look back now upon nearly forty years' ministry here, and see what the fruit has been. It has not been as large and as good as it would have been if you had had a

better fruiterer. But I am not unwilling to compare with others the men and women that have grown up under my preaching, their development in nobleness, their cheer, their hopefulness, their courage, their kindness, their lovableness and their self-denial, which ceases to be self-denial because they learn to love working for others. I think I am not apt to be proud, but I may thank God that I have the test before me in hundreds and in thousands that the word preached by me has been blessed, not simply to the hope of their final salvation, but to their present evolution into higher, statelier, more beautiful, attractive, winning souls.

"I have never preached what I did not believe; I have never asked myself whether to preach a truth that I did believe would be popular or unpopular. I have never been afraid of man, though I have been afraid of God as the child is afraid of the father it loves. The whole conception of life that I have had has been to serve my fellow-men, and when, in the day that men despised the poor, oppressed negroes that could not plead their own cause, I was more than willing, I was inexpressibly grateful to be permitted to stand for them, and not to forsake them until they were clothed in the majesty of equal rights by the great revolution. I attempted all my life long to take the part of those who had no defender; and I have done it. And in all matters in my own church I have steadily sought one thing—to reproduce, so far as I was able to reproduce, the lineaments of the Lord Jesus Christ in your hearts."

The dawn of the present year found Mr. Beecher in the enjoyment of good health, and full of plans of work. He had addressed himself with new energy to the second part of "The Life of Jesus the Christ," and was also engaged on an autobiography which would have been of unspeakable value. But the sun was setting quickly, and he knew it not. The golden bowl was soon to be shattered, the pitcher was to be broken at the fountain, and the wheel

broken at the cistern. The voice that had swayed thousands and influenced the history of the nation through two generations was to be hushed in pathetic silence. It was the privilege of this great warrior to pass away without the pangs of dying. He had often expressed the hope that he might be spared the agonies of a lingering illness. His hope was fully realized. On the evening of March 3rd, 1887, Mr. Beecher retired, and after an hour or two of restlessness, he fell into that dreamless sleep that knows no waking. He continued in an unconscious state till the morning of Tuesday, March 8th, when, with his family gathered around him, he sighed, then passed

"With the boatman pale
To the better shores of the spirit-land."

A ray of sunlight, full and strong, flashed into the bedchamber through the window just as his last breath was drawn. Calmly, and with no struggle, the regular breathing had ceased and the great preacher was gone. Mr. Beecher's long gray hair lay on the pillow, brushed back in its customary fashion from the broad brow. The face, though worn by the terrible illness and lack of nourishment, looked peaceful and noble. The blue eyes which had looked for the last time on earthly scenes were closed, and the eloquent tongue was silent forever.

It is difficult to describe the scene at this moment. Notwithstanding the fact that his death was looked for — that it had been expected hourly — it seemed to come with such crushing force that the family were perfectly prostrated with grief. They could not bring themselves to the sad realization that the kindly, musical voice of the husband, father and grandfather was forever hushed in death, and that they had only the remembrance of his kind admonitions. Mrs. Beecher, who had borne up so bravely from the first, and who had watched so constantly at the bedside of her dying husband, was utterly broken down, and when supported by her son Harry as she tottered from

the room looked as if it would not be long before she would follow her beloved husband.

No crape was hung on the door, Mr. Beecher having always objected to the use of this and the gloom associated with it in the presence of death. Instead, a magnificent wreath of flowers hung from the left side of the doorway, at the top of the stoop, composed of white and red roses and lilies of the valley, and tied up with white satin.

The announcement of Mr. Beecher's death called forth universal expressions of reverence for his character, and regret at his departure; but the scene at Plymouth Church on the occasion of his funeral was one never to be forgotten. By an arrangement made years before the Rev. Dr. Charles Hall conducted the solemn service.

One who knew him and loved him well writes thus of that funeral scene: "He loved the multitude, and the multitude came to his funeral; he loved the flowers, and ten thousand buds breathed their fragrance and clad his resting-place in beauty; he loved music, and the voice of the organ arose, and the anthems which had delighted him again rolled their harmonies to the rafters; he loved the sunshine, and it streamed through the windows and was a halo around him. No emblem of sorrow or parting was there, but the symbols of love, and faith, and hope, the glad tokens of resurrection, immortality and eternal reward, such as befitted his life, his death, and his fame, which shall endure, for many generations shall approve him and bless him. There was a hush in the city he had chosen for his toil, and people thronged to do him reverence. The flag his great eloquence had helped to defend rippled its glories in the sun; the doors of the public buildings were closed; the busy hum of commerce was still; bell answered bell from the solemn spires; there was the throb of drums in the street, the flaunting of his regiment's colors and the flash of arms, and through the thoroughfare streamed the rich and the poor, men of all creeds and nationalities, the aged, bowed with many years and troubles,

and children with curls tossing and cheeks aflame, mothers and maidens, the strong and the feeble all pouring in one common stream to cast a last look on the tranquil face of him whose greatness was of deeds wrought for love of them. Orator, teacher and statesman, philosopher and poet, diplomat, journalist—he was these as well as minister of God; he was the comforter of those in sorrow; he was the helper of those who needed; he enlightened the ignorant; he fought for the slave and the oppressed; he defended those who were in danger; he lifted those who were trodden upon; he guided those who had wandered from the right, and his strength became the strength of the weak—he was all men's friend, and all men's thoughts now turned to him.

"There was nothing of gloom in this last public tribute of Brooklyn to her greatest son and to the nation's foremost citizen, whose life, full of worthiness and honors, had fallen ripe from the branch of mortality to become immortal. All day long, through the aisles which led to his coffin, passed the ceaseless stream, never pausing; yet night fell and found many thousands still ungratified. Churches were thronged to hear his praises and thank God for such a man, yet not a tithe of those eager to do him reverence could find a foothold; the streets about his resting-place teemed all day with patient hundreds awaiting their turn; no building in the world could have contained the myriads gathered in his name.

"And this was the victory of death. Flowers, sunlight, music, the pageant of arms, the dip of the nation's colors, the recital of his glorious life and achievements, the voice of ten thousand in thanksgiving and prayer, the gathering of friends and lovers, the clanging of great bells whose tongues tell only of the passing of the great, the stopping of the wheels of busy life, the hush upon the city — these were answers to the boast of the Destroyer, and upon the lips of the mighty dead was a smile of love and of peace to

HENRY WARD BEECHER.
ÆTAT 50.

that he be taken as he stood before the public eye at the close of the civil war. He was then about fifty-two years of age; perfect in health, robust, yet graceful, his voice strong, clear, and of great compass—a commanding voice, his body the willing and complete servant of his mind and heart—his whole frame responding to his changing moods. He had come of an ancestry so famous in American ecclesiastical history that he was introduced in England by one who thought to do him the greatest honor as "the son of the great Dr. Beecher, of America." In personal presence he was remarkable, chiefly by the great transformation of his countenance under the play of emotion. On the platform of Plymouth Church he was a king upon his throne.

The editor of the *Andover Review*, in a judicious, kindly and exhaustive article on Mr. Beecher, to which we gladly acknowledge our indebtedness, gives a fine analysis of Mr. Beecher on the platform of Plymouth Church.

"Mr. Beecher's conduct of the service was full of interest. Who that ever heard him pray can forget the impression? There were many among his parishioners who valued his ministry of prayer more than the message of the sermon. In our personal experience we never heard but one man besides Mr. Beecher—the English Unitarian, James Martineau—who seemed actually *communing* with God face to face, as a finite representative would speak the needs and aspirations of a people to the ear of the Infinite Father. The ideas were those appropriate to public prayer, copious, simple, yet varied as the wants of the soul; every suppliant seemed to feel, "*That* is *my* prayer, that is for *me*." In expression, and as the nobler passions began their action, then the voice would expand in volume, become vibrant and concentrated, strong, rich, and impassioned; the latent inward heat filled the mild blue eyes with flashing fire, it radiated the face with earnestness; it penetrated arms, hands and fingers, and produced gestures forcible, varied, and significant. There was no grace of elegance, and yet his action was graceful with that freedom which goes with

disciplined power, moving easily. His whole body became an obedient servitor of the impassioned soul. The vast audience looked, listened, admired, and loved. Deeply moved, they unconsciously threw out their own inward fire. It kindled the speaker to a whiter heat. Their sympathies formed a whole key-board on which he played with a master hand. For the time they gave a simultaneous assent to every thought he uttered.

"But this consummate manager of the multitude was too wise to keep their emotions beyond the pitch he instinctively felt to be natural for them and true for him. He understood the power of contrast in appealing to the heart and the imagination. He appreciated the value of neutral tints in emotional expression. Before the audience were aware of it, he had gradually subsided into the easy naturalness of colloquial speech, and they would find themselves smiling, perhaps laughing, at some witty thrust, or humorous anecdote or illustration. The next moment his voice was full of a tremulous tenderness or touching pathos, like a Welsh song; tears would be running down his face, and the audience would respond with a tribute of emotion they did not try to conceal. It was the *beauty* in the pathos and the tender-hearted manliness of the speaker, that moved them. By his art of resting an audience, through variety of vocal and rhetorical treatment in different parts of any form of public address, he often held the people unwearied through a discourse of an hour or more in length. He used to say that the speaker helps his audience 'by enabling them to listen with different parts of their mind; one part rests the others.' The eye looked upon the noble form and its eloquently expressive action; the ear heard the resonant voice with its varied melody; but the mind felt the influence of his personal force—they felt it in his style. His style was impassioned because his temperament was impassioned; because the spirit of his time was impassioned. In the reading both of the Scriptures and of hymns he never lifted the eye

from the page, except to give significance to an idea, and the look was always associated with a pause. There was often an undertone in his Scripture reading, especially in the interpretation of sublimity of thought, or grave rebuke, or solemn warning, or affecting personal experience, that suggested his silent personal commentary upon the passage. *His tone* hinted the deep impression that the ideas were producing upon his own mind, and that he was sympathizing *with* the author.

"When he came to the sermon he faced his audience with a bearing of calmness and repose. His placid self-possession instantly won the confidence of the auditor. His presence engaged and riveted attention before he opened his lips. Artistic skill in various forms has made his pictured face a cherished possession in every household, and the future, through the same medium, will know his form and feature. Of good height, he was not sufficiently tall to be styled "magnificent" in person, but he was nobly and benignantly impressive. His superb physical advantages, even at threescore and ten, made him our Demosthenes. Few public speakers since the great Greek have been so generously gifted for a forty years' continuous service as preacher, lecturer, political orator, and conqueror of mobs. And yet his face and physical appearance were scarcely two days alike. His features varied with his temperamental conditions and his emotional moods. His voice was an organ of a hundred stops. It was at once strong, of great volume, penetrating, flexible, melodious, and capable of great power of endurance. An infant might be soothed to sleep by it, and a savage would feel himself getting civilized under it. It was a robust baritone in its musical register, and covered a wide compass. Training had put it under perfect control; and it was always kept in tune from constant practice in speaking and the fineness of his ear for music. Few men were so susceptible to sound as he. Good music of any kind would first excite his sensibilities, then lull his outward senses, and all man-

ner of fancies and imagination would teem in his brain. His choir had no more intelligent, sympathetic, and grateful listener than Mr. Beecher. The introductory passages of the sermon were generally given in a low, gentle, conversational tone, as if conversing in a friendly way with his farthest auditors. Gesture and all modes of physical expression in public address, except the voice, were reserved for the rising tide of emotion. His familiarity with the philosophy of delivery, as well as his instinctive oratorical sense, led him to recognize the true source of action, — the feelings. Gesture, to him, was regulated according to the spontaneous action of the excited sensibilities."

The Friday evening prayer meeting was one of the favorite institutions of Plymouth Church. These meetings were of a social nature and very informal in their character. The following description will call to the minds of many readers pleasant memories of the Plymouth prayer meeting:

> The room is large, very lofty, brilliantly lighted by reflectors affixed to the ceiling, and, except the scarlet cushions on the settees, void of upholstery. It was filled full with a cheerful company, not one of whom seemed to have on more or richer clothes than she had the moral strength to wear. Content and pleasant expectation sat on every countenance, as when people have come to a festival, and await the summons to the banquet. No pulpit, or anything like a pulpit, casts a shadow over the scene; but in its stead there was rather a large platform, raised two steps, covered with dark green canvas, and having upon it a very small table and one chair. The red cushioned settees were so arranged as to inclose the green platform all about, except on one side; so that he who should sit upon it would appear to be in the midst of the people, raised above them that all might see him, yet still among them and one of them. At one side of the platform, but on the floor of the room, among the settees, there was a piano open. Mr. Beecher sat near by, reading what appeared to be a letter of three or four sheets. The whole scene was so little like what we commonly understand by the word "meeting," the people there were so little in a "meeting" state of mind, and the subsequent proceedings were so informal, unstudied, and social, that in attempting to give this account of them, we almost feel as if we were reporting for print the conversation of a private evening party. Anything more unlike an old-fashioned prayer-meeting it is not possible to conceive.
>
> Mr. Beecher took his seat upon the platform, and, after a short pause, began the exercises by saying, in a low tone, these words, "Six twenty-one."
>
> A rustling of the leaves of hymn-books interpreted the meaning of

this mystical utterance, which otherwise might have been taken as announcing a discourse upon the prophetic numbers. The piano confirmed the interpretation; and then the company burst into one of those joyous and unanimous singings which are so enchanting a feature of the services of this church. Loud rose the beautiful harmony of voices, constraining every one to join in the song, even those most unused to sing. When it was ended, the pastor, in the same low tone, pronounced a name; upon which one of the brethren rose to his feet, and the rest of the assembly slightly inclined their heads. It would not, as we have remarked, be becoming in us to say anything upon this portion of the proceedings, except to note that the prayers were all brief, perfectly quiet and simple, and free from the routine or regulation expressions. There were but two or three of them, alternating with singing; and when that part of the exercises was concluded, Mr. Beecher had scarcely spoken. The meeting ran along in the most spontaneous and pleasant manner; and with all his heartiness and simplicity, there was a certain refined decorum pervading all that was done and said. There was a pause after the last hymn died away, and then Mr. Beecher, still seated, began, in the tone of conversation, to speak, somewhat after this manner:

"When I first began to walk as a Christian in my youthful zeal I made many resolutions that were well meant, but indiscreet. Among others, I remember, I resolved to pray, at least in some way, every hour that I was awake. I tried faithfully to keep this resolution, but never having succeeded a single day, I suffered the pangs of self-reproach until reflection satisfied me that the only possible wisdom with regard to such a resolve was to break it. I remember, too, that I made a resolution to speak upon religion to every person with whom I conversed, on steamboats, in the streets, anywhere. In this, also, I failed, as I ought; and I soon learned that in the sowing of such seed, as in other sowings, times and seasons and methods must be considered and selected, or a man may defeat his own object, and make religion loathsome."

In language like this he introduced the topic of the evening's conversation, which was: How far, and on what occasions, and in what manner, one person may invade, so to speak, the personality of another, and speak to him upon his moral condition. The pastor expressed his own opinion, always in the conversational tone, in a talk of ten minutes' duration; in the course of which he applauded, not censured, the delicacy which causes most people to shrink from doing it. He said that a man's personality was not a macadamized road for every vehicle to drive upon at will; but rather a sacred inclosure, to be entered, if at all, with the consent of the owner, and with deference to his feelings and tastes. He maintained, however, that there *were* times and modes in which this might properly be done, and that every one *had* a duty to perform of this nature.

When he had finished his observations, he said the subject was open to the remarks of others. Mr. Beecher always keeps his seat. He not unfrequently interrupts others with a question, they sometimes interrupt him. A good-humored play of feeling or fancy is not uncommon; and rippling laughter is not regarded as any infringement of the decorum of the place.

In the departure of Mr. Beecher the lecture platform

has lost one of its greatest ornaments. For nearly two generations America rejoiced in three great lecturers, unrivaled by any platform orators of the civilized world. These names were Wendell Phillips, John B. Gough and Henry Ward Beecher. They have all gone whence they will not return. They have left vacancies that will never be filled. They each had the inspiration of a great cause, and to their work they brought not only remarkable powers, but that which gave their powers their due influence, a consecrated enthusiasm for their work. Major Pond has many interesting stories to tell concerning Mr. Beecher's lecturing tours, having been for many years his agent and guide. The following paragraph records one very interesting lecture episode, and is from the pen of the major:

In all the five hundred lectures which I have heard from Mr. Beecher, and I have traveled with him over 200,000 miles, there was no one so remarkable as that delivered in Richmond, Virginia. I had sold his lecture for $500 to a man by the name of Powell, who owned the theatre. We went to Washington and I was telegraphed to by him that we must not come, as Mr. Beecher would not be allowed to speak in Richmond. I said nothing to Mr. Beecher about it, but telegraphed to Powell that we should be there. As we arrived at Richmond in the morning, he came aboard the train and said to me, "It won't do for Mr. Beecher to speak here," and he showed me a four-page circular issued by a State official, the heading of which ran something like this: "Shall Beecher be allowed to speak in Richmond? The brother of Harriet Beecher Stowe! Henry Ward Beecher, who sent the Sharp's rifles to Kansas! Henry Ward Beecher, who is famous for drawing the bead, and probably is as liable to draw the bead on his auditors as any! Henry Ward Beecher who helped to dig the graves of millions of our best sons of the South! Henry Ward Beecher, who has been false to his country, false to his religion, false to his God! Shall this man be allowed to speak in Richmond!"

When we got into the city the newsboys were selling anti-Beecher poetry and songs in the street; and that night when we arrived at the theatre we found it crowded with a shouting, noisy audience. Mr. Powell was afraid we would be egged. Mr. Beecher knew that it was to be a wild meeting; but at last he said to me: "Well, I'm ready," and together we went out and took seats. As we sat down, the vast crowd of men, and the few ladies in the gallery began to applaud, and some turbulent characters gave a regular rebel yell. I rose at last and introduced Mr. Beecher, merely saying that there was no act of my life that gave me such pleasure as introducing so great and good a man as Henry Ward Beecher. I sat down and they went at it again. We speak of a man rising to an emergency. He stood up there in his

old way, and let them yell until they got tired. He was to lecture on "Hard Times," and his first words were that there is a law of God, a common and a natural law, that brains and money control the universe. He said, "This law cannot be changed even by the Virginia legislature, which opens with prayer and closes with a benediction." As the legislators were all there in a body the laugh went around. It was not five minutes before the house was clapping. Mr. Beecher talked two hours and a half to them, and of all the speeches that I ever heard that was the best one.

Of his literary tastes Mr. Beecher has himself given an idea: "I read for three things — first, to know what the world has done in the last twenty-four hours, and is about to do to-day; second, for the knowledge which I especially want to use in my work; and thirdly, for what will bring my mind into a proper mood. Amongst the authors which I frequently read are De Tocqueville, Matthew Arnold, Mme Guyon, and Thomas à Kempis. I gather my knowledge of current thought from books and periodicals and from conversatiou with men, from whom I get much that cannot be learned in any other way. I am a very slow reader. I never read for style. I should urge reading history. My study of Milton has given me a conception of power and vigor which I otherwise should not have had. I got fluency out of Burke very largely, and I obtained the sense of adjectives out of Barrow, besides the sense of exhaustiveness."

We should get but a very imperfect idea of the work Mr. Beecher did were we to omit the literary toils. The materials for estimating the qualities of his mind, the principles of his teaching, and the literary characteristics of his written and spoken styles are to be found in his published writings. In mere quantity of published matter he ranks among authors whose works are comparatively limited. But few of them were composed for publication. They were chiefly gatherings of articles from the journals with which he was connected. He revised many of them at the request of friends for permanency in book form. The famous "Star Papers," which were occasional essays on his experiences of art and nature, "Eyes and

Ears," "Pleasant Talks on Fruits, Flowers and Farming," "Aids to Prayer," "Views and Experiences on Religious Subjects," "A Circuit of the Continent," and the most far-famed of all, the "Life Thoughts," received his editorial attention. Robert Bonner persuaded Mr. Beecher into a reluctant consent to write a novel for the "New York Ledger," and "Norwood, a Tale of Village Life in New England," was the result — and his sole venture into the field of fiction. This novel is simply an interesting, picturesque and didatic story, with no dramatic or artistic value, and adds nothing to the author's fame. His critical and philosophical work appears in the "Yale Lectures on Preaching," "Working with Errorists," "Eight Sermons on Evolution and Religion," discussing the bearings of the evolutionary philosophy on the fundamental doctrines of evangelical Christianity, and the last work of his life, which he hoped to be his best monument — his "Life of Jesus, the Christ." A large collection can be made of the occasional lectures and addresses that were made during the last twenty-five years of his public career. The best known are: "The Loss of the Arctic," "Raising the old Flag at Sumter," "The Death of Lincoln," "Wendell Phillips," "Man and his Institutions," "Hard Times," "Reasons for Lecturing in the Fraternity Course," the speeches made in Great Britain during the Civil War, eleven lectures before the Cooper Union in New York, his platform lecture on "Democracy," and his last effort in occasional oratory, the "Eulogy on General Grant." Of the thousands of sermons that he preached during his ministry of half a century, the first that were published were the remarkable "Lectures to Young Men," delivered during his early ministry in Indianapolis. The "Plymouth Pulpit" series of sermons, numbering over a score of volumes, is a collection of stenographic reports of his sermons and prayers, all of which were extemporaneously delivered. Two volumes of carefully selected sermons representative of the preaching in the Plymouth pulpit were revised by

their author, and reveal the great preacher at the height of his power and in his best vein of thought and expression. Many of his strongest and choicest public efforts, especially his Lyceum addresses and after-dinner speeches, have never been printed in full. Much of his most forcible and brilliant writing can be found only by consulting the columns of *The Independent* and *The Christian Union*, with which he was connected either as editor or contributor. In the fragments of his time while a pastor at Indianapolis he wrote for the *Indiana Journal*, and conducted the agricultural department under the title of "Western Farmer and Gardener." This department was reprinted monthly, and gained a national reputation.

A glance at the Beecher literature just enumerated will indicate the province of his *published* authorship, both in variety of topic and their numerical amount. The range of his subjects was varied enough and the area of his discussion broad enough to give full play for the exercise of his literary gifts. His thought embraced in its expression almost all the essential forms of prose, — narrative, descriptive, philosophical, oratorical, and the miscellaneous essay.

Nature, humanity and art he saw only in their relations to the divine. Like a true man he hated shams above all things, but he believed in the true and the real, because he saw God in everything and everything in its relation to God. With Carlyle he would tolerate the toad for the sake of the jewel, and like Ruskin he was inclined to the existence of the jewel because of the toad, but unlike both he felt that toad and jewel were both divine, and that somewhere and somehow there was discoverable between them an essential harmony. He could not conceive of any toad without a jewel; of humanity unrelated to deity; of a nature that did not reveal the mind of a creator. He has been called a Christian pantheist. Nothing could be wider of the truth. He did not worship nature, but saw in it the evidence of God. He did not worship God as a divine man, but looked upon man with a peculiar and uni-

versal reverence as the clearest exponent—the nearest analogy of the divine. This idea of the holiness and divinity of beauty, he impressed not only on our religious thought, but on our literature and even on our politics. The tender, exalted and truthful religious, patriotic and artistic ideals of the generations which have listened to his teachings owe to him the fusing, intensifying and enlargement of the thought of his great contemporaries. He was pre-eminently the Christian interpreter of nature.

He was like a reed flourishing in the Oriental gardens, so formed that the winds of Nature blew through him and awoke the sweetest and most varied of beautiful melodies. Greatest as a teacher and as a moral teacher, he would have shone with brilliancy in any other profession to which he had lent his gigantic intellect and his wonderful magnetism. If his life had been cast in Southern Europe or Asia, he would have been a great prophet, and swayed nations. Of all men, he possessed that strong personality and vivid eloquence which rouse men to the enthusiasm that controls events. And he expended his magnificent endowments with a noble prodigality. No movement that concerned itself with the advancement of humanity or the uplifting of the oppressed, no purpose that had for its object charity and good-will to the world was ever brought to his attention but it found in him a ready leader and a warm and eloquent champion.

And yet, great as was this remarkable man, how simple was he! The smallest child found in him a playful and sympathetic companion, and its merry laugh was to his ears the happiest of music and to his heart a well-spring of pleasure. The world to Henry Ward Beecher without children would have been like a garden without flowers; a vine without grapes; a brook, and no water gurgling and gushing in its channels. His nature was full of love for beauty, whether it took the form of a merry child, a beautiful flower, or a feathered songster decked with rich plumage. He was at home with everything that was

beautiful, and Nature never found a more ardent admirer of its different moods and changes.

In the summer of 1886, Mr. Beecher made another tour through England and Scotland. He was the guest of Dr. Joseph Parker, of the City Temple, London. He lectured and preached in London, Manchester, Glasgow, and Edinburgh. On Tuesday, September 28, 1886, the London Board of Congregational Ministers, with their wives and a few invited guests, entertained Mr. and Mrs. Beecher at a social meeting in the Memorial Hall. In response to the kindly words spoken, Mr. Beecher made the following touching reply:

I say in regard to all church worship, that is the best form of church economy that in the long run helps men to be the best Christians. In regard to ordinances I stand very nearly where the Quakers do, except that they think that because they are not divinely commanded they are not necessary. I think they are most useful. Common schools are not divinely ordered, Sunday schools are not divinely ordered; but would you dispense with them? Is there no law and reason except that of the letter? Whatever thing is found when applied to human nature to do good, that is God's ordinance. If there are any men that worship God through the Roman Catholic Church — and there are — I say this in regard to them: "I can not, but you can; God bless you!" In that great, venerable church there is gospel enough to save any man; no man need perish for want of light and truth in that system; and yet what an economy it is, what an organization, what burdens, and how many lurking mischiefs that temptation will bring out! I could never be a Roman Catholic, but I could be a Christian in a Roman Catholic church; I could serve God there. I believe in the Episcopacy — for those that want it. Let my tongue forget its cunning if I ever speak a word adverse to that church that brooded my mother, and now broods some of the nearest blood kindred I have on earth. It is a man's own fault if he do not find salvation in the teaching and worship of the great Episcopal body of the world. Well, I can find no charm in the Presbyterian government. I was for ten years a member of the Presbyterian church, for I swore to the confession of faith; but at that time my beard had not grown. The rest of the Book of Worship has great wisdom in it, and rather than not have any brotherhood, I would be a Presbyterian again if they would not oblige me to swear to the confession of faith. On the other hand; my birthright is in the Congregational church. I was born in it, it exactly agreed with my temperament and with my ideas; and it does yet, for although it is in many respects slow-molded although in many respects it has not the fascinations in its worship that belong to the high ecclesiastical organizations; though it makes less for the eye and less for the ear, and more for the reason and the emotions; though it has, therefore, slender advantages, it has this: that it does not take men because they

are weak and crutch them up upon its worship, and then just leave them as weak after forty years as they were when it found them. A part of its very idea is so to meet the weakness of men as that they shall grow stronger: to preach the truth and then wait till they are able to seize that truth and live by it. It works slowly, but I tell you that when it has finished its work it makes men in the community; and I speak both of the Congregationalists that are called Baptists and those that are called Congregationalists; they are one and the same, and ought to be hand in hand with each other, in perfect sympathy.

Speaking of Mr. Beecher after his demise, the Chicago *Inter Ocean* made the following reference to him as a patriotic American:

Beecher is fully as signal a product of the American life and spirit as was John Adams, Washington, Franklin, Webster, Greely, Lincoln, or Grant; Demosthenes was not more identified with Greece, nor Cicero with Rome, nor Luther with Germany, nor John Knox with Scotland, nor Hampden with England, nor Grattan with Ireland, nor Cotton Mather with New England, nor Calhoun with the South, nor Douglas with the West, nor Phillips with Abolitionism than Beecher with America. As an American reformer, during the period of his golden prime, Beecher was matchless. His championship of the cause of liberty was often terrific as any storm or cyclone, but was, nevertheless, almost always sweet and full of assurance as any morning. As determined as Garrison or Phillips, he never steeped his word in bitterness, or cursing and despair. He did not for a moment lose faith in God, or in the ultimate and speedy resurrection of the American conscience, drugged to death, though it had seemed to him, by the poisoned cup in the hand of the Southern slave power. No country in the world was ever blessed with a nobler host of patriots than America. In no other country did patriotism ever have a meaning and intent so vast and sublime. And what American was ever more possessed by its spirit than Mr. Beecher, specially in those heroic days of our history, used to be? He had not only the partiot's heart, but the prophets vision and forevision. He hated slavery, but he never hated the South. He saw awful and ugly obstacles in the way, but at the same time he saw the more or less hidden forces of truth and righteousness that were at work and that would, in one way or another, clear the way for the new and the fairer order of things.

Among some of the latest utterances of Mr. Beecher in Plymouth Church, we cull the following paragraph, which would almost give the impression that he was half aware that his end was not far:

"I look back now upon nearly forty years' ministry here, and see what the fruit has been. It has not been as large and as good as it would have been if you had had a

better fruiterer. But I am not unwilling to compare with others the men and women that have grown up under my preaching, their development in nobleness, their cheer, their hopefulness, their courage, their kindness, their lovableness and their self-denial, which ceases to be self-denial because they learn to love working for others. I think I am not apt to be proud, but I may thank God that I have the test before me in hundreds and in thousands that the word preached by me has been blessed, not simply to the hope of their final salvation, but to their present evolution into higher, statelier, more beautiful, attractive, winning souls.

"I have never preached what I did not believe; I have never asked myself whether to preach a truth that I did believe would be popular or unpopular. I have never been afraid of man, though I have been afraid of God as the child is afraid of the father it loves. The whole conception of life that I have had has been to serve my fellowmen, and when, in the day that men despised the poor, oppressed negroes that could not plead their own cause, I was more than willing, I was inexpressibly grateful to be permitted to stand for them, and not to forsake them until they were clothed in the majesty of equal rights by the great revolution. I attempted all my life long to take the part of those who had no defender; and I have done it. And in all matters in my own church I have steadily sought one thing — to reproduce, so far as I was able to reproduce, the lineaments of the Lord Jesus Christ in your hearts."

The dawn of the present year found Mr. Beecher in the enjoyment of good health, and full of plans of work. He had addressed himself with new energy to the second part of "The Life of Jesus the Christ," and was also engaged on an autobiography which would have been of unspeakable value. But the sun was setting quickly, and he knew it not. The golden bowl was soon to be shattered, the pitcher was to be broken at the fountain, and the wheel

broken at the cistern. The voice that had swayed thousands and influenced the history of the nation through two generations was to be hushed in pathetic silence. It was the privilege of this great warrior to pass away without the pangs of dying. He had often expressed the hope that he might be spared the agonies of a lingering illness. His hope was fully realized. On the evening of March 3rd, 1887, Mr. Beecher retired, and after an hour or two of restlessness, he fell into that dreamless sleep that knows no waking. He continued in an unconscious state till the morning of Tuesday, March 8th, when, with his family gathered around him, he sighed, then passed

"With the boatman pale
To the better shores of the spirit-land."

A ray of sunlight, full and strong, flashed into the bedchamber through the window just as his last breath was drawn. Calmly, and with no struggle, the regular breathing had ceased and the great preacher was gone. Mr. Beecher's long gray hair lay on the pillow, brushed back in its customary fashion from the broad brow. The face, though worn by the terrible illness and lack of nourishment, looked peaceful and noble. The blue eyes which had looked for the last time on earthly scenes were closed, and the eloquent tongue was silent forever.

It is difficult to describe the scene at this moment. Notwithstanding the fact that his death was looked for — that it had been expected hourly — it seemed to come with such crushing force that the family were perfectly prostrated with grief. They could not bring themselves to the sad realization that the kindly, musical voice of the husband, father and grandfather was forever hushed in death, and that they had only the remembrance of his kind admonitions. Mrs. Beecher, who had borne up so bravely from the first, and who had watched so constantly at the bedside of her dying husband, was utterly broken down, and when supported by her son Harry as she tottered from

the room looked as if it would not be long before she would follow her beloved husband.

No crape was hung on the door, Mr. Beecher having always objected to the use of this and the gloom associated with it in the presence of death. Instead, a magnificent wreath of flowers hung from the left side of the doorway, at the top of the stoop, composed of white and red roses and lilies of the valley, and tied up with white satin.

The announcement of Mr. Beecher's death called forth universal expressions of reverence for his character, and regret at his departure; but the scene at Plymouth Church on the occasion of his funeral was one never to be forgotten. By an arrangement made years before the Rev. Dr. Charles Hall conducted the solemn service.

One who knew him and loved him well writes thus of that funeral scene: "He loved the multitude, and the multitude came to his funeral; he loved the flowers, and ten thousand buds breathed their fragrance and clad his resting-place in beauty; he loved music, and the voice of the organ arose, and the anthems which had delighted him again rolled their harmonies to the rafters; he loved the sunshine, and it streamed through the windows and was a halo around him. No emblem of sorrow or parting was there, but the symbols of love, and faith, and hope, the glad tokens of resurrection, immortality and eternal reward, such as befitted his life, his death, and his fame, which shall endure, for many generations shall approve him and bless him. There was a hush in the city he had chosen for his toil, and people thronged to do him reverence. The flag his great eloquence had helped to defend rippled its glories in the sun; the doors of the public buildings were closed; the busy hum of commerce was still; bell answered bell from the solemn spires; there was the throb of drums in the street, the flaunting of his regiment's colors and the flash of arms, and through the thoroughfare streamed the rich and the poor, men of all creeds and nationalities, the aged, bowed with many years and troubles,

and children with curls tossing and cheeks aflame, mothers and maidens, the strong and the feeble all pouring in one common stream to cast a last look on the tranquil face of him whose greatness was of deeds wrought for love of them. Orator, teacher and statesman, philosopher and poet, diplomat, journalist—he was these as well as minister of God; he was the comforter of those in sorrow; he was the helper of those who needed; he enlightened the ignorant; he fought for the slave and the oppressed; he defended those who were in danger; he lifted those who were trodden upon; he guided those who had wandered from the right, and his strength became the strength of the weak—he was all men's friend, and all men's thoughts now turned to him.

"There was nothing of gloom in this last public tribute of Brooklyn to her greatest son and to the nation's foremost citizen, whose life, full of worthiness and honors, had fallen ripe from the branch of mortality to become immortal. All day long, through the aisles which led to his coffin, passed the ceaseless stream, never pausing; yet night fell and found many thousands still ungratified. Churches were thronged to hear his praises and thank God for such a man, yet not a tithe of those eager to do him reverence could find a foothold; the streets about his resting-place teemed all day with patient hundreds awaiting their turn; no building in the world could have contained the myriads gathered in his name.

"And this was the victory of death. Flowers, sunlight, music, the pageant of arms, the dip of the nation's colors, the recital of his glorious life and achievements, the voice of ten thousand in thanksgiving and prayer, the gathering of friends and lovers, the clanging of great bells whose tongues tell only of the passing of the great, the stopping of the wheels of busy life, the hush upon the city — these were answers to the boast of the Destroyer, and upon the lips of the mighty dead was a smile of love and of peace to

tell all who beheld him that his last slumber had been blessed and was welcome.

"There were flowers — flowers everywhere — in Plymouth Church. The casket looked only a mound of blossoms, for its sides and supports were hidden in a swathing band of roses, and its top was lost under a white coverlid of lilies of the valley, with just enough green to break the glare of the white mass. The platform was out of sight, and all that could be seen as a background for the coffin were great masses of buds, of bloom, of blossoms — white roses and pink, and lilies by the hundred."

The three greatest funerals of the last ten years have been those of Garfield, Grant and Beecher. Their services to their country will never be forgotten. On tented field, and in the halls of the legislature, and from that platform of Plymouth Church that was higher and mightier than a throne, they fought for freedom, for righteousness, for truth; and fighting thus for their country and their age they have built for themselves an everlasting name.

> "Behind their forms the form of Time is found,
> His scythe reversed, and both his pinions bound."

"The loss of Mr. Beecher's autobiography is immeasurable. Many autobiographies have shown us that no man is really fitted to be his own biographer, but there was such frank, cordial simplicity in this man, who touched humanity and the national life at so many points, that we cannot help feeling that a record of great value and exceeding interest has been broken by the hand of death. What biographer shall statue this incomparable man? Almost any one may feel that his forehead does not touch the feet of the noble figure; but it is from below that we appreciate impressive objects. Defects of teaching and defects of character will be recorded. Men without faults are apt to be men without force. The faults of great and generous natures are often the shadows which their virtues cast. But there

is noble praise for him which far outweighs the deficiencies. In the life-long warfare that he waged against the slavery of moral evil, and in behalf of intellectual, religious and political liberty, he wielded the weapon of oratory with the splendid excellences of insight, sincerity, sympathy, simplicity and strength. 'Lay on his coffin a *sword;* for he was a brave, brilliant and effective soldier in the war of liberation of humanity.'"

ANECDOTES AND LETTERS.

ANECDOTES AND LETTERS.

The Prayer on the Mountain Side.

JUDGE TOURGEE relates the following touching story: Something more than thirty years ago a homesick Western boy wandered about the Berkshire hills. Despite their picturesque beauty they seemed petty to one accustomed to the mighty forests and vast horizons of the West. It may seem a curious thing, but the very ruggedness and irregularity of the outlook oppressed him. He longed for the silence of the great woods; the sight of its familiar denizens; the blue lake in the distance, gilded by the sunshine or flecked with white caps by the storm. In short, he was homesick — not for home, perhaps, but for the West — for his accustomed surroundings. Of course he did not know what ailed him. He had been accustomed to the woods and a gun almost from infancy, and with a gun he sought the dwarfed and scraggy thickets upon the mountain side as a cure for the nostalgia he did not understand. Though he could traverse miles of level woodland with an instinct as unerring as a homing pigeon, he was easily lost among the hills through which the Housatonic flows in and out with puzzling uncertainty. One autumn day when the blue haze hung over the hills; when the maples flamed out against the hemlocks here and there in gaudy rivalry; when the beeches were growing brown; the birches beginning to show their white limbs, and the willows a yellow fringe between the green aftermath of the meadows and the dark blue of the waters, he had strayed beyond the limit of his knowledge.

Perched upon the outmost point of a cliff that marks the face of one of the most noted peaks that overlook the valley, he sought anxiously but vainly for some familiar landmark. Whether it was Lee or Lennox, Stockbridge or Great Barrington that lay at his feet he could not determine. Of course everything that ought to have been familiar was absolutely unrecognizable. He was utterly lost.

The only way out of his predicament was to go to some of the houses in sight in the valley, inquire his way home, and sneak back ignobly and shamefacedly along the highway. As he was about to take this course he heard some one clambering along the rough pathway at the foot of the ledge, nigh a hundred feet below him. Screened by the thick laurels he watched the new-comer's advance, himself undiscovered. He knew Mr. Beecher by sight, and knew where the country house, which was then his haven of rest, was situated. He recognized at a glance the flushed face and stalwart figure then in the prime of manly strength. His brow was covered with perspiration, for besides the rough walk he had taken he was burdened with an armful of trophies he had gathered on the way. Just at the point of the cliff a clear spring bubbled out from under a gray, mossy rock. He threw his variegated armful down, tossed off his soft hat, and, lying prone upon the ground, quenched his thirst. Then he stood up, threw back his long hair, wiped his brow, gazed at the prospect that lay outspread at his feet, sat down upon a spur of the rock, and picked up one by one the leaves and flowers he had gathered. Then he sat for a long time, silent and unmoving, looking down into the quiet valley and off at the hazy hills beyond. The boy had overcome his shyness, and was about to descend and inquire his way homeward when he heard the soft, full tones which stole with such insensible power into every ear. Looking down he saw his companion in the luminous solitude kneeling in the midst of the painted leaves he had scattered on the dun rock, the bright autumn sunshine lighting up the warm, brown hair, and touching with unwonted radiance the soft lines of his placid face as he prayed — alone — upon the mountain, with no thought that any one but God could hear.

The boy listened in amazement. He had been accustomed to prayer. The family altar was an almost universal institution then. Prayer as an act of duty; prayer as a religious rite; prayer as a religious service — all these were familiar things to his consciousness. He even had his own ideas about prayer, and when he felt that he had been exceptionally bad or had a desire to be exceptionally good, he had sometimes tried praying on his own account over and above his share in the evening and morning devotions. He regarded it as a pretty serious business, however, a thing that needed to be done

and ought by no means to be neglected, and which, if persevered in, brought at length a sort of fervid rapture which carried the worshiper into a mystic realm of supernatural bliss. But such a prayer as this he had never heard before — indeed, he has never heard such another since. A calm, tender, quivering rhapsody of thankfulness that God had made the earth so beautiful. A burst of gratitude for mountain and valley, river and spring, rock and brake, sunshine and shadow, tinted leaf and whirring pheasant — everything that had gladdened the eye or charmed the sense during the autumnal stroll.

I have no idea how long he prayed. For the first time I thought a prayer too short. I wished he might have kept on forever. I had some curious fancies during its continuance. Perhaps, as I looked at his glowing face and saw his dewy, luminous eyes as it concluded, I may be pardoned if I thought of the Mount of Transfiguration. I trust there was no sacrilege in it. After a while I stole down and timidly asked my way home. I felt ashamed of having been an eavesdropper on his devotions. He evidently noted it, and to put me at my ease asked me if I did not think it was "a pretty cradle God had made for his children." He walked nearly a mile with me away from his house, which must have been three or four miles from our starting point, to make sure that I did not lose my way. I do not remember anything he said, but I walked all the way home in a sort of delicious dream.

Mr. Beecher and The Children.

The following story is told by an eye witness of the scene. Mr. Beecher was wonderfully fond of children, and he often carried oranges and candies in his pockets to help entertain them on the cars. If he saw a poor mother with a baby crying in her arms, he would go and comfort it, and make it stop its crying where others failed. In coming up from Washington one time, a characteristic incident occurred. There were two little children, boy and girl, eight or nine years old, in the car, and they huddled close up together and appeared to be very fond of each other. We had breakfast at Wilmington, but the children did not get off the car and they had evidently traveled all night without anything to eat. When Mr.

Beecher came back from breakfast, his arms were laden with good things for the children. Then he talked to them. He found that they were from the South, that their parents had died, and that they were on their way to this city to find an uncle whom they expected to meet them. The train was late, what if the uncle should fail to meet them? When the train arrived in Jersey City, Mr. Beecher got out of the car with the children, walked slowly along, looking around to see if he could discover anyone looking for the children, and got out between the two ferries and stood there waiting until both boats had gone. Soon a man came hurrying along in great distress and saw the two children, but as he expected to find them unaccompanied, he stopped in doubt. Mr. Beecher suspected that he might be the uncle, and asked him what he was looking for.

"Two children."

"Well," said Mr. Beecher, "I guess they're here. These look like two children, don't they?"

It was the uncle, and he was indeed grateful. Thanking Mr. Beecher, he said:

"Will you kindly give me your name?"

"My name is Beecher."

"Where do you live?"

"In Brooklyn."

"What! Can you be the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher?"

"I am inclined to think I am."

Tears came into the man's eyes, and he explained to the little ones who it was who had befriended them. The two children were soon after seen in Plymouth Church, and they have since then listened to Mr. Beecher's sermons frequently.

Mr. Beecher and Herbert Spencer.

Mr Beecher's belief in evolution as an explanation of nature, of human life and progress, dated from reading the first volume of Herbert Spencer's essays, placed in his hands by Prof. E. L. Youmans, who died in York two months ago. In 1860, when through poverty, it was feared that Spencer must stop writing, Youmans, Beecher and others got up a subscription in his aid of $7,000. Mr. Beecher was commissioned to write the letter enclosing the amount to Spencer, which ran in substance thus: "A few

of your American readers, who feel themselves greatly indebted for your contributions to thought, beg you to permit them to express their indebtedness in a form which may enable you to do something in completing the system of philosophy you have planned and worthily begun."

Spencer was greatly touched by the gift; it proved the turning point in his career; very soon afterward his writings began to be remunerative. When he showed Beecher's letter to friends at the Athenæum Club in London, he declared that never before in the history of letters had so generous a gift been made by readers in one country to an author in another. When Spencer visited America, in 1882, he met Beecher personally several times and thanked him most heartily. At the Delmonico banquet to Spencer, Beecher made an eloquent speech. The influence of the recluse thinker on the popular preacher was profound. Not only Beecher's belief in Evolution, but his desire to restrict rather than extend governmental functions was derived from Spencer.

Mr. Beecher and General Grant.

Another story is told that Mr. Beecher and U. S. Grant were, at one time, together at a public dinner given in Brooklyn, when Mr. Beecher suddenly looked at his watch and remarked that as the time was rapidly nearing a certain hour, he would have to ask the company to pardon his early departure, as he had a marriage ceremony to perform. Saying this, Mr. Beecher arose from the table, and as he did so General Grant, who had been sitting next to him, removed a rosebud from the lapel of his coat, and handing the flower to Mr. Beecher, said:

"Will you kindly hand this to the bride, and give to her and her future husband my best wishes?"

Mr. Beecher accepted and fulfilled the trust, and the bride of that time still has the faded flower, and treasures it as a precious souvenir.

Mr. Beecher Tells a Fish Story.

I first went down to Maine in the summer of 1849 on a fishing water-cure. My father, Dr. Lyman Beecher, and a younger brother, Thomas K. Beecher accompanied me.

My father from his boyhood was an enthusiastic fisherman; and when he became a fisher of men he still retained his enthusiasm for the brookside. On this trip, though now an old man, laid aside from preaching his right hand had not forgot its cunning. We fished in Eastport, had chowder on the islands, gathered a company for the Schoodic Lakes took canoe and an Indian guide, and went into the wilderness for trout. When the guide saw my father's age he shook his head—"Too old, too old;" but when, on the first day's tramp, the old gentleman came in at evening ahead of all, with sturdy tramp, and with more fish than all the rest, the Indian looked upon him almost with reverence, and said: "Old man all Indian."

Mr. Beecher's Last Moments in Plymouth Church.

The Rev. C. Hall incorporated the following touching incident in his oration at Mr. Beecher's funeral:

On his last Sunday evening in this place, two weeks ago, after the congregation had retired from it, the organist and one or two others were practicing the hymn:

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest."

Mr. Beecher, doubtless with that tire that follows a pastor's Sunday work, remained and listened. Two street urchins were prompted to wander into the building, and one of them was standing in the position of the boy whom Raphael has immortalized, gazing up at the organ. The old man, laying his hands on the boy's head, turned his face upward and kissed him, and, with his arm about the two, left this scene of his triumphs, his trials and his successes, forever. It was a fitting close to a grand life, the old man of genius and fame shielding the little wanderers, great in breasting traditional ways and prejudices, great also in the gesture, so like him, that recognized, as did the Master, that the humblest and the poorest were his brethren — the great preacher led out into the night by the little nameless waifs.

A HANDFUL OF LETTERS.

A Family Letter to an Elder Brother.

Had Henry Ward Beecher lived until the 13th of June he would have been seventy-four years old. The Rev. Edward Beecher is about eighty-three years of age, Thomas K. is sixty-three, Charles seventy-two, and the Rev. William H. Beecher, of Chicago, the oldest brother, was eighty-five last January. The younger brothers have always turned kindly to the patriarch of the ministerial quintet in Chicago, and shortly after his birthday last January the Rev. William H. Beecher received from Henry Ward Beecher this characteristic letter:

"BROOKLYN, N. Y., January 25, 1887.

My Dear Brother:—You are ahead of us all in years. But we are all hard after you—Edward, Mary, Charles and myself. To think that this coming summer I shall be seventy-four years old. It is high time that I should leave off all boyish ways and study grave and dignified manners. But as I have no rheumatism, no neuralgia, no baldheadedness, no need of spectacles, no deafness—how could it be expected that I should behave properly? No. Providence meant me for a squirrel, but suddenly changed its mind and made a man of me, and so I must, squirrel-like, frolic on to the end.

Charles and Edward are well, Edward preaching twice on Sunday, and walking six miles to do it. I suppose that some one sent you a paper account of the celebration of his sixtieth anniversary of ordination.

Next summer I shall have been ordained fifty years, married fifty years, and settled in Brooklyn forty years. There's figures for you.

My wife has been quite sick for six weeks. She had a compound made up of rheumatism and neuralgia, with a substratum of dyspepsia and a touch of heart trouble—poor thing, she did suffer. But she is better and getting about again.

With love to all your household and to yourself, I am, your affectionate brother, HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The Rev. Wm. H. Beecher.

Letter to Mr. Bonner Concerning "Norwood."

My Dear Mr. Bonner: You have herewith the last line of "Norwood." I began it reluctantly, as one who treads an unexplored path; but as I went on I took more kindly to my work, and now that it is ended I shall quite miss my weekly task.

My dear old father, after his day of labor had closed, used to fancy that in some way he was so connected with me that he was still at work; and on one occasion, after a Sabbath-morning service, some one in a congratulatory way, said to the venerable and meek old patriarch:

"Well, doctor, how did you like your son's sermon?"

"It was good—good as I could do myself;" and then, with an emphatic pointing of his forefinger, he added, "if it hadn't been for *me*, you'd never have had him!"

If anybody likes "Norwood," my dear and venerable Mr. Bonner, you can poke him your finger and say, "if it hadn't been for *me*, you would never have had it."

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Personal Reminiscences in a Letter to Edward W. Bok, Esq.

PEEKSKILL, N. Y., August 18, 1885.

My Dear Mr. Bok, or Boc, or Bock, or Anything but Bock Beer: The account you have kindly sent me of my "first sermon," is more nearly true than most stories that are circulated of me. My brother George wished to be away a Sunday, and I was requested by him to supply his pulpit. Text, sermon and all attendant circumstances are gone from my memory, except the greenness—no doubt about that.

My earliest remembered address was given at Brattleboro, Vt., on temperance, when I was in my junior year at Amherst College; but my earliest remembered sermons were delivered at Northbridge, Mass., where I taught school for three months in 1831. I conducted conference meeting almost every night, and a temperance address at Upton, Mass., where "Old Father Wood" was pastor, and

in his church. In the winter of 1833 I taught school in Hopkinton, Mass., and carried on revival meetings every night and preached on Sundays. The people were plain and simple, and liked the effusions. During the winter of 1833 I again taught school at Northbridge, and made a formal sermon in a chapel over the new store built by the Messrs. Whitins. Thence I went to Lane Seminary, near Cincinnati, and preached in small places. When, in 1837, I was ready to leave the seminary, I went over to Covington, Ky., and preached in the Presbyterian Church for several Sundays, and expected to form a church there and remain, but a call from Lawrenceburg, Ind., was made, and I was soon settled there for two years and over; thence to Indianapolis for eight years, and October, 1847, I came to Brooklyn. I have been preaching over fifty years. My next and last call and settlement will probably be in Greenwood.

Cordially yours,

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

To Edward W. Bok, Brooklyn.

Letter to President Cleveland

URGING THE CANDIDATURE OF OSCAR STRAUS AS MINISTER TO TURKEY.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 12, 1887.

GROVER CLEVELAND —

Dear Mr. President: Some of our best citizens are solicitous for the appointment of Oscar Straus as minister to Turkey. Of his fitness there is a general consent that he is personally, and in attainments, eminently excellent; but I am interested in another quality — the fact that he is a Hebrew. The bitter prejudice against Jews, which obtains in many parts of Europe, ought not to receive any countenance in America. It is because he is a Jew that I would urge his appointment as a fit recognition of this remarkable people, who are becoming large contributors to American prosperity, and whose intelligence, morality and large liberality in all public measures for the welfare of society, deserve and should receive from the hands of our government some such recognition. Is it not also a duty to set forth in this quiet but effectual method the genius of American government, which has under its fostering care people of all civilized nations, and which treats them

without regard to civil, religious, or race peculiarities as common citizens. We send Danes to Denmark, Germans to Germany; we reject no man because he is a Frenchman; why should we not make a crowning testimony to the genius of our people by sending a Hebrew to Turkey? The ignorance and superstition of medieval Europe may account for the prejudice of that dark age; but how a Christian in our day can turn from a Jew I cannot imagine. Christianity itself suckled at the bosom of Judaism; our roots are in the Old Testament. We are Jews ourselves gone to blossom and fruit. Christianity is Judaism in evolution, and it would seem strange for the seed to turn against the stock on which it was grown.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Wanted, A Thoughtatype.

A LETTER TO PROFESSOR JOHN H. RAYMOND.

AUGUST 30, 1848.

My Dear Professor: If good resolutions were only letters, what voluminous epistles you would have had from me! Alas, that a *thoughtatype* could not be invented! What an advance will that be when one can slip a sheet of prepared paper into his hat, upon which the electricity of the mind shall act as the light does upon a photographic plate, and sally forth. Upon his return — oh, joy! — all that he has thought would be found transferred to the paper! The advantages of this new invention promise to be so many that I hope no time will be lost in prosecuting the matter to a discovery. Thus a paralytic author might triumph over the infirmity of his hands; a mercurial head like mine might, for once, write as fast as it thought. A paper nightcap would give one in the morning all his dreams; a suitable *head*-book would register the most perfect of journals, for thus all that we think would go down, good and bad — and go down just as it happened — a thing I suspect that is not always to be found in pen-made journals. Then, too, what self-knowledge might not this afford — should we believe in our own identity! Each evening would put a new volume into our hands, for I suppose that we all *think* at least one volume in a day, if all our cogitations were written. What a fiction it would be! — alas, the strangeness of fiction and the stub-

born validity of fact! For who does not throw the filmy veil of self-esteem upon his life, through whose witching colors all looks changed to a heightened excellence? Who could bear to read in a volume at evening all the *somethings* and *nothings*, all the evil and good, all the frets and fancies, all the venturesome ranges of thinking, the vain imaginations, the hopes, fears, suppressed angers, involuntary opinions of men, and, above all, the critical thoughts which one has of even the best? For who lives without great faults? and who lives with habits of attention without *seeing* them? Yet to see in full print that which otherwise only glances through the brain, and whose trace is lost — as the stream of a meteor — would be shocking.

There! was I not foreordained to be a letter-writer? For who can spin a longer yarn than this out of such a little lock of wool? HENRY WARD BEECHER.

An Outline of Belief.

Mr. Beecher gives an outline of his belief in a letter to a friend:

BROOKLYN, June 13, 1885.

DEAR SIR, — I thank you for your friendly solicitude. I am sure that in the end you will not be disappointed, though on some points you may not agree with me. The foundation doctrines, as I hold them, are a personal God, Creator and Ruler over all things; the human family universally sinful; the need and possibility and facts of conversion; the Divine agency in such a work; Jesus Christ the manifestation of God in human conditions; His office in redemption supreme. I do not believe in the Calvanistic form of stating the atonement. I do believe in the fall of the human race in Adam, and of course I do not hold that Christ's work was to satisfy the law broken by Adam for all his posterity. The race was not lost, but has been ascending steadily from creation. I am in hearty accord with revivals and revival preaching, with the educating forces of the Church, and in sympathy with all ministers who in their several ways seek to build up men into the image of Jesus Christ, by whose faithfulness, generosity and love I hope to be saved and brought home to heaven.

With cordial regards, I am truly yours,

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

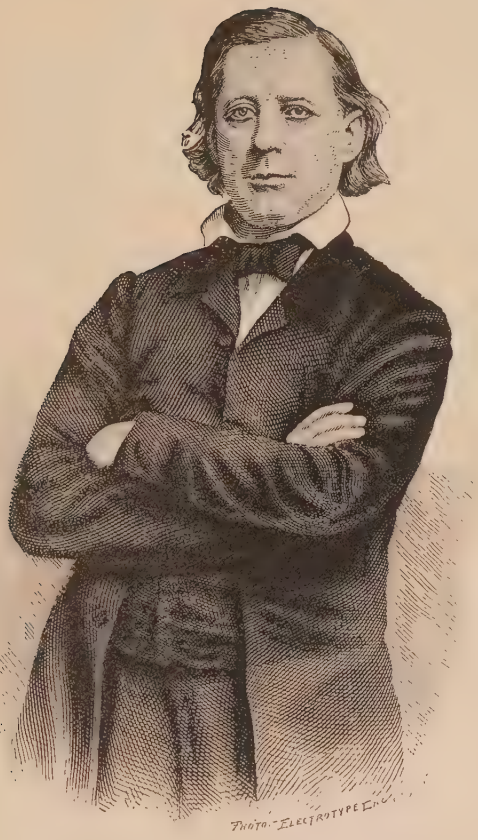
Concerning Prayer.

A LETTER TO GRAND MARSHAL-GENERAL N. A. BARNUM.

Booth's great theater was crowded at the Decoration Day services of 1878, and Mr. Beecher was present and opened the evening ceremonies with a most impressive prayer. Subsequently it was decided to publish the proceedings in pamphlet form, and a letter was sent to Mr. Beecher requesting him to furnish the text of his prayer. The following was his characteristic reply :

"PEEKSKILL, July 11, 1878. — *Gen. N. A. Barnum, Grand-Marshal, etc.:* You request me to send you my prayer made on Decoration Day evening. If you will send me the notes of the oriole that whisted from the top of my trees last June, or the iridiscent globes that came in by millions on the last waves that rolled in on the beach yesterday, or a segment of the rainbow of last week, or the perfume of the first violet that blossomed last May, I will also send you the prayer that rose to my lips with the occasion and left me forever. I hope it went heavenward and was registered; in which case the only record of it will be found in heaven. Very truly yours,

HENRY WARD BEECHER.



HENRY WARD BEECHER.

ÆTAT 50.

SELECTIONS.

RELIGIOUS — CONCERNING JESUS CHRIST — ON DEATH AND IMMORTALITY — ILLUSTRATIONS FROM NATURE — ON SOCIAL QUESTIONS — POLITICS — MISCELLANEOUS.

SELECTIONS.

RELIGIOUS.

Do the Little that You Can.

IF he that gives a cup of cold water to a little child in the name of Christ shall not fail of his reward, how much less he that opens springs in the desert, that strikes the rocks in the mountains so that they gush forth, that digs wells from which men through generations can drink. Do the little that you can; do more if you can; and when at last you return with joy upon your head to enter in at the gate, there shall throng forth from it so many that you cannot count them, of those who were refreshed in the hours of sorrow and weariness of the way by your labor, and they shall come with rosy hand and joyful lip to greet you and to bring you before the throne of the Saviour. And when once you shall have beheld that loving, adorable face, though you had suffered on the cross, though you had wilted in the dungeon, though you had been broken on the rack, though you had reached him through the fires of martyrdom — one look will be more, a thousand times more, than all the suffering. And to hear him say, "Well done," — not all the music that time has known, not all the coronets that power has worn, not all the treasures of the earth, nor all the bounties of the summer with all its sun, can compare for one single moment with the rapture that will thrill through the heart of one who is saved, — safe, welcomed, forever and ever accepted.

The Twenty-third Psalm.

Blessed be the day on which that psalm was born. It has charmed more griefs to rest than all the philosophy of the world. It has remanded to their dungeon more felon

thoughts, more black doubts, more thieving sorrows, than there are sands on the sea-shore. It has comforted the noble host of the poor. It has sung courage to the army of the disappointed. It has poured balm and consolation into the heart of the sick, of captives in dungeons, of widows in their pinching griefs, of orphans in their loneliness. Dying soldiers have died easier as it was read to them; ghastly hospitals have been illumined; it has visited the prisoner and broken his chains, and, like Peter's angel, led him forth in imagination, and sung him back to his home again. It has made the dying Christian slave freer than his master, and consoled those whom, dying, he left behind mourning, not so much that he was gone as because they were left behind, and could not go too. Nor is its work done. It will go singing to your children and my children, and to their children, through all the generations of time; nor will it fold its wings till the last pilgrim is safe, and time ended; and then it shall fly back to the bosom of God, whence it issued, and sound on, mingled with all those sounds of celestial joy which make heaven musical forever.

The Bible the Workingman's Friend.

The Bible is on the side of the workingmen. It is on the side of the slave. It is on the side of men that are under hard governments. It is on the side of men that are sick and that have failed under the harness of life. It is on the side of men whose consciences roar out at them like enraged lions; on the side of sinful, suffering humanity; and a book like that is not going to be kicked over by ridicule, nor disposed of by angry scholarship, nor by the impudent superiority of men. It is the people's book; a book of life, that carries in its heart the very element of life for the human race.

The Full Heart of God.

When my blood flows like wine, when all is ease and prosperity, when the sky is blue and the birds sing, and flowers blossom, and my life is an anthem moving in time and tune, — then this world's joy and affection suffice. But when a change comes, when I am weary and disappointed, when the skies lower into the sombre night, when

there is no song of bird, and the perfume of flowers is but their dying breath, when all is sunsetting and autumn, then I yearn for him who sits with the summer of love in his soul, and feel that all earthly affection is but a glow-worm light, compared to that which blazes with such effulgence in the heart of God.

A Sharp Distinction.

There are two classes of people in the church; the religionists, who love God by trying to do right; and the Christians, who are inspired to do right by loving God.

Goodness the True Orthodoxy.

Goodness is the only orthodoxy that God cares one particle about, and every man that is living the Christ-life is orthodox — doctrine go to the winds. If you ask me if some representations of truth are not more likely to produce this than others, Yes; and, therefore, it is important that men should study to be true according to the test of Scripture. But so long as that blazing center remains, "I determined to know nothing but Christ, and him crucified" — because he represented the God of love who suffered for all the universe and all it contains — so long as that is the grand ideal of life, it is nonsense for the man that does not pattern after that, to pattern after the intellectual elements of it, or the mere auxiliary institutions. But if he has both he is doubly blessed.

Do not Extinguish Joy.

When God is the entertainer of his people, he thanks no man for "dim, religious light," or for casting forth the flowers, and extinguishing the lamps of hope and joy in the sanctuary.

One Meaning of Religion.

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me," This is only one meaning of religion. If I should say of a garden, "It

is a place fenced in," what idea would you have of its clusters of roses, and pyramids of honeysuckles, and beds of odorous flowers, and rows of blossoming shrubs and fruit-bearing trees? If I should say of a cathedral, "It is built of stone, cold stone," what idea would you have of its wondrous carvings, and its gorgeous openings for door and window, and its evanescing spire? Now, if you regard religion merely as self-denial, you stop at the fence, and see nothing of the pleasantness of the garden; you think only of the stone, and not of the marvelous beauty into which it is fashioned.

Feeling Is Always Tropical.

When the church is cold and dead, those hymns which were written by God's saints in moments of rapture seem extravagant, and we walk over them on dainty footsteps of haste; but let God's spirit come down upon our hearts, and they are as sweetness on our tongues; nay, all too poor and meagre for our emotions; for feeling is always tropical, and seeks the most intense and fervid expression.

Eternal Melody.

Amid the discords of this life, it is blessed to think of heaven, where God draws after him an everlasting train of music; for all thoughts are harmonious and all feelings vocal, and so there is round about his feet eternal melody.

Sorrow the Unchanging Order.

The sorrows of other men seem to us like clouds of rain that empty themselves in the distance, and whose long-traveling thunder comes to us mellowed and subdued; but our own troubles are like a storm bursting right overhead, and sending down its bolts upon us with direct plunge. But there have been human hearts, constituted just like ours, for six thousand years. The same stars rise and set upon this globe that rose upon the plains of Shinar or along the Egyptian Nile; and the same sorrows rise and set in every age. All that sickness can do, all that disappointment can effect, all that blighted love, disappointed ambition, thwarted hope, ever did, they do still. Not a

tear is wrung from eyes now, that, for the same reason, has not been wept over and over again in long succession since the hour that the fated pair stepped from paradise, and gave their posterity to a world of sorrow and suffering. The head learns new things, but the heart forevermore practices old experiences. Therefore our life is but a new form of the way men have lived from the beginning.

Satisfied!

Beat on, then, O heart, and yearn for dying. I have drunk at many a fountain, but thirst came again; I have fed at many a bounteous table, but hunger returned; I have seen many bright and lovely things, but while I gazed their lustre faded. There is nothing here that can give me rest, but when I behold thee, O God, I shall be satisfied.

Joy in Trials.

The most affecting records of literature are those which repeat to us the sacred joy of souls in trial — their victory, and the causes of it. Job says, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." Moses "Endured as seeing him who is invisible." Isaiah had sounded forth, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing; the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon; they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God. . . . And the randsomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

The Importance of a Man's Belief.

It is often said it is no matter what a man believes if he is only sincere. This is true of all minor truths, and false of all truths whose nature it is to fashion a man's life. It will make no difference in a man's harvest whether he think turnips have more saccharine matter than potatoes — whether corn is better than wheat. But let the man

sincerely believe that seed planted without ploughing is as good as with, that January is as favorable for seed sowing as April, and that cockle seed will produce as good a harvest as wheat, and will it make no difference? A child might as well think he could reverse that ponderous marine engine which, night and day, in calm and storm, ploughs its way across the deep, by sincerely taking hold of the paddle-wheel, as a man might think he could reverse the action of the elements of God's moral government through a misguided sincerity. They will roll over such an one, and whelm him in endless ruin.

The Secret of True Life.

Our life begins in the senses. Men walk upon the ground; but above it God has sprung the blue arch of heaven, and they live by breathing the air. So it is with our interior life. The material world is the foundation, the grand workshop for our faculties; but if this be all — if there hangs not above it God's invisible realm of truth, in which we breathe — there can be no healthy living. That a plant may grow, we put manure into the soil; but when the roots have taken hold upon it, and it has shot up into stem, and leaves and flowers, we do not pour manure into the white blossom. It holds up its cup and says, "O Heaven! send thy light, and drop down thy dew." And the light glows and the dew falls, and the flower expands by feeding upon the air.

Made and Ruined.

We say a man is "made." What do we mean? That he has got the control of his lower instincts, so that they are only fuel to his higher feelings, giving force to his nature? That his affections are like vines, sending out on all sides blossoms and clustering fruits? That his tastes are so cultivated that all beautiful things speak to him, and bring him their delights? That his understanding is opened, so that he walks through every hall of knowledge, and gathers its treasures? That his moral feelings are so developed and quickened, that he holds sweet commerce with heaven? O, no! — none of these things. He is cold and dead in heart, and mind, and soul. Only his passions are alive;

but — he is worth five hundred thousand dollars! And we say a man is ruined. Are his wife and children dead? O, no. Have they had a quarrel, and are they separated from him? O, no. Has he lost his reputation through crime? No. Is his reason gone? O, no; it is as sound as ever. Is he struck through with disease? No. He has lost his property, and he is ruined. The *man* ruined! When shall we learn that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth?

Christianity is Judaism Gone to Blossom and Fruit.

The ignorance and superstition of mediæval Europe may account for the prejudice of that dark age; but how a Christian in our day can turn from a Jew, I cannot imagine. Christianity itself suckled at the bosom of Judaism; our roots are in the Old Testament. We are Jews ourselves, gone to blossom and fruit. Christianity is Judaism in evolution, and it would seem strange for the seed to turn against the stock on which it was grown.

Every Day Full of Music.

There is no day born but comes like a stroke of music into the world, and sings itself all the way through. There is no event that is discordant. All times and passages are full of melody, if we would but hear it; and as in tumultuous floods and rushing falls of water, every drop is as obedient to the laws of nature as if it lay in the bosom of the tranquil lake, so all things in earth and in hell, in their wildest excesses as well as in their calmest flows are obedient to God; and his providence is in them stately and serene, going on to its own ends and manifestations.

Miserable Two-Foot Christian.

Now, when a man comes to me talking of perfection and says, "A perfect man must have such and such qualities — must he not? He must control his passions and appetites, and regulate his affections. He must not sin in this thing, or that thing, or the other. Such am I. I do not commit this fault, or fall into that error. I have trained

and schooled myself. Behold me ! I am perfect!" I can but exclaim, "Miserable two-foot Christian !" I have no patience with this low standard, these earthly comparisons, this relative goodness. I must outgrow this pot of earth. God's eternity is in my soul, and I shall need it all, to grow up to the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.

On the Full March.

We are on the full march; and therefore, instead of looking back to the leeks and onions of Orthodoxy in Egypt, the Spirit of God, the spirit of philosophy, the spirit of wisdom, the spirit of true religion, is to forget the things that are behind, and to press toward the mark for the prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus.

Religion Defined.

Men think religion bears the same relation to life that flowers do to trees. The tree must grow through a long period before the blossoming time; so they think religion is to be a blossom just before death to secure heaven. But the Bible represents religion, not as the latest fruit of life, but as the whole of it — beginning, middle, and end. It is simply *right living.*

Virtues in Outline.

When Allston died, he left many pictures which were mostly sketches, yet with here and there a part finished up with wonderful beauty. So I think Christians go to heaven with their virtues mostly in outline, only here and there a part completed. But "that which is in part shall be done away," and God shall finish the pictures in his own forms and colors.

Righteous Judgment.

We ought not to judge men by their absolute excellence, but by the distance which they have traveled from the point at which they started. There are some men whom God has so royally endowed that they are like a bird sitting on the topmost branch of the forest, and if God

says to it, "Mount up," it has nothing to do but to spring into the air, singing as it goes toward heaven. But others are like a bird upon the ground, that has to disentangle itself from the bushes, and then to work its way among the darkling boughs, before it can soar. The one may have done better by his outward wings, but the better inward wings of purpose and endeavor beat far stronger in the other, and bring him quite as near to God; for God dwells beneath the shade, as much as above the forest.

Dead Trees Will Lie Anyway.

I am suspicious of that church whose members are one in their belief and opinions. When a tree is dead, it will lie anyway; alive it will have its own growth.

The Ministry of Tears.

God washes the eyes by tears until they can behold the invisible land where tears shall come no more. O Love! O Affliction! Ye are the guides that show us the way through the great airy space where our loved ones walked; and, as hounds easily follow the scent before the dew be risen, so God teaches us, while yet our sorrow is wet, to follow on and find our dear ones in heaven.

The First Blades of Wheat.

God will accept your first attempt, not as a perfect work, but as a beginning. The beginning is the promise of the end. The seed always whispers "oak," though it is going into the ground, acorn. I am sure that the first little blades of wheat are just as pleasant to the farmer's eyes, as the whole field waving with grain.

We Need Not Die While We Live.

What if the leaves were to fall a-weeping, and say, "It will be so painful for us to be pulled from our stalks when autumn comes?" Foolish fear! Summer goes, and autumn succeeds. The glory of death is upon the leaves; and the gentlest breeze that blows takes them softly and silently

from the bough, and they float slowly down, like fiery sparks, upon the moss. It is hard to die when the time is not ripe. When it is, it will be easy. We need not die while we are living.

The Bible as an Old Ruin.

Many people regard the Bible as an old ruin. They think there may be some chambers in it which might be made habitable, if it were worth the while; but they take it as a young heir takes his estate, who says, "I shall build me a modern house to live in, but I'll keep the old castle as ruin;" and so they have some scientific or literary house to live in, and look upon the Bible only as a romantic relic of the past.

The Greatest is Love.

Now abideth these three: Faith, by which we see the glories of the eternal sphere; Hope, by which we mount towards them; and Love, by which we grasp and inherit them — therefore the greatest of these is Love.

God Over All.

All things in the natural world symbolize God, yet none of them speak of him but in broken and imperfect words. High above all he sits, sublimer than mountains, grander than storms, sweeter than blossoms and tender fruits, nobler than lords, truer than parents, more loving than lovers.

Defense of the Bible.

No matter how infidel philosophers may regard the Bible; they may say that Genesis is awry, and that the Psalms are more than half bitter imprecations, and the prophecies only the fantasies of brain-bewildered men, and the Gospels weak laudations of an impostor, and the Epistles but the letters of a mad Jew, and that the whole book has had its day; I shall cling to it until they show me a better revelation. The Bible emptied, effete, worn out! If all the wisest men of the world were placed man to man, they could not sound the shallowest depths of the Gospel of

John. O philosophers! break the shell, and fly out, and let me hear how you can sing. Not of passion — I know that already; not of worldly power — I hear that everywhere; but teach me, through your song, how to find joy in sorrow, strength in weakness, and light in darkest days; how to bear buffeting and scorn, how to welcome death, and to pass through its ministration into the sphere of life; and this, not for me only, but for the whole world that groans and travails in pain; and until you can do this, speak not to me of a better revelation.

Acorns and Graces.

Men plant prayers and endeavors, and go the next day looking to see if they have borne graces. Now, God does not send graces as he sends light and rain, but they are wrought in us through long days of discipline and growth. Acorns and graces sprout quickly, but grow long before ripening.

All Days for Religion, One for Rest.

A week filled up with selfishness, and the Sabbath stuffed full of religious exercises, will make a good Pharisee, but a poor Christian. There are many persons who think Sunday is a sponge with which to wipe out the sins of the week. Now, God's altar stands from Sunday to Sunday, and the seventh day is no more for religion than any other. It is for rest. The whole seven are for religion, and one of them for rest.

The Business of the Church.

The business of the Church is not to use the Church as an insurance office by which a man seeks to protect himself against future fire. The business of the minister is to build up men in the qualities of Jesus Christ; for that he is to preach. All the tests, both for receiving men and advancing men in Church life, are of the disposition. As the disposition goes unharmed through death to its glorious crown, so in Church life, it should be the business of every man to build men up to the perfect man in Christ Jesus. There are a great many administrations, a great many econ-

omies, says Paul; they are all of God, and if you will let them alone, they will work out safely and be beneficial in the long run. Liberty is good in the Church and in theology, as everywhere else; but it is the only place where there is no liberty of thinking.

Mouldy Blessings.

I think half the troubles for which men go slouching in prayer to God are caused by their intolerable pride. Many of our cares are but a morbid way of looking at our privileges. We let our blessings get mouldy, and then call them curses.

The Heart Shall Wear the Crown.

I am the son of a theologian. I was baptized into theology. I believe some of it; and some I do not, blessed be God! The days are coming when belief will have to take a seat below love, when the head will have to do honor to the heart. Then we can say, as the apostle said of the Church: "Ye are our epistles, known and read of all men." It is not, therefore, so much as an iconoclast that I say these things; it is not that I scorn theology and all the steps of knowledge. No man believes in knowledge more than I do; but I would assign it to its proper place, its subordinate rank; I deny that it has a right to wear the crown; I say that the heart is to wear the crown.

The Glorious Future.

God has planted a future that shall bear a harvest of shouts of glory and honor and salvation to him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb. All the steps, all the interpretations I do not know; but the whole universe is moving up, yea, and without knowing it. And, methinks, that in those innumerable multitudes of stellar hosts there are some populated worlds, and that there are some great moral truths that are being developed there as here; and as we hear oftentimes in strains of music exquisite stanzas and cadences, but by-and-by are permitted to come to a concert-room were Beethoven swells in all the grandeur of his symphonies; so there are, I believe, elements in the uni-

verse, here some, and there some, and by-and-by, when the great oratorio is chanted round the throne of God we shall see what the meaning of these movements is. Now we see through a glass darkly, then face to face; and we shall know as we are known. And in that great day, O my soul, be not thou laggard nor broken-winged; let thy head be love and thy wings be faith and hope; and foremost to where my mother stands, my father, my children, and whom I love best on earth, let me wing my way; only amid them all, and before greeting, I may cast myself at the feet of him who loved me and died for me and washed me in his own blood.

What Science Can Do.

Science is knowledge gathered by the senses from matter, and it will not go any further than matter; but faith is the conclusions that are come to by the inward man, through his emotions and moral intuitions. Science builds a man clear up to the body; then a man's own heart, experience, and his moral institutions go on and represent to him the troubles that are higher than anything belonging to the body; they do not disown them, they are true up to that point; but there is something higher, more ineffable, invisible, eternal. When death has wrecked the body, it does not touch the soul; that lives and goes on. So long as science insists upon it, that nothing is true except that which the senses interpret, the soul stands a protestant and says, "Science has only touched the bottom, not the top;" and out of the revelations of a man's own experience, when he is stimulated by opening himself to the influence of God, and there is brought out of Him the knowledge of the Holy Ghost, the inspiration that calls upon God's people, and upon all of them without exception, so soon as they open themselves to the light of God and the presence of God: then there is a kingdom that science has not yet meddled with. I believe in the progress of science, and in the elements that have been demonstrated. I am an evolutionist; but I am an evolutionist who feels that up to the present point of time there have been evolved simply the lower factors of truth, and that the greater truths are yet to come. God, Christ, the Holy Ghost, redemption, revelation, sanctification, final salvation as yet have not been touched — not by science; and

you know more about them, you that are sanctified, you that are called, having a life, though in the flesh, yet a life, as it is, in Christ Jesus, you know more than the proudest *savant* in the world.

A Good Word for Nicodemus.

When a man has been in favor of some movement, or of some man, and the cause collapses, and the man has gone into disgrace; when the bubble has burst, and there is no use any longer risking one's own safety or convenience by public adhesion to the offending man, how many are there that would stand up and say: "He seems to have come to nought, but I believe in him still, and I believe in the cause, and if need be I will perish with it." But Nicodemus, when there was nothing more to be gained; when the whole drama had been enacted, and the pall of death and apparent night had come down on the prospect of this strange Redeemer, he would not give him up when he was dead, and exposed himself to the inspection and the dangers that came by taking the body and giving it honorable burial, with all the accustomed rights of honor belonging to the Jews. And this is the man that is called the timid Nicodemus? Well, what did he come by night for? When would you have had him come if he wanted a quiet conversation? In the roar of the Temple, when all was bustle and confusion, everybody asking questions, some trying to trap Jesus, and others asking questions frivolous or ignorant — was that the time for a deep-hearted man to bore into the very inner consciousness of Christ, and know the truth? If a man had inward doubts, inward longings, inward earnest aspirations; if he longed for the truth, had long hungered for it, and there came a man that seemed to have the power to open the heaven above him, and to give him the things that his heart desired above everything on earth — treasure, reputation, standing, everything — if there was such a man as that, what would you say, honest man, and what would I say? "Give me a chance where I can have this talk with him alone, that I can open my whole soul to him, and learn more of this way." It was said that when Emerson visited London, and sought out Carlyle, they two sat for more than two hours of the evening in a darkened room

by themselves, and that the chief point of conversation was God and immortality. These great thinkers, that had had their doubts and their perplexities, longed to sound each other, and know what way each had made along that great highway of God. And were they cowards because they sought seclusion for this purpose?

Sound Doctrine.

In the Bible the word *doctrine* means simply *teaching, instruction.* It was a moral direction, a simple maxim, or a familiar, practical truth. It certainly was not that thing which theologians have made doctrine to be — a mere philosophical abstraction. The doctrines which the schools teach are no more like those of the Bible than the carved beams of Solomon's temple were like God's cedar trees on Mount Lebanon. But men cut and hew till they have shaped their own fancies out of God's timber, and then they get upon them like judgment-day thrones, and call all the world to answer at their feet for heresies against their idols. There are few heresies in the world more real than the very idea of an abstract doctrine presented as God's truth. That way of thinking which men call metaphysics, seems not to be employed above. It is only a method of weakness down below. It is a preparation dissected and arranged for our microscope who have not eyes strong enough to see things just as God made them, and just as he keeps them.

The Age of Inspiration Has Not Passed.

The age of inspiration has not perished. Its sun has not set. All of revelation that has gone before is but as seed for the future. A day has come when all dogmas, doctrines, formulas, laws and governments of the church, must be judged by the enlightened moral consciousness of the great assembly of Christ-like men, whether in church bounds or out of them. God's word will no longer be a shackle to impede new inspirations, but wings to lift men into that luminous atmosphere thrown up by all experiences of good men from the beginning. There are higher and higher stages of knowledge and experience yet before the Christian Churches and the world — the moral conscious-

ness of Christendom, as God's way of making himself known. The Old Testament must be lived over again, and the New Testament, and out of this soil of the human soul, so fertilized, will spring new growth, new flowers, new truths. And so the tree of knowledge blighted in Eden shall, in these later days, bring forth all manner of fruits, and its very leaves shall be for the healing of the nations. God has much to say yet to the race. The world is not ripe. It is coming to itself in the far future.

The Secret of Valor.

A man's strength in this life is often greater from some single word remembered and cherished than in arms or armor. Looking over the dead on a field of battle, it was easy to see why that young man, and he a recruit, fought so valiantly. Hidden under his vest was a sweet face, done up in gold; and so, through love's heroism, he fought with double strokes.

Rejoice Always.

Some people think black is the color of heaven, and that the more they can make their faces look like midnight, the more evidence they have of grace. But God, who made the sun and the flowers, never sent me to proclaim to you such a lie as that. We are told to "rejoice in the Lord always." What then? "And again I say, rejoice."

God's Moral Attributes.

Is there not enough motive in the divine nature, and in the disclosures of God in Jesus Christ, to affect your heart, to change you, to inspire in you a desire of something higher? Is there not motive enough in you to change morality into spirituality? Do you believe that you would be a better man if you lived right under the base of Sinai than if you lived under the base of Calvary? There be men whom thunder and lightning and the earthquake alone can arouse. How coarse and torpid they must be! Blessed be the man that, like the very chickweed in spring, blossoms before the frost bids the earth farewell. Blessed be the man who is so susceptible to higher motives that

they thaw him out, and begin to lead him upward and onward in the way of righteousness. Fear hell if you must, but love God, and have the fear of love, if you may. Are not God's moral attributes more charming than his sovereignty over nature? The poet, the dramatist, and the artist, all recognize the divine hand in the sublimities of nature; but while the artist of a true loving heart knows that the clouds, the rising and the setting sun, and the tremulous sea are beautiful, he knows that his wife and children at home are ten thousand times more beautiful than anything in nature. He that finds more ravishing inspiration in natural phenomena than the phenomena of a really developed and virtuous household, is neither artist nor prophet, nor has he any right to be husband or father. We all know and feel that. We do not deny that there is much to be taught by the evolutions of nature, its mechanisms, its results, and that the heavens do declare the glory of God and the earth his handiwork; but we ought by this time to understand, also, that these are but the garments of God, and that he is as yet hidden in the eternal sphere of life, except so far as life itself and character in the hearts of his people represent what is the height, the depth, the length and the breadth of the love of God in Jesus Christ.

Silver Arrows.

There are many trials in life which do not seem to come from unwisdom or folly They are silver arrows shot from the bow of God, and fixed inextricably in the quivering heart. They are to be borne. They were not meant, like snow on water, to melt as soon as they strike. But the moment an ill can be patiently borne, it is disarmed of its poison, though not of its pain.

How to Prove the Gospel True.

The example of a Christian soul is the only Gospel that will ever go right home to you. And, given a man who lives producing the graces of the Spirit, love, joy, peace, gentleness, long-suffering, kindness, goodness, and self-control, I should like to know who cares to demonstrate that the glorious garden, filling the whole air with its fragrance, blossoming in every month of the year, luscious

fruits hanging from every bough, and every parterre ablaze with exquisite color, who needs to sit in the gate and say: "Come in, and let me prove that this is beautiful." A man would be a fool that would need any demonstration. It carries its beauty in itself. You see it, you smell it, you feel it; it is there, and needs no apology or explanation.

Happiness not the End of Life.

Happiness is not the end of life; character is. This world is not a platform where you will hear Thalber-piano-playing. It is a piano manufactory, where are dust and shavings, and boards, and saws, and files, and rasps, and sand-papers. The perfect instrument and the music will be hereafter.

Selfishness.

One look down at our fellows as the eagle looks over the edge of the cliff at the mice which crawl so far below him. This is the selfishness of the moral nature. Our gifts and attainments are not only to be light and warmth in our own dwellings, but are as well to shine through the window, into the dark night, to guide and cheer bewildered travellers upon the road.

A Grand March in the Universe.

When I look sometimes at the condition in which the world is left; when I am obliged to say that all Ethiopians are my brothers; when I look upon the Asiatics and see how they are all left by Providence, I am thrown into deep dejection. It is not men that are so valuable in my sight, but my God. When I come to look for the eternal Father, the God of all compassion, all love, and I find that the doctrines of the Church have spread such a veil over him, and I cannot find him, I am like Mary in tears, and I say: "They have taken away my Lord, I know not where they have laid Him." And any seeming assault on theology is not because I hate schools, not because I hate thinking, or systematic thinking, but it is because I love my God and my fellow men, and I would tear away every veil and blow away every cloud that should prevent the full shining of the love of God for mankind. When I look at this condition of the nations I must find some other reason than that

given in the creeds why God has suffered the world to go on as he has. For if he has doomed mankind to eternal destruction, except upon certain conditions, and then left them without Sabbaths, without Bibles, without priest, without altar, and if he continues to do it from generation to generation, oh, I cannot worship that organized and perpetual cruelty; I cannot worship that; and I take refuge in the thought of Paul: we see only a fragment here; we do not know what the remote future is; but this is disclosed to us—that future is to be the grand development of the sweetest and noblest days that have dawned upon the conscience of mankind in this world. And I take courage, and I say, there is a grand march in the universe.

The Star That Lingers Longest in the Sky.

If we dwelt more upon God's fullness, and his desire to make us partakers of it, our Christian character would be richer. God never reveals himself to us as a distant, glimmering light. Of all stars he calls himself "the bright and morning star"—the star that lingers longest in the sky, and swims and glorifies an *avant coureur* of the sun, as John the Baptist did in the rising splendor of Christ. Many people get a wrong idea of God by thinking of him as infinite only in justice and power; but infinite applies to the feelings of God, as much as to the stretch of his right hand. There is nothing in his nature which is not measureless.

"Above All We Can Ask or Think."

The apostle says, "Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly, above all that we can ask or think." What a vision he must have had! How grandly in that moment did the divine thought rise before his enrapt mind when he so linked words together—joining golden word to golden word, as if he fain would encompass it with a chain, seeking by combinations to express what no one word could embody! "Above all that we can ask or think!" How much can a man ask or think? When the deepest convictions of sin are upon him, in his hour of dark despondency, in some perilous pass of life, when fears come upon his soul as storms on the Lake Galilee, consider how much a man then *asks!* Or when love swells in his

soul, and makes life as full as mountains make the streams in spring, and hope is the sun by day and the moon by night,—in those gloriously elate hours when he seems no longer fixed to space and time, but, mounting as if the body were forgotten by the soul, wings his way through the realm of aspiration and conception, consider how much a man then *thinks!*

The Bible a Beacon Fire.

I, too, will go out and read God in the strata; I, too, through the stars will hear the chiming of the spheres; I will be behind none in enjoying the sweet perfume of flowers; but when I do all this, I will remember that the Bible is the beacon fire at which I have lighted the torch that has guided me to this knowledge and these delights.

The Psalms Sing of Nature.

If I could not send a man among the mountains, or through the valleys, or by the side of streams, I would shut him up in the resounding recesses of the Old Testament. There is more loving description of nature in the Psalms alone, than in all Greek and Roman literature. Yet the Bible has been used so unfairly, and a truckling priesthood have drawn from it such base arguments, that men of free and generous natures have been repelled by it, and have gone away with the wings of literature and the feet of science to find God in the great realm of nature.

Christians Outside the Church.

It is a joy to me to know that the Christians within the communion of this church are not all the Christians to be found in the congregation. We are richer than we appear to be. Here are growing pear trees, apple trees, cherry trees, and shrubs, and blossoming vines, and flowers of every hue and odor; but I am glad that some seeds have been blown over the wall, and that fruit trees and flowers most pleasant to the eye are springing up there also. And though I wish they were within the enclosure, where the boar out of the wood could not waste them, and the wild

beast of the field devour them, yet I love them, and am glad to see them growing there. To all such I say, God nourish and protect you, and bring you, with us, to the garden above.

The Grandeur of the Christian Ministry.

I have great respect for all the professions, but after a very considerable knowledge of the world outside of my own profession I still feel, not that ministers are any better than any other men, or that their intellectual culture or operations are any higher than those of ordinary professional men, but this: The field in which a minister acts, or may act, is the widest field conceivable to the human intelligence. Two worlds; the themes the highest; the elements the purest and the sweetest; the adaptations infinite. Knowledge there must be in him of the whole constitution of the human mind so far as it has been developed. He is the father, the mother, the savior of his people. Such men cannot afford to be rash, nor headstrong, nor merely theoretic. We are food-givers, advancing just as fast as we can do it with the digestion of our children. Outside of that, in book or elsewhere, a man may go as far as he pleases, but as a minister of souls in the congregation he is to feed them so that they will grow up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Consecration.

Consecration is not wrapping one's self in a holy web in the sanctuary, and then coming forth after prayer and twilight meditation and saying: "There, I am consecrated." Consecration is going out into the world where God Almighty is, and using every power for his glory. It is taking all advantages as trust fund — as confidential debts owed to God. It is simply dedicating one's life, in its whole flow, to God's service.

Heart-Knowledge True Wealth.

Heart-knowledge, through God's teaching, is true wealth, and they are often poorest who deem themselves most rich. I, in the pulpit, preach with loud words to many a humble widow and stricken man who might well

teach me. The student, spectacled and gray with wisdom, and stuffed with lumbered lore, may be childish and ignorant beside some old singing saint who carries the wood into his study, and who, with the lens of his own experience, brings down the orbs of truth, and beholds, through his faith and his humility, things of which the white-haired scholar never dreamed.

Communion With God.

It seems but yesterday when my face was as young and fresh as yours. It seems but as yesterday when I began my race. I am near the end of it; and I bear witness that with a heart as open, and on as many sides, to pleasure and joy as any man's can be here, and having been on the whole under favorable circumstances in life, and tasted of almost all the lawful things that are permitted to mankind in a respectable ambition, I testify that there is nothing in all the earth that is not rendered more sweet and bright by having that communion with God that lifts and refines and strengthens the soul itself.

CONCERNING JESUS CHRIST.

The Epitome and Emblem of God.

Here was an ignoble peasant Jew, born in a race that was then held in contempt by the civilized world; persecuted everywhere. Here was this Galilean peasant that was derided and rejected by the educated and religious class of his own country; that was finally arrested, and as a miscreant, a man disturbing the order of society, put to death, and to a death that had on it a stigma of criminality; put to death as a vulgar criminal, on the cross. And amidst all the glittering statutes of the gods, and all the elements of Greek conceptions of the power and the glory of the eternal gods, and in all that had been made manifest in the world, of wisdom and power and youth, of the glory of eternal joy, came this Paul, saying, "Here is the epitome and the emblem of God, this poor miserable Jewish peasant, crucified as a criminal by his own countrymen."

Here is Love, Here is Light! — This is God.

I do not count the stilling of the waves as being so very divine, or if it is, it is the little finger of God; but when Jesus Christ can suffer that other men might not suffer, when he developed the idea that God's nature was that of one who had rather that he should himself take the bondage and burden, when he showed parental feeling beyond father and mother, that had rather suffer in the family than that the child should suffer, then I begin to say, "Here is love, here is light;" If the questions that I would fain propose are not questions to be solved — namely. How he could be God and yet man? I remit those questions to theology, and to a very large extent theology is the vast abyss into which men throw things that they cannot deal with in any other way. To me Jesus is the exposition outwardly of the inward life of God, and I follow him everywhere on earth, and I say, "This is God, this is God, and this is God," and I free from my thoughts as one frees a weight from the soul, I free the earthly circumstances of Christ's life. And then I say, "This is the trait, this is the quality, this is the divine nature," and then I enthrone it in the Father, I enthrone it in the Holy Ghost, and the whole earth doth show forth what the center of the universe is. Yes; I believe in the divinity of Christ because I believe in God, and because in him alone can I gain any adequate conception of what is the sun and center of God himself.

The Divinity of Christ.

People have asked me, "Do you believe in the divinity of Christ?" I do not believe in anything else; it is the sum of my belief, it is the whole orb of my life. Without it my anchor would part from the cable and go to the bottom of the sea, and I should be tossed on the restless waves of unbelief and uncertainty if you took away from me the faith that Christ interprets God, and is God, just as far as it is possible to clothe divinity in mortal bodies, and to subject the Infinite to all the necessities of time and matter. But in regard to everything that is in character, quality, like God, of God. Christ was, I might say, in prison. When you go to a mission school or a ragged school, you leave the best part of yourself at home. They

do not understand how you are obliged to go down to the limit of their understanding, and express the lower forms of your own knowledge and help them along by images and figures. And when you have had a child for a year he does not understand you yet; you are a thousand times higher than he is; it is because he is so low that he cannot creep up into the realms that you are in. And God is so infinite, and in quality so exquisite, that he could only be known by a representation of himself, and he took out from the bosom of his love his Son, Jesus.

Christ the Light of the Home.

Christ comes to light up the house from foundation to roof-tree with the glory of God. He knocks at the door, and when it is opened to him he enters, and gives to every room order and beauty, and the voice of song, and a wondrous fragrance from his robes, which have borrowed smell of every flower that grows in the celestial gardens. Who will open the door?

Christ's Life Leavening Humanity.

Nothing in the successive stages of Christ's administration is made very clear. Even in regard to the first one — his earthly life — the effect, that which was designed, and that which took place, there is much which is obscure. But one thing is very certain — that the impartation to mankind of the divine knowledge, and the divine nature, has sprung out of, and perfected itself in, the relation of Jesus Christ to the human family. There is no other such growing nature in history as that of Christ Jesus. Men may write it down; they may by philosophy undertake to bisect it and dissect it; they may test it in this way and in that way; but, after all, there is no other life that has had in it such power of imparting itself to mankind as the life of Jesus Christ. And, though it does not disdain the lower forms of human development, its lastingness is owing to the fact that Christ has been inoculated upon the highest range of minds, the highest intelligence, the highest moral sensibility, the highest faith, imagination, and poetry. It does not disdain the ignorant, the low, or the as yet undisclosed and undeveloped; these receive their power from

Christ; but they have no transmitting power; whereas, through generation and generation, the nature of Christ has been taught by the highest forms of humanity, and has wrought such a change in men that it has been transmitted from generation to generation with greater or less luminousness, and never gone out. As clouds may eclipse the stars for a period of days, but cannot reach them or put them out, so heresies and doubts and infidelities have overshadowed these higher lights; and as the clouds perish, not the stars, so the life of Christ endures, and is the yeast that is leavening the life of humanity. In regard to that the facts are unquestionable.

Christ Making Known the Living God.

Christ represents God and is divine. He came forth into this world, not merely to make declarations of truth, but to live them; to put them into the form of conduct, so that wherever he went men looking on him might say: "This is the interpretation." He is this and a great deal more. It is not that he is less. He is more — more tender to the fallen sinner that sheds tears upon his feet, more tender than any conception you can have. Ah, for a long time it was a puzzle to me what Christ could mean when Mary met him in the garden and thought that he was the gardener, and said: "They have taken away my Lord; tell me where they have laid him and I will take him away." What dramatic force there is in what follows: "Jesus said unto her, Mary." That word thrilled her soul. It was a word of love that she knew the meaning of, and she said, "My Lord and my God." "Touch me not," said he. Why should she not touch him? "I am not yet ascended to my Father and yours. I am not God; I am a mere frame in which the divine element is. You must not think that God is as small as I am and as imperfect. God is a Spirit — your thoughts must be larger than this. When you worship me I shall have ascended, and there, in the full glory and full outflow of my nature, no human arm can clasp me. Do not worship me, the man-frame, but me, the Infinite, the Eternal Love." It was not rebuke, it was merely saying, "I am more than you think me. Do not begin yet. By faith lift up your thought to the sphere of eternal being and life." And so

when a man comes to me and says, "Do you believe that Christ was a member of the Divinity?" I say, "I have no objection." "But what do you do with this text or that text if you do not believe it?" Then they have a sum in arithmetic for me. Well, I say, "I take it, and believe it—do not cipher for me." "Well, do you understand it?" "I do not understand it, and if I did not take anything that I did not understand, I should be very poor indeed." That is the face of Scripture, and I see no objection to it; it does not give me any trouble. But when you come round with your mechanical god, and say, "there is this wheel, and that wheel, and that wheel, and those three are one, and this is the machine we are preaching about, God in three forms, and Jesus Christ one of them. Do you believe in that?" I say you have there the bare bones of theology; that is not my idea either of the Father, or of the Son, or of the Holy Spirit. I do not measure my God as you do by outwardness, but by the substance of the inward life, by wisdom, by love, and all the fruit of love; and if Jesus Christ is not of the nature of God, then I have lost all conception of what that can possibly be. He represents to me the very highest attribute of God.

Christ's Doctrine of Self-Denial.

What a hateful idea has arisen of religion, partly from the cats-puzzles of theology, and partly because men have said: "If you are going to keep religion, if you are going to give up the world, you have got to give up your natural powers and be converted into a certain sort of other temperament, a spiritual temperament. You have got to deny yourself. Does not Christ say, 'Deny thyself, take up thy cross and follow me?'" Now, a Christian don't deny himself any more than a student does, or an architect, or a lawyer, or a doctor. When a boy goes to school, he would a great deal rather go playing; but he knows he has got to go to school to get an education, and he has got to deny numbers of things in order to be instructed. Every new branch the child takes he has got to deny himself in order to go higher. Self-denial is simply denying a thing for the sake of the reason and moral sense; and when Christ says men must deny themselves, he means not at all the limitation of natural liberty; it is the road to liberty. The

more laws man understands and the more perfectly he understands these laws, the more pertect liberty he has. No man is so nearly unfree, so near captive, as the man who, knowing laws, violates them, and is living in continual rebellion and conflict on that account. The man that accepts God's great laws, whether in the material world or the social world, or the religious world; the man that accepts the most of them rides upon the most forces, and whoever, therefore, is ascending from the lower plane of human life has to deny the lower for the sake of ascending to the higher.

The Kind of God Christ Represented.

Here is the secret of Paul's saying, "I determined to know nothing among you but Christ, and him crucified." It was no ignoble Saviour representing a God such as the Greeks wanted, nor such as the Jews panted for. It was a conception that never had entered into the heart of man, namely, that the eternal Father and the God of the earth was an all-spending God, reserving nothing for himself but the privilege of giving everything away; and all his energy, all his wisdom, all his skill, all his administration and all his joy, and his whole life, consisted in the inestimable privilege of blessing, blessing: the God over all the earth, blessed forever, because forever blessing. That was the representation that Christ came to make in this world. He loved it; he was it, and declared that he was so, because he was the Son of God and co-equal with the Father.

Destroying the Law and the Prophets.

Christ certainly did come to destroy the law and the prophets — the outside of them. He knew perfectly well, if he had foresight, that they would be swept away as they have largely been swept away, but he said: "That which these externalities include in themselves, the kernel in them, the heart of them, I came to fulfill — the law and the prophets; to give them their full development and to bring them to that to which they can come." It was not the morality and the spirituality that were to be destroyed for the sake of which Moses and the prophets had written. That morality and that spirituality had become pinched

and imprisoned and inexpansible by the maintenance of the external forms in which they originally came. Even a crab knows enough once a year to get rid of its shell in order to have a bigger one; but it is the sectary that does not know it.

Christ's Mission.

He did not come to suffer in man's place. That falls out of the theory of the fall and of original sin. The idea that Christ had to suffer for men has run through about twenty different categories. There are about twenty separate theories of atonement, and almost all of them are theories that undertake to wrestle with a schedule of facts and a line of history that is itself fictitious; and the conception that God sent his Son into the world to suffer all the suffering that would have been felt by an unrepentant sinner, is simply a monstrosity. It can be no more offensive to any human being than to God himself. He did not come to suffer in man's place. He came to develop the poor, miserable, broken, undeveloped, sinful, ignorant race, and carry them up by the infusion of a new power, of a new emblem of ideality, by a new reading of the nature of God, and by bringing them underneath a power of the Holy Spirit, shed abroad through the hearts and consciences of men. He came to complete and carry on the unfolding and uplifting of the race; to bring into the horizon such a conception of God as would bring to an end all doubts as to the genius of his rule, and as to the path of all human life and feeling. He came therefore for just this reason, simply to make known the Father You cannot find one word in all his own teachings that does not turn on that. He came to make known the supreme idea of God, the real God, the God of love.

Christ's Work on Earth.

Well, Christ's work on earth was not to restore, then, a lost race, a fallen race. There was not any lost race; there was not any fall. When the Bible speaks of men being lost, it is simply employing the figure of a shepherd. The sheep have wandered, and he goes out after them to bring them back to the right way; "the shepherd and bishop — that is, overseer, care-taker — of the flock," he is called;

and when the Bible speaks of a lost race it is not according to the meaning of our theology, that the whole human race fell in Adam — a monstrous fiction; it is not a lost race in any proper sense of the term, as it is taught in theology. Christ's work on earth was to carry forward and upward the ignorant and sinful, the undeserving, the wretched.

Christ's Descent into Life.

Amid the growth of learning, the growth of science, and the growth of philosophies, not only is this spiritual force — God through Christ acting on the human nature — not losing ground by analysis, by dissection, or by any other means, but it is gaining ground. It never before was so strong as it is to-day, nor so various in its operations. Its modes of explanation change from age to age; but the fact that there is a divine influence brought into operation through Jesus Christ our Lord upon the intelligence, the heart, and the faith of mankind — that great crowning fact is not susceptible of disputation. Christ's descent into life, its unfolding, its end on earth so far as personality is concerned — we get nearer to this, though we are a great way off from it. The only pattern upon which we can reason of the divine personality is the personality that we see through our own experiences and conditions. If we have no spirituality we cannot see at all the correspondence between the qualities that are in us and the infinite exhibition of the same qualities in the Deity. We have gone through the mechanical ages, and through the organizing influences of church policies; we have seen the philosophical statements of the nature of Christ and of his mission, and of the work that he came to do; we have been told what the Atonement was meant to be, and what it was in itself; we have had instruction in all forms of analysis and dissection; and these things have advanced us somewhat; but it would make the very spirits in heaven laugh to suppose that you could put God into a catechism or a creed, or that there ever was any language that had the force to throw its belt around the waist of the eternal God, and make known what are those wonderful and subtle influences that inhere in or constitute the divine nature. We have learned a good deal, but it is from the outside. The richer, deeper, wider hemisphere of knowl-

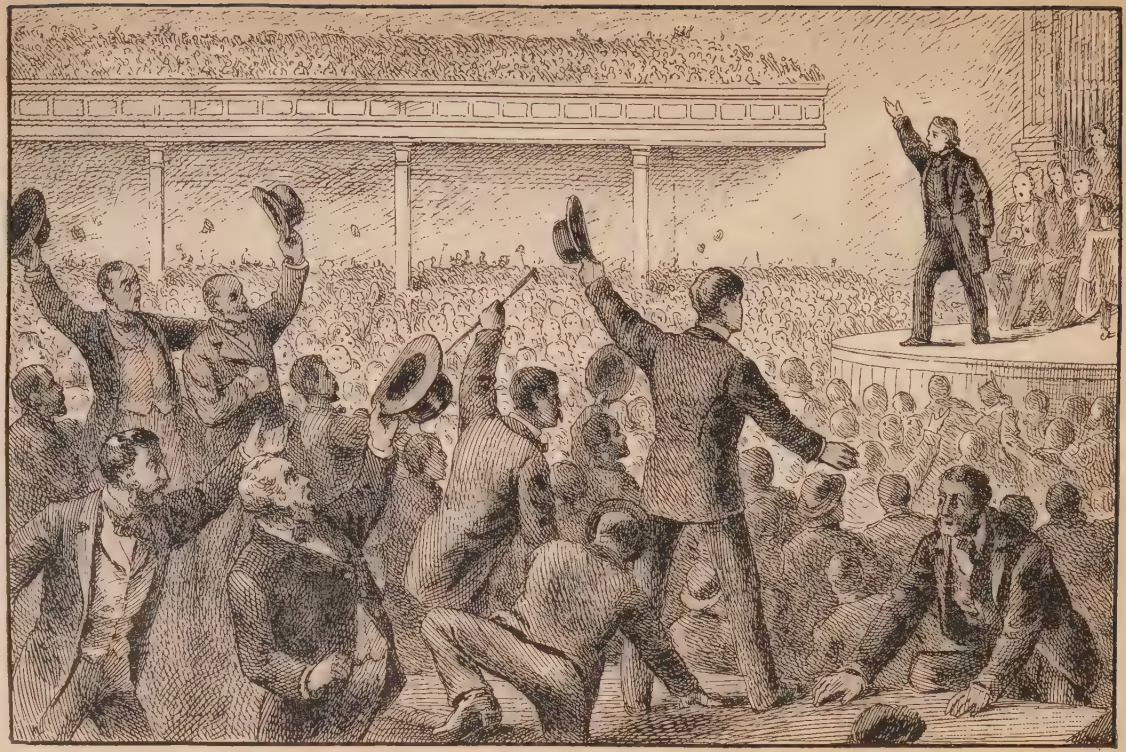
edge we shall come to gradually through the Spirit, but not through the interpretations of the flesh, or the flesh-mind. Whatever we may or may not know, we know that the effect of Christ's descent among men was to wake up in them a new spirit and a new tendency. It was to the souls of men that he came to minister. He did not undertake to lead their bodily life. He did not open up to them the mechanical resources of this world. He did not reveal to them what science had yet in store. He aimed at that which should live forever — the soul within the body.

Christ the Revelation of God.

Christ was, and is the figure and representation of God himself. He is called the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. In other words, some old theologies have told us that the atonement of Christ was an episode, introduced because the law was broken, and set aside, and the law had to be made honorable, and Christ came to make it honorable, and it was an episode. The appearance of Christ and the whole mission of his ministry was a revelation of the eternal God as God has been from eternity — just the same thing — and would be until eternity; and Christ came to bring it into the scope of human realization and knowledge; a new type of character, a new ideal development of power.

The Central School of Christ.

I do not believe that this is the only live world. I do not believe that all the spheres which populate immensity are lazy ones, and that out of this world alone will come the population of the future — of the great heaven. I hold it to be more than probable that among the multitudinous worlds (as many almost as the stars that lie within the sphere of our own vision) there are others beside our own that will send their nascent creatures into this great central school of Christ above. That they will be just like us I do not believe. The infinite fertility of God has made visible by analogy throughout the lower universe, is that which leads me to think that he has not expended his creative force in the making of man. But what these other natures will be — tell *me;* I cannot tell you. That



ADDRESSING THE MEETING AT MANCHESTER.

there should be a wider range of creation in intelligence and feeling than that which has been exemplified in this world does not seem to me out of analogy with the infinite fertility of the Divine mind. And what a sublime thought it is, that there will come a day when, along the beams of light, as along highways, there will be seen creatures trooping, flocking, beyond and above, from yonder, and when all parts of the universe shall be sending up thither their quotas! How glorious a thought it is, that there is a state where we shall be taught, and be teaching, and be introducing ourselves to the infinite variety of existences that shall populate Christ's kingdom above.

The Growing Influence of Christ.

From the day Christ entered into this world to this he has been an influence among men and upon men, directly and indirectly through men themselves; but he is to ascend to a much higher work for those that have been qualified on earth to enter his heavenly school; and the greatest part of Christ's work will be ascensional work, and will consist of that development, that completion of virtue, of love, of purity, of society, of which men are capable, but which they are seldom enabled to exhibit in any perfect condition in this world. He has intimated to us, and only intimated, that there is going on this royal disclosure in the sphere next above our own.

How Wonderful that Christ Should Love Us.

How wonderful that Christ should love us! We know how to love our children, because they are better than we; we know how to love our friends because they are no worse then we; but how Christ can stoop from out the circle of blessed spirits to love us, who are begrimed with sin, and bestormed with temptation, and wrestling with the lowest parts of humanity, — that is past our finding out. He has loved us from the foundation of the world; and because heaven was too far away for us to see, he came down to earth to do the things which he has always been doing profusely above. Christ's life on earth was not an official mission; it was a development of his everlasting state; a dip to bring within our horizon those characteristics and attri-

butes which otherwise we could not comprehend; — God's pilgrimage on earth as a shepherd, in search of his wolf-imperiled fold. And when I look into his life, I say to myself, "As tender as this, and yet on earth? What is he now, then? If he was such when imprisoned in the flesh, what is he now in the full liberty and largeness of his heavenly state?"

Christ and the Syro-Phœnician Woman.

I have always been much affected by Christ's reply to the Syro-Phœnician woman, when she begged him to cast the devil out of her daughter. If I saw the poorest child in the street falling down in convulsions, and agonized and distorted with pain, and it were in my power to restore her, how gladly would I go to her, and raise her up, and bring her back to health and joy! Now, how little is my willingness compared to Christ's! For what in me is one little pulsation, in him is the tide of the universe. His heart went out toward the poor suppliant with infinite yearning and tenderness.

Christ the Revelation of Love.

A God of love, who is love, knows how to suffer. The popular conception of love is a heart strung like a harp, and some beauteous creature striking hands of pleasure across the strings and producing music. It is being happy in the presence of something that is beautiful and lovely. "You love me, and I love you, and O, that will be the blessedest thing that ever was on earth." Well, that is superficial love. That is the vibration at the bottom of selfishness. Can you love what is not lovely? Can you love though you are not loved? Can you love and suffer for the sake of it? Can you love and make your affection a benediction upon those that not only do not love you but hate you, persecute you venomously, persistently? Can you love that which deserves nothing but needs all things? The nourishing bosom of disinterested love — can you come to that? Christ was the manifestation of the God that revealed that kind of love; a fatherhood that loved without reciprocation; loved things that were in one crude, imperfect; loved things infirm, far away, remote; loved things unlovely, sinful, in arms, in enmity. It was

the disclosure of the power of the divine nature in love; not as a sweet-faced deity that sat there smiling out, but the burden-bearer of the universe; that goes out to seek and to save; nay, more, the conception of a God that enslaves himself.

DEATH AND IMMORTALITY.

Death the Heart's Blossoming Time.

We have the promises of God as thick as daisies in summer meadows, that death, which men most fear, shall be to us the most blessed of experiences, if we trust in him. Death is unclasping; joy breaking out in the desert; the heart, come to its blossoming time! Do we call it dying when the bud bursts into flower?

Immortality Beyond Proof.

Do not, then, ask me to prove this higher life, this grander life. I cannot prove it; it is not a thing that can be proved; but I can conceive it, in outline, in a veiled sovereignty, dominant, final, perfect. The silence around about us in respect to these higher and upper things we should not confound with emptiness. The whole air may be full of angels flying hither and thither. All through the universe things may be going on compared with which revolutions, battles, the building of cities, or the tumbling down of cities, are as nothing at all. It is a wonderful life that we are living. It is a populous universe that we are in. Do not let your body deceive and fool you. Do not doubt that which is going on above this world because you cannot see it or hear it. It is none the less there. What if some animal, some generous dog, should undertake to sit in judgment on courts, law libraries, and histories of institutions, and being clothed for the time with speech, should say to his fellow-generous dogs, "Oh, you imagine that such things exist; but there is no evidence to us of their existence!" A book is no evidence to a dog — not half so much evidence as a bone. For men that are living in their lower and animal conditions it is easy to think, "Where is

your evidence? We want some facts." That is, they want either to drag down truth to the low puddle in which they are living, or else they want to disbelieve that there is anything higher than the reach and reign of their own senses. I glory in believing that I am in the earlier stages of this unfolding, and that, much as I can understand and feel the truth as it reveals itself in matter and in mind, as far as it is accessible to the human mind, is only the outskirt, the far-distant trailing fringe, of the great world where truth mainly abides, and where men, developed and carried up, become denizens, and live in a state so high in activities that I cannot imagine it, cannot conceive it — not in detail.

A Child's Grave in the Snow.

I have been called to give up dear ones, not once, nor twice, nor thrice alone, but many times I have sent my children on before me. Once, wading knee-deep in the snow, I buried my earliest. It was March, and dreary and shivering and awful; and then the doctrine that Christ sat in an eternal summer of love, and that my child was not buried but had gone up to One that loved it better than I, was the only comfort I had.

Death is Coronation.

Death is the swelling of the seed that has lived here, that is dried up, and that is waiting for its planting. Death is the bursting of the bud in April that all winter long has lain tight bound within itself, waiting for its life of efflorescence. Death is entering on summer from the frigid zone. When you look at it in the light of this grander disclosure, this prophetic thought of the apostle, the wonder is that men want to live — that they do not hunger and thirst for dying. For death is coronation; it is blossoming; it is stepping from bondage into liberty, from darkness into light; it is going out of a prison-house into the glory of the Father's community. I know that nature calls for a good deal. I cry when my children die; for a long time I cannot hear their names mentioned without sobs or crying; but my higher reason condemns my lower weakness all the time. One thing I cannot bear;

I do not rebuke anybody; but I must tell the fullness of my own feelings. When a child comes up to death, put the symbol of joy and rejoicing round about it. When the hero goes, do not cover him with black, nor with any of the circumstances that related to him here. Christianity, after a few thousand years, ought to have taught men that the going out of life is for honor and glory and immortality.

The Sweetness of Death.

Death is as sweet as flowers are. It is as blessed as bird-singing in spring. I never hear of the death of any one who is ready to die that my heart does not sing like a harp. I am sorry for those that are left behind, but not for those who are gone before.

Out of Storm Into Sunlight.

As I grow older, and come nearer to death, I look upon it more and more with complacent joy, and out of every longing I hear God say, "O thirsting, hungering one, come to me." What the other life will bring I know not, only that I shall awake in God's likeness, and see him as he is. If a child had been born and spent all his life in the Mammoth Cave, how impossible would it be for him to comprehend the upper world! His parents might tell him of its life, and light, and beauty, and its sounds of joy; they might heap up the sand into mounds, and try to show him by pointing to stalactites how grass, and flowers, and trees grow out of the ground, till at length, with laborious thinking, the child would fancy he had gained a true idea of the unknown land. And yet, though he longed to behold it, when the day came that he was to go forth, it would be with regret for the familiar crystals, and the rock-hewn rooms, and the quiet that reigned therein. But when he came up, some May morning, with ten thousand birds singing in the trees, and the heavens bright, and blue, and full of sunlight, and the wind blowing softly through the young leaves, all a-glitter with dew, and the landscape stretching away green and beautiful to the horizon, with what rapture would he gaze about him, and see how poor were all the fancyings and interpretations which were made within the cave, of the things which grew and

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lived without; and how would he wonder that he could have regretted to leave the silence and dreary darkness of his old abode! So, when we emerge from this cave of earth into that land where spring growths are, and where is summer, and not that miserable travesty which we call summer here, how shall we wonder that we could have clung so fondly to this dark and barren life!

"Land Ho!"

If we are Christ's, every passing day brings us nearer to him, and he is gathering up our treasures in heaven. When anything falls overboard from a ship upon the sea, it goes astern; but when anything drops into the ocean of life, it is taken up and carried forward to wait for us. And when that which we call death, comes, it is Christ's summons. He wants us to come to him. To some of us it has been a long voyage. A few more watches, and it will be ended, and there will rise the cry of "Land, ho!" more rapturous than ever greeted an earthly shore. And then may we hear, sweeter than the songs of myriad angels, the voice of One who has longed for us, and for whom we have been homesick — the voice of our Saviour — saying to us, "Welcome, ye blessed of my Father. Enter ye into the joy of your Lord."

"The First Shall Be Last and the Last First."

The entering into heaven will reveal many things unknown on earth. Some whom the world thought saint-like will barely gain admittance there, and others who went all their lives in doubt and dread, will have angelic welcome, and an abundant entrance into the heavenly kingdom. "The first shall be last, and the last shall be first." What do the flowers say to the night? They wave their bells, and exhale their choicest odors, as if they would bribe it to bestow upon them some new charm. In the tender twilight they look wistfully at each other, and say, "Do you see anything on me?" and when the answer is, "I see nothing," they hang their heads and wait sorrowfully for the morning, fearing that they shall bring no beauty to it. Though there is no voice, nor sound, yet the night hears them, and silently through the still air the dews drop down

from the sky, and settle on every stem, and bud, and blossom; and when day dawns, at the first rosy glance that the sun sends athwart the fields, ten million jewels glitter, and sparkle, and quiver on the notched edges of every leaf, and along each beaded blade and spire of grass, and spray, and the happy flowers, stirred by the wind, nod and beckon, and smile to each other, more resplendent in their dewy gems than any dream of the night had imagined. So many Christians, who in the darkness of this life have longed and labored for graces, yet sad and fearing, will find themselves covered with glory when the eternal morning dawns, and the light of God's countenance strikes through their earth-gained jewels!

"Eye Hath Not Seen, nor Ear Heard,"

how in the household are garments quilted, and wrought, and curiously embroidered, and the softest things laid aside, and the cradle prepared to greet the little pilgrim of love when it comes from distant regions, we know not whence. Now, no cradle for an emperor's child was ever prepared with such magnificence as this world has been for man. It is God's cradle for the race; curiously carved and decorated, flower-strewn and star-curtained. But because it is the cradle, and because we are yet in our infancy, God had not scope to give himself expression. What is to come we know not. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

Hope of the Life to Come.

Hope is the sweet eye that never looks backward, the disposition which eternally lives on, which cures present evil, remedies every mistake, by an eternal sunrise. Hope doesn't believe in sunset, nor in the rolling hours that bring round again the sunrise; it is forever facing toward the east and waiting for the sun to rise. It is the power to live without bodily organization; it is that element of the spirit that sees all that is unrevealed by matter; it is that temper that lives in the glowing future and in the possibilities of blossom and fruit, of an eternal summer that lies before every man, that does not live in yesterday, that refuses to live in to-day, but that takes the eternal round of the

future for its habitation. That is hope, or a poor description of it. And love, that flashes glimpses even in the animal ecomony, that swells into some notes and articulations in the very lowest of the uncivilized human races, that begins to know how to go alone in the household, that waxes larger and larger as the objects loved are put in our mind against the background of immortality, and that swallows up in itself every other evil passion or good passion, and *is* the man.

The Face of the Lord Jesus.

As in some summer's morning which wakes with a ring of birds when it is clear, leagues up into the blue, and everything is as distinctly cut as if it stood in heaven and not on earth, when the distant mountains lie bold upon the horizon, and the air is full of the fragrance of flowers which the night cradled, the traveler goes forth with buoyant and elastic step upon his journey, and halts not till in the twilight shadows he reaches his goal, so may we, who are but pilgrims, go forth beneath the smile of God upon our homeward journey. May heaven lie upon the horizon, luring us on; and when at last we sink to sleep, and dream that we behold again those whom we have lost, may we wake to find that it was not a dream, but that we are in heaven; and may the children for whom we have yearned, and the companions who anticipated us and gained heaven first, come to greet us. Then, sweeter than all, may we behold the face of the Lord Jesus, our Master, our life, and cast ourselves before him, that he may raise us up with great grace, to stand upon our feet evermore!

Three Things the Grave Cannot Extinguish.

There are three things that even the grave cannot extinguish; three things that no chemistry in death can change; three things for which we are to wait till the glory comes beyond the horizon of time—faith, hope, love. And blessed be God for the last utterance: "The greatest of these is love." That is the mental constitution through which we shall think, that is the mental constitution through which conscience will act in the life to come. That is the bond of connection among those that in the spirit

land have by the growths of time and by the sunshine of eternity become ripened; so that we shall then be in our manhood and know as we are known. And without following out the suggestion that it throws some light on the intercourse which we have with each other in the other life, personal identity will be preserved through the medium of these untarnished qualities. The intercourse of the other life will not be of matter, nor of sordid business, nor of latitudes and longitudes, nor of rising or setting suns, but in the unfolding moral consciousness of every man in himself and in those harmless friendships and those loves that insphere each other with light and life. Our identity will lie in these qualities. And there are many of you that had better begin to establish identity before you go.

Dying is Triumphing.

When we comprehend the fullness of what death will do for us, in all our outlook and forelook, dying is triumphing. Nowhere is there so fair a sight, so sweet a prospect, as when a young soul is passing away out of life and time through the gate of death — the rosy, the royal, the golden, the pearly gate of death.

The Sweet Waking in Heaven.

To a Christian who has lived all his life long in bondage unto fear, not daring to believe himself a child of God, how sweet will be the waking in heaven! With great dread and trembling he will approach the death hour, and go down through chilling mists and vapors to the unknown sea. And when upon the other shore sweet strains come to his ear, he will not understand them; but fair form after fair form will appear to greet him, and at length, from the impearled atmosphere, God's whole band of gathering and reaping angels, more in number than the autumn leaves out-streaming from the forest when there are bursts of wind, will come forth, filling all the air with music, and minister unto him an abundant entrance into the heavenly kingdom! It were almost enough to make one's heaven, to stand and see the first wild stirring of joy in the face, and hear the first rapturous cry, as they cross the threshold, of thousands of timid Christians who lived weep-

ing and died sighing, but who will wake to find every tear an orb of joy, and every sigh an inspiration of God. O, the wondrous joy of heaven to those who did not expect it!

The Life to Come.

As I grow older and come nearer to death, I look upon it more and more with complacent joy, and out of every longing I hear God say: "O, trusting, hungering one, come to me." What the other life will bring I know not, only that I shall awake in God's likeness and see him as he is.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM NATURE.

The Mission of the Sun.

The sun does not shine for a few trees and flowers, but for the wide world's joy. The lonely pine on the mountain top waves its sombre boughs and cries, "Thou art my sun!" And the little meadow-violet lifts its cup of blue, and whispers with its perfumed breath, "Thou art my sun!" And the grain in a thousand fields rustles in the wind and makes answer, "Thou art my sun!"

Men Are Like Trees.

In my orchards to-day there are, I think, on single cherry-trees thousands of blossoms; and probably all but about a hundred or two of those will drop without a cherry having formed under them. Men are like such trees. They breed thoughts by the millions, that result in action only in the scores and the hundreds. How much of thought and feeling is there, and what an incessant work is going on within the sensorium of the body among men! How many angers, how many griefs, how many hopes, how many wishes, how many purposes; what ranges of speculation, what building of plans, some on the ground and some in the air! What wonderful goods are being woven, more wonderful than by the Jacquard loom, in the manu-

factory of the head; and yet how little ever comes forth into the merchant's salesroom, how little is ever visible! We think, I suppose, a hundred times more than we ever put into action, or put into language, into visible exponential form. The fruitfulness of the mind is something immense, immeasurable. Waves of feeling rise, roll through the mind, and leave no more effect behind them than the waves of unknown seas that have rolled solitary for centuries by day and by night. How much there is of purpose that is blighted and barren! How much there is of goodness, how much of sweetness, how much of love that runs the circuits and touches all the shores of human possibility, but never comes out nor shows itself.

How Streams Are Bridged.

When engineers would bridge a stream, they often carry over at first but a single cord. With that, next, they stretch a wire across. Then strand is added to strand until a foundation is laid for planks; and now the bold engineer finds safe footway, and walks from side to side. So God takes from us some golden-threaded pleasure, and stretches it hence into heaven. Then he takes a child, and then a friend. Thus he bridges death, and teaches the thoughts of the most timid to find their way hither and thither between the shores.

The World a Great Tree.

I cast into the ground the seed of the magnolia; the plant spreads and sends down its root, growing deeper and deeper, the root ministering to the gradually rising stem. But when it has grown to be a great tree, and spreads its broad, green leaves to the air, and is covered with its magnificent vases full of perfume, the topmost bloom will never forget for one single instant that humble root which, plunged down out of sight, is giving all its nourishment. Cut the connection between the top and the root, the top perishes, and the root likewise. The world is as a great tree in which the leaves that wave nearest to the heavens and drink in the sunshine, are after all the servants of the lowest roots that penetrate the earth. The hidden and the revealed are one; the power that the sun gives to the leaves

goes down through the descending sap, and ministers to the utmost part of the roots, just as the roots, spread out, bring up also their offerings to minister to the top. So it is to be among men. We are but just learning it. The struggles go on in society, in its organizations of government, in its industries, all working in the same direction, all working toward the common welfare of men.

In an Organ Factory.

Come with me, if you please, to an organ factory. I will suppose that we are ignorant of it entirely, and we are told that this is where the grandest musical instrument in the world is manufactured. We go into the factory, and what do we see? Slabs of seasoned timber, all sorts of mechanical work going on, harsh sawing, sharp filing, pounding, hammering. I say, "Is this the place where they have found out music? Is this the place where they build organs, which you say are the very royal instruments of music?" Then we go in and see the metals being rolled out, and shaped and hammered. The men are twisting them, as they always do, and one pipe represents, we will say, the flute, and another represents the ordinary fife, and so on. They put them in one by one, and all that you hear is the sound of a single organ-pipe. They then take the tuning-fork to see that it is of the right pitch and the right tone, and all day long you hear squawking and all sorts of sounds, and they tell you they are manufacturing music; and, heavens! what music! At last we go away, and I say what men say about the church — it is a sham, it is a mere pretense. But one day as I stroll by a cathedral I step in; they have just had a new organ built, and some great interpreter of Beethoven is at the key-board, and I hear that under-roll of thunder out of which rises up all harmonious and all exquisite tones that represent the birds of the air, and every other musical instrument in the world. The theme lifts me up, and as the sound rolls away through the vast arches I am entranced. A man says to me, "That is the organ, now it is complete; when you saw it building, part by part, step by step, and pipe by pipe, it looked to you like anything on earth but a good musical instrument; you were fooled; you judged of the whole by parts that were in process of development." When God shall have given tone to every stop of human nature, when the work of redemp-

tion shall have been completed, when all the outlying elements shall have been brought together into their relative positions, when God himself shall sit at the keyboard, and roll forth the song of redemption, then men will know that all their doubts and fears and disgust in this world were both unphilosophically and miserably mistaken. May we live to see that great redemption day, when God harmonizes all the scattered elements of the experimental life on this earth, and doubtless in other worlds!

Morning on Mount Washington.

When I walked one day on the top of Mount Washington,— glorious day of memory! such another day I think I shall not experience till I stand on the battlements of the new Jerusalem — how I was discharged of all imperfection! The wide far-spreading country which lay beneath me in beauteous light, how heavenly it looked, and I communed with God. I had sweet tokens that he loved me. My very being rose right up into his nature. I walked with him, and the cities far and near of New York, and all the cities and villages which lay between it and me, with their thunder, the wrangling of human passions below me, were to me as if they were not.

The Beggar Boy and the Flowers.

The other day, in walking down the street, a little beggar boy,— or one who might have begged, so ragged was he,— having discovered that I loved flowers, came and put into my hand a faded little sprig which he had somewhere found. I did not look directly at the scrawny, withered branch, but beheld it through the medium of the boy's heart, seeing what he would have given, not what he gave; and so looking, the shriveled stem was laden with blossoms of beauty and odor. And if I, who am cold, and selfish, and ignorant, receive so graciously the offering of a poor child, with what tender joy must our heavenly father receive the sincere tributes of his creatures when he looks through the medium of his infinite love and compassion! Christ does not say, "Take the noblest things of life, and bring them perfect to me, and I will receive them." He says, "Take the lowest and most disagreeable

thing; and if you bring it cheerfully, for my sake, it shall be to me a flower of remembrance, and I will press it in the book of life, and keep it forever." Go, then, search for flowers to bring to Christ; and if you cannot find even road-side or pasture weeds,—if there are but nettles and briars, and you are willing for his sake to thrust your hand into the thorn bush, and bring a branch from thence, he will take it lovingly, and cherish it evermore.

Looking Through Tears.

Astronomers have built telescopes which can show myriads of stars unseen before: but when a man looks through a tear in his own eye, that is a lens which opens reaches in the unknown, and reveals orbs which no telescope, however skillfully constructed, could do; nay, which brings to view even the throne of God.

The Silent Flowers.

Flowers are more life-like than many animals. We converse with them; we often go to them if we are sorry or glad. What a pity flowers can utter no sound! A singing rose, a whispering violet, a murmuring honeysuckle. Oh! what a rare and exquisite miracle would that be. But flowers are always silent; they speak to us, but it is as the eye speaks, by vibrations of light and not of air.

The Nightingale's Nest.

Three natural philosophers go out into the forest and find a nightingale's nest, and forthwith they begin to discuss the habits of the bird, its size, its color, and the number of eggs it lays; and one pulls out of his pocket a treatise of Buffon, and another of Cuvier, and another of Audubon, and they read and dispute till at length the quarrel runs so high over the empty nest, that they tear each other's leaves, and get red in the face, and the woods ring with the conflict; when, lo! out of the green shade of a neighboring thicket, the bird itself, rested, and disturbed by these side noises, begins to sing. At first its song is soft and low, and then it rises and swells, and

waves of melody float up over the trees, and fill the air with tremulous music, and all the forest doth hush; and the entranced philosophers, subdued and ashamed of their quarrel, shut their books and walk home without a word. So men who around the empty sepulchre of Christ have wrangled about the forms of religion, about creeds, and doctrines, and ordinances, when Christ himself, disturbed by their discords, sings to them, out of heaven, of love. and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, are ashamed of their conflicts, and go quietly and meekly to their duties.

The Perfume of the Orange Tree.

A man ought to carry himself in the world as an orange tree would if it could walk up and down in the garden — swinging perfume from every little censer it holds up to the air.

Migration of Birds.

Is it because seeds have failed in the south that birds begin to flock north? Is it because summer has ceased to warm the fields that they are flying hither? Near the time appointed by God for their migration the birds begin with their peculiar instinct to yearn and long, and they abstain from their wonted food, till, by and by, at a given signal, they lift themselves up, and move in throngs through the air toward the land where there is new summer. Now God breathed a spiritual, migratory instinct into the hearts of men. Not because they are not well off here, not because they would be unclothed; but because beyond and above them there is something better and nobler than this life, they long for perfectness.

The Garden of the Lord.

How wretched a spectacle is a garden into which the cloven footed beasts have entered! That which yesterday was fragrant, and shone all over with crowded beauty, is to-day rooted, despoiled, trampled, and utterly devoured, and all over the ground you shall find but the rejected cuds of flowers and leaves, and forms that have been champed

for their juices and then rejected. Such to me is the Bible when the pragmatic prophecy-monger and the swinish utilitarian have toothed its fruits and craunched its blossoms. O garden of the Lord! whose seeds dropped down from heaven, and to whom angels bear watering dews night by night! O flowers and plants of righteousness! O sweet and holy fruits! We walk among you and gaze with loving eyes, and rest under your odorous shadows; nor will we with sacrilegious hand tear you, that we may search the secret of your roots; nor spoil you, that we may know how such wondrous grace and goodness are evolved within you!

Flowers Always Fragrant.

As flowers never put on their best clothes for Sunday, but wear their spotless raiment and exhale their odor every day, so let your Christian life, free from stain, ever give forth the fragrance of the love of God.

Singing in Spite of Sneers.

What would the nightingale care if the toad despised his singing? He would sing on, and leave the cold toad to his dank shadows. And what care I for the sneers of men who grovel upon earth? I will still sing on into the ear and bosom of God.

Eating Green Apples.

He that sits at the foot of a tree in April and May to eat green apples that fall down can afford to rail at Pomology. That is what the old church has always been doing — eating green apples, and worm-bitten ones at that! But when the rounding seasons have ripened the fruit, and every bough hangs low for the hand of the hungry to pluck from, men will not rail at the acerb fruit, or its bitter rind. And the view of those unexplained processes that have been going on from creation up to the present time now grows brighter and brighter with every age; and in the perfection of them we shall see that brute force has been converted at last by gradual transitions and transfusions into the bounty and blessing of the eternal God. All creation

shall be a benefaction and a joy. Groans shall be turned into chants and all longings into ineffable rejoicings. Then, how worthily shall we join in the declaration, "God hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth,"— all creation rising to rejoice in the victorious issue of this sublime experiment in time.

The Cricket's Cry.

We are apt to believe in Providence so long as we have our own way; but if things go awry, then we think, if there is a God, he is in heaven, and not on earth. The cricket in the spring builds his little house in the meadow, and chirps for joy because all is going so well with him. But when he hears the sound of the plough a few furrows off, and the thunder of the oxen's tread, then the skies begin to look dark, and his heart fails him. The plough comes craunching along, and turns his dwelling bottom side up, and as he goes rolling over and over without a home, he says: "O, the foundations of the world are destroyed, and everything is going to ruin!" But the husbandman who walks behind the plough, singing and whistling as he goes, does he think the foundations of the world are breaking up? Why, he does not so much as know there was any house or cricket there. He thinks of the harvest which is to follow the track of the plough; and the cricket, too, if he will but wait, will find a thousand blades of grass where there was but one before. We are like the crickets. If anything happens to overthrow *our* plans, we think all is going to ruin.

Spring Flowers Among Men.

Our children that die young are like those spring bulbs which have their flowers prepared beforehand, and have nothing to do but to break ground, and blossom, and pass away. Thank God for spring flowers among men, as well as among the grasses of the field.

SOCIAL QUESTIONS.

Socialism.

Socialism is a skin disease, and nothing but anarchy disguised. Its aim is to accomplish everything through the Government, whereas American institutions teach that everything should be attained through individual exertion with the help of the Government. Many are at present filled with fear and doubt because the newspapers are filled with accounts of labor troubles, of strikes, and the streets crowded with idle men. These people are not able to distinguish between the surface trouble and the disease of the body politic. Absolute individualism is one great thing to be desired, because it begets intelligence and forms the basis of society. That space between society which now exists is daily becoming smaller, not because the high classes are being lowered, but because the lower classes are being lifted up. It is an inspiration from God. Only tyrants believe that it comes from the devil. At present the labor movement is adulterated with elements which are no part of it, and which it will reject in time. Socialists and Anarchists, who have no excuse for existing, rush to every party which they expect to profit by. I do not know whether the Anarchists are responsible. If we could only imprison them all it would be a good thing, for they are as much out of the pale of society as the wolf, and it would be no more culpable to exterminate them than it would be to stamp out the copperheads, adders and other vipers. Socialism is absolutely the worst form of monarchy. The believers in that doctrine reason that five should be treated as ten, which is rather peculiar arithmetic. Then there are people who ask the Government to supply them with everything. They want their clothes made and their bread baked by the Government. Give the Government these privileges and you give it all power. Let it do this, that and the other thing, and place a crown on it all, and you have a tsar. The most active men of the labor party are foreigners, educated in other countries, and have not yet abandoned their home ideas. The foreign brand has not been ground out of them yet. It is not standing for universal labor, but

fighting corporate labor. While they stick to that, I shall not criticise them, because corporations are bad, and any fight in that direction might benefit the workingman. The labor troubles are somewhat like the complaints of children, and should be watched the same. While children must have measles and whooping-cough, yet they do not kill as a rule, and one attack prevents a recurrence of the disease.

Feastings and Fooleries of the Night.

These dancings and feastings and fooleries at night, besides being wicked on the ground of the waste of time, are utterly unpardonable as being a sin against health and against the functions of life for which men were created of God. Did he create man to be a thistle-down? Were women born to be butterflies? Were human beings made to be mere triflers? Is there nothing for themselves, nothing for mankind, nothing for the glory of God, that is to try and task their energies in this life? If they are so using themselves, or prostituting themselves, as to turn day into night and night into day, there will be a burning account for them to render by and by. There is many and many a dissipated one that will suffer retribution, not only for indulgence in disallowable things, but for indulgence in allowable things in disallowable hours.

The Hard but Kind Bosom of Poverty.

I heard a man who had failed in business, and whose furniture was sold at auction, say that when the cradle, and the crib, and the piano went, tears would come, and he had to leave the house to be a man. Now there are thousands of men who have lost their pianos, but who have found better music in the sound of their children's voices and footsteps going cheerfully down with them to poverty, than any harmony of chorded instruments. O, how blessed is bankruptcy when it saves a man's children! I see many men who are bringing up their children as I should bring up mine, if when they were ten years old, I should lay them on a dissecting table and cut the sinews of their arms and legs, so that they could neither walk nor use their hands, but only sit still and be fed. Thus rich men put the knife of indolence and luxury to their children's energies, and they

grow up fatted, lazy calves, fitted for nothing, at twenty-five, but to drink deep and squander wide; and the father must be a slave all his life, in order to make beasts of his children. How blessed, then, is the stroke of disaster which sets the children free, and gives them over to the hard but kind bosom of Poverty, who says to them, "Work!" and working makes them men!

Abstemious Youth.

I rejoice to say that I was brought up from my youth to abstain from tobacco. It is unhealthy; it is filthy from beginning to end. In rare cases, where there is already some unhealthy or morbid tendency in the system, it is possible that it may be used with some benefit; but ordinarily it is unhealthy. I believe that the day will come when a young man will be proud of not being addicted to the use of stimulants of any kind. I believe that the day will come when not to drink, not to use tobacco, not to waste one's strength in the secret indulgence of passion, but to be true to one's nature, true to God's law, to be sound, robust, cheerful, and to be conscious that these elements of health and strength are derived from the reverent obedience of the commandments of God, will be a matter of ambition and endeavor among men.

Fashion too Strong for the Pulpit.

It will be all in vain for the pulpit to inveigh against fashion with any hope of suppressing it. It may be corrected, educated, but never suppressed. Neither ridicule nor reasoning will prevent the flow of that stream, whose fountains are deep and organic. Newspaper essays, sermons, lampoons, epigrams, fall upon fashion as dew upon a sleeping lion. Fashion springs from a necessity of being attractive, in part, also, but far less, from a relish of the beautiful and from the imitative faculty and the love of change and novelty. These forces constitute, if not the deepest and strongest, yet the most excitable and active of the forces of the mind. Fashion is an efflorescence of taste, of sympathy, of the love of pleasing and the hunger for admiration. It is not a mere surface peculiarity. One may destroy this particular fashion, but not fashion itself.

The great need, then, is not moral discourse, but education in taste. Little by little the æsthetic education is becoming part of our schools and seminaries. The general influence of art cannot fail to limit oscillations of fashion in costume, to repress violent contrasts whether in form or color, and to reduce the sphere in which extravagances are apt to prevail.

Turning Night into Day.

I also protest against the use of night for social pleasures to the extent which, in cities and fashionable circles especially, it is prostituted. Pleasures even within moral bounds are not wholesome in the untimely hours of night. The turning of night into day, the creation of artificial lights; the use of the day again, amidst all its din and glare of excitements, for sleep — these things are not wholesome. They are not wholesome either to the body or the soul.

You Must Fly High to Escape the Dust.

Dust, by its own nature, can rise only so far above the road; and birds which fly higher never have it upon their wings. So the heart that knows how to fly high enough escapes those little cares and vexations which brood upon the earth, but cannot rise above it into that purer air.

Heroes Down Stairs.

Then there are those who have capacity and sensibility in this life, but are out of their sphere here. How many are subordinates, but ought to be principals; as, on the other hand, there are a great many principals that ought to be subordinates. I do not say it in any sneering way, but do you not know that servants are often vastly superior to their masters and mistresses? Have you never seen a case where the lady of the house was in the kitchen? Have you never seen a case where the mistress was arid as a desert, and the servant full of all heroisms and generosities? Fortunately it does not happen every day; but I still think that to a very large extent we see true heroism among the self-denying servants. I read with admiration of the millions of wages saved by the Irish. I am not a blarneying admirer

of the Irish. We cannot live without them, and we sometimes think that we cannot live with them. When I see the way they treat the Chinaman I feel a good deal more like using the shillelah than blarney. Nevertheless, I am filled with admiration when I see that there is a golden stream flowing steadily across the ocean from servants poorly paid, who save it and husband it for their old fathers and mothers in Ireland, or to bring over a brother, and then a sister, and then another brother or sister. They labor patiently night and day for it, but not to expend it for self-garniture, or for their pleasure; and when I see that I say, "Our heroes are all down-stairs. What do I, comparable to that?"

A Grand Call to Labor.

Go forth to your labor, and what thing can you see that hath not its message? The ground is full of sympathy. The flowers have been printed with teachings. The trees, that only seem to shake their leaves in sport, are framing divine sentences. The birds tell of heaven with their love-warblings in the green twilight. The sparrow is a preacher of truth. The hen clucks and broods her chickens, unconscious that to the end of the world she is part and parcel of a revelation of God to man. The sheep that bleat from the pastures, the hungry wolves that blink in the forest, the serpent that glides noiselessly in the grass, the raven that flies heavily across the field, the lily over which his shadow passes, the plough, the sickle, the wain, the barn, the flail, the threshing floor, all of them are consecrated priests, unrobed teachers, revelators that see no vision themselves, but that bring to us thoughts of truth, contentment, hope and love. All are ministers of God. The whole earth doth praise him and show forth his glory.

Children a Part of Our Education.

Every child walks into existence through the golden gate of love, else it would seem wonderful that the helpless thing should be born. Yet children are not playthings, as we too often seem to think they are — mere gifts of God to fill up the hours with cheer. They were surely meant to be a pleasure to us, but that is not the final end. Nor

were they meant to be cares and burdens alone. To speak of them as if they were shackles and fetters upon our freedom; always in the way; "children, children, everywhere," is a shame and a sin. They are to be regarded as a part of our education. Men cannot be developed perfectly who have not been compelled to bring children up to manhood. You might as well say that a tree is a perfect tree without leaf or blossom, as to say that a man is a man who has gone through life without experiencing the influences that come from bending down, and giving one's self up to those who are helpless and little.

The Mother's Anchor.

A babe is a mother's anchor. She cannot swing far from her moorings. And yet a true mother never lives so little in the present as when by the side of the cradle. Her thoughts follow the imagined future of her child. That babe is the boldest of pilots, and guides her fearless thoughts down through scenes of coming years. The old ark never made such voyage as the cradle daily makes.

How To Make Infidels.

There are many persons who have heard so much of family government that they think there cannot be too much of it. They imprison their children in stiff rooms, where a fly is a band of music in the empty silence, and govern at morning, and govern at night, and the child goes all day long like a shuttle in the loom, back and forward, hit at both ends. Children subjected to such treatment are apt to grow up infidels, through mere disgust.

Work in the Morning.

I think the judgments formed at night are never so solid and fresh as judgments formed in the morning. If in the morning a man is without charity, if he is despondent, if he is dull, if he is unnerved, you may be sure that he is living wrong. For the order of nature is that a man should rise from his bed in the morning as birds rise, singing, and in perfect health. A man rises buoyant, and has

his best hours in the early day. For although perhaps the fancy may not be so brilliant in the early day, the judgment is better. The conclusions and determinations which a man forms in the early day are apt to be safer and sounder than those which he forms at night. Fancy for the night, judgment for the day. And I would say to every young person it concerns, form, if it is a possible thing, the habit of doing your studying in the daytime, and reserve your nights for lighter tasks, and keep early hours with your bed. You do not profit (I do not care who your exemplar is) by departing from the great influences and laws of nature. There is many and many a man that wears out prematurely, because, without one single unvirtuous or vicious habit, he grinds his life out with night work.

God Does with Us as We with Children Do.

As, when our infant children are garnered in our bosoms, we do not bless them according to their capacity of asking, but according to the wealth of affection that is in our hearts for them, so does God, lifting us up and looking in our faces, bless us, not so much by what we need to receive, as by what he hath to give. Clouds never send down to ask the grass and plants below how much they need; they rain for the relief of their own full bosoms.

Where does Fashion come from?

Fashion comes from no one knows where. Who invents and who propagates? This is an unsolved mystery. Where is the nest out of which come these flocks of forms, colors, combinations? It is certain that in colors, fashion is far nearer to a correct standard than in lines and combination of forms. Fine lines and simple forms are rare, but the discords of color are rarer yet! And yet antiquity gives us enduring examples of beauty and symmetry of form; but almost nothing of color! If it were not for the charm of color, fashion would become hideous. The human form is hardly considered as worthy of consideration. Now fashion puffs out behind, then swings around to the front with swathing bandages suggestive of anything but beauty. It rejoices in lumps; it swells out the long train — useless and, in the circumstances in which it must needs be used,

absurd to ridiculousness — on the plea of the beauty of flowing lines, and then it breaks up the next hour all simple lines by ruffles, flounces and dropsical bandages. We may not hope, we may not desire even that fashion shall become precise and repetitious. We may even wish that it may enlarge the sphere of men's dresses, both in colors and forms. A well dressed man is to-day a plaster of white on a background of black. There is no copiousness, no range of color, no grace of fullness and elasticity. Color is banished, grace and mutable forms are unknown. A well-dressed man is scarcely more than a sleek crow with a white bib on his breast. Clergymen, gentlemen, and waiters, come forth with the insignificant cockade of a cravat on their necks — no scarfs, no flowery gowns, no richness of color. If women's fashions are borrowed from the glow of sunrise, men's are cut from the loom of midnight and topped off with the clumsy, graceless and useless hat.

The Salamanders of Society.

The old fables say that there were creatures — salamanders — that could live in the fire. I believe it. For I have seen persons, men and women, that lived in a round of parties nearly every night for ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty years until they were perfectly drained, perfectly used up, and had to go to Saratoga or Newport to get over pleasure. They had enjoyed themselves so much that they were all run down. Their energies were all wasted. Their vitality was all gone. Their nerves were unstrung. Their digestion was impaired. Their whole system was marked for disease.

Fickle Fashion.

Fashion is fickle, fantastic, changeable, and often destructive of taste or beauty. But these are the imperfections of fashion. It is in itself rooted in some of the strongest elements of human nature. The sense of the beautiful is stronger in woman than in man. The desire of being attractive, the quick sense of what will be attractive, are especially influential. It is true that the world's great artists have been men and not women. It is not any the less true that women are, more than men, influenced by the

sense of the beautiful. In woman it follows her genius for domesticity. It creates order and good taste in homes, it refines conduct, it blossoms in apparel, regulates etiquette, and everywhere in the realms of home seeks to secure elements of the beautiful.

"Midnight Oil" the Worst Oil.

Do your work in the daytime; do not turn yourself into a student at night. The practice has some charms, because we read in history and in literature about the midnight oil. I remember saying in a sermon once, and which I now here repeat, that the worst oil that a man ever burned was midnight oil. It wastes society. It not only induces artificial excitement during that late hour preceding sleep, which makes sleep less wholesome, less nutritious, but in every way deranges a man's habits.

How to Deal with Boys.

The true method is to bring up every child under a sense of responsibility, by one motive or another; to put a pressure upon every child; and, if it be needful, to throw him out into the world and compel him to look after his own welfare. Boys are taught to swim, sometimes, by being pitched overboard and made to swim for their life; they learn very quickly; so many a man, having brought his child up to the threshold of life either intentionally or of necessity, sends that child adrift.

Equality.

A man of talent could not be likened to one without. Classes are going to exist, and there is going to be top, bottom, and middle, and labor organization cannot break that down. This idea of men wanting an equal number of working hours to prevail among all is preposterous. I don't believe such a plan exists. If a man puts his own clothes on his six-weeks old infant, does that make the child his equal? The workingman's position is better in this country than it is in any other or ever was before. The reason so many of them are suffering is because of the immorality of industry. They want the enjoyment to-day,

and are not willing to look to the future. There is more food squandered in their kitchens in a day than would be wasted in the household of a good housekeeper for a week. Domestic economy should be practiced by them. Some time ago I visited a nail manufactory, and was told that some of the employés earned from $40 to $80 per week. I at once remarked that the men must be nicely situated, but to my surprise was told that but few of them were situated in that manner. An explanation proved that their money was spent in gambling and drinking. These men were making $80 a week and spending it recklessly, and then they talk of their labor grievances.

Eight Hours a Day.

Were our forefathers of New England satisfied with eight hours a day? Time was the only capital those men had, and the good uses they made of it laid the foundations for our Government. When I hear of men asking the Government for eight hours, with more pay, I cannot bear it. I have no sympathy with eight-hour men who have fourteen-hour wives. I want equality for everybody. There are men in New York crying for land. These men do not want land. It is the only thing they don't want. I favor organization for the workingmen because it tends to educate them, but I do not think the labor problem can be solved on the basis adopted by workingmen who seek equality in labor.

The Child and the Man.

The way to become a man is to stop being a child—to grow out of it, to grow beyond it, to grow larger than it. This is the keynote, the philosophy of all growths and developments in human society. DeTocqueville, somewhere in his "History of France and the Revolution," says that all true growth will be found to be an unfolding of something that went before. All laws come from less perfect ones; all institutions from partial ones. All improvements are but a bettering, enlarging, emancipating of things which were relatively smaller, and had to be because men were smaller and could take but just so much at the times when these laws, customs and manners were formed. A person, when he is a child, is measured for a child's clothes

and is suited, and when he becomes a man is measured for a man's form; and nobody ever supposes that laying aside the measure of a child's clothes would make him without clohtes. They are adapted, and his measure follows his growth; and all laws and all customs are but the clothes which the internal morality or the internal spirituality clothes itself with. And as the view enlarges the clothes must enlarge, or else there will be extinction, suffocation, some trouble or other.

Sad Faces of the Passing Crowd.

I sometimes go musing along the street to see how few people there are whose faces look as though any joy had come down and sung in their souls. I can see lines of thought, and of care, and of fear — money lines, shrewd, grasping lines — but how few happy lines! The rarest feeling that ever lights the human face is the contentment of a loving soul. Sit for an hour on the steps of the Exchange in Wall street, and you will behold a drama which is better than a thousand theatres, for all the actors are real.

The Wear and Waste of the City.

The men that are wearing out are city men. It seldom happens that city men breed strong men. For the city, like the grindstone, takes off the edge and the very steel from the sword, and the country has to send in its new men all the time. No city could perpetuate its power and maintain its influence if it were not for the continual recuperation of its population by the transmission of country-bred men, who have kept right hours and observed wholesome natural laws. They come in to make up for the waste and consumption that arises from city practices.

What is the Use of Care and Worry.

What is the use of care and worry? Just so far as they are necessary to stimulate activity they are beneficial; but the moment they go beyond that they are actual hindrances. I suppose that more than one-half of all the suffering of humanity is suffering on account of things that never

happen. I think if you will look back and go over your life, and winnow it, when you take out all the fret and worry that really made you unhappy, and deprived you of bright gleaming joy, you will find that it was the things which never happened that you worried about. I think you would find, on the other hand, that half of the good things that have really befallen you were things that you never dreamed of. It was the unexpected that came without your anxiety; and the things which you were fretting and worrying and twisting about incessantly, and which you allowed to take away your peace of mind, and oftentimes to take away your nerve, and unfit you for the battle of life, were things that did not come near you. You never learned from one day to another in that matter. You fretted on Monday just as you did on Sunday, and on Tuesday just as you did on Monday, and on Wednesday just as you did on Tuesday, and so on year after year. You never learn anything about that. A man who attempted to mend a kettle would learn in an hour that every time he put a hot iron to it he made a bigger hole than he mended, and after a few trials he would give that up. But men go on making the same mistakes in the whole conduct and economy of their life-work.

POLITICS.

Building the Waste Places.

In Texas I told the people that their State was large enough for three, and they held up their hands in horror, and said, "No; only one State!" I said, "Gentlemen, there are at least six citizens who will want to be senators of the United States, and they will be more powerful than your desire, to keep the State in its present form." Texas is the marvel of the world in its magnitude and its resources. No man can form any idea of *land* until he has traveled in Texas. The forests are few; and that is the only mistake in its make-up. An incredible pupulation is pouring into Texas, and it is destined to be an empire. In Texas, as in every one of the Southern States where I lectured, I was received with more than hospitality — with

cordiality, and the managers of the lecture tour had no reason to complain. I do not desire to go among a people more friendly. I spoke in every one of the Southern States through which I passed, and I had not the most remote conception that I should be so well received. I lectured in New Orleans, Montgomery, Atlanta, Macon, Augusta, Savannah and Charleston. There are a great many foolish people in the South, as there are in the North, with old prejudices. But I was surprised and delighted to see how all the more intelligent and active of the Southern people had survived an evil sectional feeling. The war and all its issues are substantially forgotten, and men are busy in building up again what had been wasted and destroyed. On the whole the material wealth in the South has been recuperated, and is on a thousand times more secure a basis than it was before the war.

American Aristocrats.

In our land men have classified themselves. We have aristocrats, but God made them; and there never will be a time when mightiness of soul shall not overshadow littleness of soul. It was designed that some should be high, some intermediate, and some low, as trees are some forty, some a hundred, and some, the giant pines (how solitary their tops must be!), three hundred feet in height. But, however high their tops may reach, their roots rest in the same soil; as men, though they can grow and tower aloft as much as they please, still stand on a common level.

Phillips an Aristocrat.

It was at the beginning of an Egyptian era in America that the young aristocrat of Boston appeared. His blood came through the best colonial families. He was an aristocrat by descent and by nature—a noble one, but a thorough aristocrat. All his life and power assumed that guise. He was noble, he was full of kindness to inferiors, he was willing to be and do and suffer for them; but he was never of them, nor did he ever equal himself to them. He was always above them; and his gifts of love were always the gifts of a prince to his subjects. All his life long he resented every attack on his person and on his

honor as a noble aristocrat would. When they poured the filth of their imaginations upon him, he cared no more for it than the eagle cares what the fly is thinking about him away down under the cloud. All the miserable traffickers, all the scribblers and all the aristocratic boobies of Boston were no more to him than mosquitoes are to the behemoth or to the lion. He was aristocratic in his pride, and lived higher than most men lived. He was called of God as truly as ever Moses and the prophets were: not exactly for the same great ends, but in consonance with those great ends.

The Gospel Truth that Breaks Shackles.

When I came to Brooklyn I was exhorted not to meddle with so unpopular a subject. "What is the use?" was said to me by a venerable master in Israel; "why should you lose your influence? Why don't you go on and preach the Gospel?" to which I replied, "I don't know any Gospel of that kind. My Gospel has in it the breaking of prison bars and shackles, the bringing forth of prisoners, and if I can't preach that I won't preach at all." The very first sermon that I ever preached before this congregation — or rather, the congregation that met me — was the declaration of my principles on temperance, on peace and war, and, above all, on the subject of slavery.

Slavery an Accident.

At the beginning, in the history of this people, slavery was the accident: it was introduced at a time before the world's eyes had been opened; it came in, indeed, under the cover of benevolence; it had not attained a very great estate for many years; and yet, in the days of its infancy, it so conflicted with the fundamental ideas on which our institutions and laws were based, that the Northern States got rid of it. Because the climate and husbandry were not favorable to it in the Northern States, they were helped to do it; but the spirit of liberty had taken on the moral element in New England, in New York, and in Pennsylvania; and so it was soon extinguished. In the South it became a very important industrial element. Rice, sugar, cotton were the trinity that dominated the industry of the South, and slave labor was favorable to this simple indus-

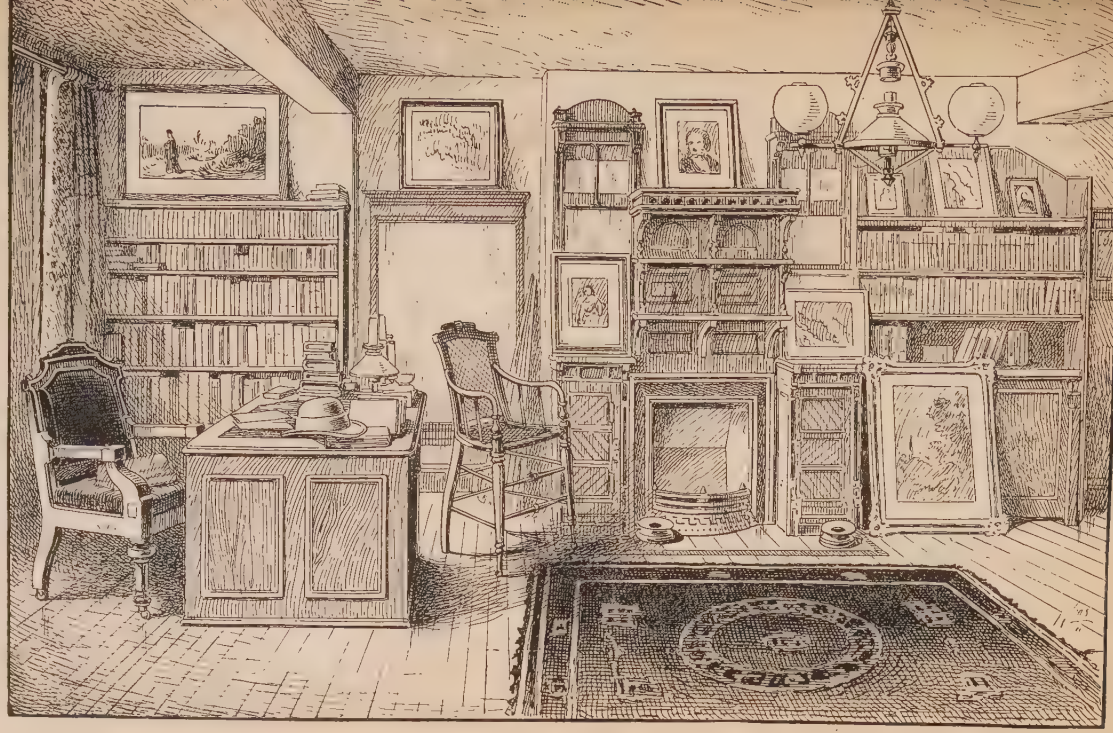
try. It became, therefore, a pecuniary interest to the South, as it never was in the North. After a time the industry became so important that, although throughout all the South in the earlier days men recognized slavery as a sin, and its existence as a great misfortune, and always hoped that the day would speedily come for emancipation; yet all those hopes and expectations were met and resisted and overthrown by the fact that slavery became a political interest. It became the center which united every Southern State with every other, and gave unity to the party of the South; so that political reasons, rooted in pecuniary reasons, gave great strength to slavery and its propagandism in the South. The North emancipated; the South fortified.

Liberty.

Liberty is the soul's right to breathe, and when it cannot take a long breath, laws are girdled too tight. Without liberty man is in a syncope.

The Status of the Negro.

As regards the negro I have received testimony most welcome. The general impression I received was, that the colored people are increasing. The mixture of races has declined through the South; the white folk are white and the black folk are black. We are not going to have as much mixture as we used to. Education is going on, and the Southern people of good sense and feeling are desirous of having the black people educated. In the cities they are being admirably educated, and they are everywhere eager to learn. The American Missionary Association is doing an especially good work. When the colored people own land they prosper. The white people object to selling it to them, and for the same reason that people in New York and Brooklyn do not like to sell land to be occupied by an objectionable class. The younger negroes are rather disposed to be indolent, and the most prosperous are the former slaves. I was asked as to my views about social equality. I replied that the theory of religion was that all men were equal, but that practice indicated that social equality should not be forced, but that men should grow into relationships that are necessary. Schools should not



INTERIOR OF MR. BEECHER'S STUDY.

be forced to have both black and white children. Time will settle the matter, and the future will take care of itself. The civil rights decision was much discussed, but I told those who asked me that it would work good to the colored people. Their rights would be gradually allowed, not as a matter of law but of courtesy. The road of the colored people up to equality is by intelligence, virtue and religion, and they are traveling on that road. I believe that they have achieved liberty, responsibility, and as much social equality as is good for them till they have earned more.

Would I Help a Slave to Gain His Freedom?

Do you ask me whether I would help a slave to gain his freedom? I answer, I would help him with heart and hand and voice. I would do for him what I shall wish I had done, when, having lost his dusky skin and blossomed into the light of eternity, he and I shall stand before our Master, who will say, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto him, slave as he was, ye did it unto me."

Estimate of Wendell Phillips.

The power to discern right amid all the wrappings of interest and all the seductions of ambition was singularly his. To choose the lowly for their sake: to abandon all favor, all power, all comfort, all ambition, all greatness — that was his genius and glory. He confronted the spirit of the nation and of the age. I had almost said, he set himself against nature, as if he had been a decree of God overriding all these other insuperable obstacles. That was his function. Mr. Phillips was not called to be a universal orator, any more than he was a universal thinker. In literature and in history he was widely read; in person most elegant; in manners most accomplished; gentle as a babe; sweet as a new-blown rose; in voice, clear and silvery. He was not a man of tempests; he was not an orchestra of a hundred instruments; he was not an organ, mighty and complex. The nation slept, and God wanted a trumpet, sharp, far-sounding, narrow and intense; and that was Mr. Phillips. The long roll is not particularly agreeable in music or in times of peace, but it is better than flutes or harps when men are in a great

battle, or are on the point of it. His eloquence was penetrating and alarming. He did not flow as a mighty gulf stream; he did not dash upon the continent as the ocean does; he was not a mighty rushing river. His eloquence was a flight of arrows, sentence after sentence, polished, and most of them burning. He shot them one after the other, and where they struck they slew; always elegant, always awful. I think scorn in him was as fine as I ever knew it in any human being. He had that sublime sanctuary in his pride that made him almost insensitive to what would by other men be considered obloquy. It was as if he said every day, in himself, "I am not what they are firing at; I am not there, and I am not that. It is not against me. I am infinitely superior to what they think me to be. They do not know me." It was quiet and unpretentious, but it was there. Conscience and pride were the two concurrent elements of his nature.

He lived to see the slave emancipated, but not by moral means. He lived to see the sword cut the fetter. After this had taken place he was too young to retire, though too old to gather laurels of literature or to seek professional honors. The impulse of humanity was not at all abated. His soul still flowed on for the great under masses of mankind, though like the Nile it split up into diverse mouths, and not all of them were navigable.

After a long and stormy life his sun went down in glory. All the English-speaking people on the globe have written among the names that shall never die, the name of that scoffed, detested, mob-beaten Wendell Phillips. Boston, that persecuted and would have slain him, is now exceedingly busy in building his tomb and rearing his statue. The men that would not defile their lips with his name are to-day thanking God that he lived.

He has taught a lesson that the young will do well to take heed to — the lesson that the most splendid gifts and opportunities and ambitions may be best used for the dumb and the lowly. His whole life is a rebuke to the idea that we are to climb to greatness by climbing up on the backs of great men; that we are to gain strength by running with the currents of life; that we can from without add anything to the great within that constitutes man. He poured out the precious ointment of his soul upon the feet of that diffusive Jesus who suffers here in his poor and despised ones. He has taught the young ambitions too —

that the way to glory is the way, oftentimes, of adhesion simply to principle; and that popularity and unpopularity are not things to be known or considered. Do right and rejoice. If to do right will bring you into trouble, rejoice that you are counted worthy to suffer with God and the providences of God in this world.

He belongs to the race of giants, not simply because he was in and of himself a great soul, but because he bathed in the providence of God, and came forth scarcely less than a god; because he gave himself to the work of God upon earth, and inherited thereby, or had reflected upon him, some of the majesty of his master. When pigmies are all dead, the noble countenance of Wendell Phillips will still look forth, radiant as a rising sun — a sun that will never set. He has become to us a lesson, his death an example, his whole history an encouragement to manhood — to heroic manhood.

Remedy for Mormonism.

Well, what is the remedy? Let them alone; receive them into the Union; withdraw your soldiers; let them have their church; let them be open to all the influences that are affecting the public sentiment of every other state in the Union; send there your intelligent teachers; establish schools among them as you do among the heathen; send in there those who can preach a better Gospel. Do you believe that while we may convert the people of Asia and Africa, there is nothing in the Gospel that can touch Utah? Take persecution off from them. Go back absolutely to moral influences. Take away from them the feeling that they are singled out from all the people on this continent, and held in, and denied their civil rights, and are abused on account of their religion. Take away all that, substitute kindness and patient teaching and preaching of the Gospel with more piety and fervor than it is now preached to them, and wait for time. It is not likely that they are going to take possession of all the United States. If there be any such thing as the superiority of intelligence over ignorance; if there be any such thing as the triumph of divine power or pure faith over an abject superstitious faith; if there be any truth in the claim that liberty emancipates men; if it be true that the Gospel of Jesus Christ is adequate to all the emergencies of depravity and wicked-

ness, in high places and in low, it would seem to me that the way of the future must be the way of religion in all the days that have gone by. It is an odious thing to have such a stink pot right in the midst of the nation; we loathe the mere thought of polygamy; and yet I don't see any other way to eradicate it. So far as I can see at present there are but two courses: one is by the sword of the government, and the other is by the word of the Lord; and of the two it seems to me that I would a little rather trust to the sword of the Lord than to the sword of Gideon.

The Mormon Creed.

As a general thing, the Mormon people believe in Mormonism. If our people believed as earnestly in Christianity as these people do in Mormonism, we should see the world revolutionized. We are to take into account also the strong use made by their teachers of the promise of heaven or the threat of hell. Every one of them believes in hell, and in heaven, and the hope or the fear in regard to the future is — certainly so far as the women are concerned — the key-note of polygamy. It is not in the nature of woman to desire to have a multitude of companion-wives, but if the safety of her soul demands it, as the Mormon doctrine teaches — for the sake of the salvation of her soul, she may agree to curtail her marital rights on this earth, and it is the promise of life everlasting, on what they consider the direct testimony of God, which leads them to submit to this unwarrantable condition. Not half of the Mormons are polygamists, but all believe in polygamy as a divine institution.

Mormon Statistics.

This people are increasing and buying all the land they can cultivate by irrigation in all the adjoining States and Territories and are constantly spreading. At the Mormon Conference held in Salt Lake in October, 1884, the Apostle Cannon presented statistics of the church, showing the membership in Utah to be 127,290; the number of families, 23,000; new members admitted, 23,000; the church organization — mark this, how thoroughly they are governed, and how many men there are that have an interest in the maintenance of this system —

the church organization embraces, first, the president; then twelve apostles; then fifty-eight patriarchs, 3,885 sentinels, 3,153 high priests, 11,000 choirs, 1,500 bishops, and 4,000 deacons. Pretty well officered! In Arizona there is a membership of 2,262; in Idaho, twice as many. Eighty-one missionaries were appointed last year to go on missions to Europe and the United States. Eighteen of this number were set apart for missions to the Southern States, where the church is meeting considerable success in increasing its membership. The Southern converts are being colonized mainly in Colorado. That is the condition of things as near as I could judge.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Why God Made the World.

God made the world to relieve an over-full creative thought; as musicians sing, as we talk, as artists sketch when full of suggestions. What profusion is there in his work! When trees blossom there is not a single breastpin, but a whole bosom full of gems; and of leaves they have so many suits that they can throw them away to the winds all summer long. What unnumbered cathedrals has He reared in the forest shades, vast and grand, full of curious carvings, and haunted evermore by tremulous music; and in the heavens above, how do stars seem to have flown out of his hand, faster than sparks out of a mighty forge!

Two Things to Delight the Soul.

There are two things that delight my very soul. First, I delight to see a hard-working and honest laboring man, especially if he has some dirty calling like that, for instance, of a butcher, a tallow-chandler, or a dealer in fish or oil — I delight to see such a man get rich, by fair and open methods, and then go and build him a house in the best neighborhood in the place, and build it so that everybody says, "He has got a fine house, and it is in good taste too." It does me good, it makes me fat to the very mar-

row to see him do that. And, next, when he prospers, I delight to see him, after he has built his house so as to adapt it to all the purposes of a household, employ his wealth with such judicious taste, and manifest such an appreciation of things fine and beautiful, that it shall say to the world, with silent words louder than any vocalization, "A man may be a workingman and follow a menial calling, and yet carry within him a noble soul and have a cultivated and refined nature." I like to see men that have been chrysalids break their covering and come out with all the beautiful colors of the butterfly.

The Busy are the Happy.

Happiness, according to the laws of nature and of God, inheres in voluntary and pleasurable *activities;* and activity increases happiness in proportion as it is diffusive. No man can be so happy as he who is engaged in a regular business that tasks the greatest part of his mind. I had almost said that it is the *beau ideal* of happiness for a man to be so busy that he does not know whether he is or is not happy; who has not time to think about himself at all. The man who rises early in the morning, joyful and happy, with an appetite for business as well as for breakfast; who has a love for his work, and runs eagerly to it as a child to its play; who finds himself refreshed by it in every part of his day, and rests after it as from a wholesome and delightful fatigue,—has one great and very essential element of happiness.

Concerning Modern Literature.

It is both a shame and an amazing wonder that the literature of a Christian nation should reek with a filth which Pagan antiquity could scarcely endure; that the ministers of Christ should have left floating in the pool of offensive writings much that would have brought blood to the cheek of a Roman priest, and have shamed an actor of the school of Aristophanes. Literature is, in turn, both the cause and effect of the spirit of the age. Its effect upon this age has been to create a lively relish for exquisitely artful licentiousness, and disgust only for vulgarity. A witty, brilliant, suggestive indecency is tolerated for the

sake of its genius. An age which translates and floods the community with French novels (inspired by Venus and Bacchus), which reprints in popular forms Byron and Bulwer and Moore and Fielding, proposes to revise Shakespeare and expurgate the Bible! Men who, at home, allow Don Juan to lie within reach of every reader, will not allow a minister of the Gospel to expose the evil of such a literature. To read authors whose lines drop with the very gall of death; to vault in elegant dress as near the edge of indecency as is possible without treading over; to express the utmost possible impurity so dexterously that not a vulgar word is used, but rosy, glowing, suggestive language — this, with many, is refinement. But to expose the prevalent vice, to meet its glittering literature with the plain and manly language of truth, to say nothing except what one desires to say plainly — this, it seems, is vulgarity!

Interaction.

He who enters upon the theme of the interaction of the human mind and the divine mind, launches upon a wide and solemn sea, fathomless, shoreless, and dark, as yet. Better than Columbus sailing westward, will come Jesus to quell the waves, illumine the darkness, and reveal the shore. The human mind is the kernel; the material world is but the shell or rind. As yet science has chiefly concerned itself with the shell. The unexplored soul is yet to be found out.

Be Jealous of Your Word.

Be very careful about your word. Be very shy of giving it; but, once uttered, let it change to adamant. Be as careful of it as if you were fully conscious that the eye of the living God was upon you, for it is upon you. Once having given it, never allow yourself to take it up and weigh it. The moment a man begins to think about a dishonesty, he has half committed it; the moment a man begins to think about a lie, he has half told it; the moment a man begins to pull out his word or his promise to examine it, you may be sure he will break it; as when, in an affray, a soldier begins to pull his sword from its sheath, you know that there is blood going to be spilt somewhere. When a man, after having given his word, begins

to say, "I do not mean to break my promise, but if I did there would be good cause. Is there not some flaw in it? can I not interpret it thus and so?"—that moment his word, and with it his honor, is good for nothing. Never deliberate on your word, but let it go as the arrow goes to the target—let it *strike* and *stand*.

The Law of Preferment.

Do the best you can where you are; and when that is accomplished, God will open a door for you, and a voice will call, "Come up hither into a higher sphere."

Butterfly Life.

We are not sent into life as a butterfly is sent into summer, gorgeously hovering over the flowers, as if the interior spirits of the rainbow had come down to greet these kisses of the season upon the ground; but to labor for the world's advancement, and to mould our characters into God's likeness, and so, through toil and achievement, to gain happiness. I would rather break stones upon the road, if it were not for the disgrace of being in a chain gang, than to be one of those contemptible joy-mongers, who are so rich and so empty that they are continually going about to find something to make them *happy*.

Drinking Habits of Society.

Our government is an equal government, as such. We have cast our lot with this great principle of popular government, and we must go up with it, or go down with it. It is for us to maintain our institutions, if they are maintained at all; and, unless we can teach individuals and the masses self-respect and self-control, we are utterly ruined. It is a mere matter of time. There is no salvation for institutions like ours except in the principle of self-control. And there is no single evil, social or political, that strikes more at the foundation of such institutions than the drinking habits of society. If you corrupt the working-class by drink; if you corrupt the great middle class by drink; if you corrupt the literary and wealthy classes by drink, you have destroyed the commonwealth beyond your power to

save it. And we are making battle for the preservation of this moral principle. It is the great patriotic movement of the day. Therefore, we must have clear heads; we must have right consciences; we must have all the manhood that is in men, or the good that is in society will not be a match for the evil that is continually pulling it down.

The Passion For Stealing.

The terrible passion for stealing rarely grows upon the young, except through the necessities of their idle pleasures. Business is first neglected for amusement, and amusement soon becomes the only business. The appetite for vicious pleasure outruns the means of procuring it. The theater, the circus, the card-table, the midnight carouse, demand money. When scanty earnings are gone, the young man pilfers from the till. First, because he hopes to repay, and next, because he despairs of paying; for the disgrace of stealing ten dollars or a thousand will be the same, but not their respective pleasures. Next, he will gamble, since it is only another form of stealing. Gradually excluded from reputable society, the vagrant takes all the badges of vice, and is familiar with her paths, and through them enters the broad road of crime. Society precipitates its lazy members, as water does its filth, and they form at the bottom a pestilent sediment, stirred up by every breeze of evil into riots, robberies, and murders.

God and the Flowers in Council.

What if God should command the flowers to appear before him, and the sunflower should come bending low with shame because it was not a violet, and the violet should come striving to lift itself up to be like a sunflower, and the lily should seek to gain the bloom of the rose, and the rose the whiteness of the lily; and so, each one, disdaining itself, should seek to grow into the likeness of the other. God would say, "Stop, foolish flowers! I gave you your own forms, and hues, and odors, and I wish you to bring what you have received. O sunflower, come as a sunflower; and you, sweet violet, come as a violet; and let the rose bring the rose's bloom, and the lily the lily's whiteness." Perceiving their folly, and ceasing to long

for what they had not, violet and rose, lily and geranium, mignonette and anemone, and all the floral train, would come, each in its own loveliness, to send up its fragrance as incense, and all to wreathe themselves in a garland of beauty about the throne of God.

The "Madonna de San Siste."

Have you ever stood in Dresden to watch that matchless picture of Raphael's, the "Madonna de San Siste?" Engravings of it are all through the world; but no engraving has ever reproduced the mother's face. The infant Christ that she holds is far more nearly represented than the mother. In her face there is a mist. It is wonder, it is love, it is adoration, it is awe; it is all these mingled, as if she held in her hands her babe, and yet it was God! That picture means nothing to me as it does to the Roman Church; but it means everything to me, because I believe that every mother should love the God that is in her child, and that every mother's heart should be watching to discern and see in the child, which is more than flesh and blood, something that takes hold of immortality and glory.

Saturday Evening.

Every Saturday evening has to my ear a gentle knell. The week tolls itself away; the first second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and the perfect seventh, and I can almost hear them beating a melodious measure as they recede.

All Great Hopes Rest on a Belief in Immortality.

The general doctrine that we live again, and that the other life makes up for the inequalities of this, is a doctrine, I think, that underlies all hope. If you should destroy the doctrine of immortality, I believe that in two hundred years you could not maintain liberty on earth. The materialism which destroys the future life or the hope of it, and bids the soul to go out like a bubble, expanding and bursting, would lead to the most disastrous moral results. It would feed selfishness, arrogant pride, abuse of power, from which men have endured enough already. The hope of the poor, the hope of the desolate,

the hope of refinement, the hope of everything that is noblest in civilization, turns on this belief in immortality. The race believe in it. Why does philosophy want to take away that which has been the hope and desire of mankind through many dreary ages? Why dash out the light of heaven, that is almost our only guide and our only hope? In this life flesh has been the strongest. In the other life the spiritual element will be strongest; and there will be final victory.

Pride.

Pride slays thanksgiving, but a humble mind is the soil out of which thanks naturally grow. A proud man is seldom a grateful man, for he never thinks he gets as much as he deserves. When any mercy falls, he says, "Yes but it ought to be more. It is only manna as large as a coriander seed, whereas it ought to be like a baker's loaf." How base a pool God's mercies fall into, when they plash down into such a heart as that! If one should give me a dish of sand, and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might look for them with my eyes, and search for them with my clumsy fingers, and be unable to detect them; but let me take a magnet and sweep through it, and how would it draw to itself the almost invisible particles, by the mere power of attraction! The unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand, discovers no mercies; but let the thankful heart sweep through the day, and as the magnet finds the iron, so it will find in every hour some heavenly blessings; only the iron in God's sand is gold.

Professor Swing and Dr. Thomas.

Was there ever a sweeter nature than that of Dr. Thomas of Chicago? But he differed in some respects from his Methodist brethren; and when they came together to discuss it, they gnashed their teeth upon him because he held views contrary to Methodism. He was Christ-like, he was sweet-minded and pure-lived, but they cast him out. Was there ever a man whose simplicity of life and perpetual aim in sweetness, in knowledge, and in light surpassed that of Professor Swing? His piety was universally recognized and his disposition. Yet Presbyterianism could not con-

tain him within its bounds, because his thoughts traversed the lines of Presbyterianism. But a bird has the right to fly just as high as its wings will carry it. A mole has a right to go just where its nature carries it. If birds were subject to the control of worms and moles, what a time there would be! Wings would be at a discount, and he would not be othodox that did not creep and crawl. The liberty of intelligence, of purity, and of love surpassing, is absolute and universal.

A Five-Story Competency.

Many men want wealth — not a competence alone, but a *five-story competence*. Every thing subserves this; and religion they would like as a sort of lightning rod to their houses, to ward off, by and by, the bolts of divine wrath.

God Will Take Care of the Universe.

Meanwhile, if you believe in God, do not fret and worry. God is going to take care of the universe. I know there are multitudes of men who think they are sent into the world as God's vicegerents. They tell God in their prayers a good many things he never knew before, and he smiles at their advice in many other relations. But one thought ought to steady every man's heart. It is that God is perfectly wise and perfectly good, and is unfolding this earth individually and collectively in the ages. Let us accept God and rest in him. Let us not worry nor fret ourselves at what men do, nor churches nor nations, nor any other thing, but "trust in the Lord and do good." Write that over your desks. Write that over your cradles. Carry it in your mind day by day. It is astonishing what peace you will get out of it.

A Glorious Age.

Do not be discouraged, then, when men cry out that we are coming into an age of indifference and an age of infidelity. There never was a time when men were so little indifferent as they are to-day. There never was a time when father and mother cared so much how their children were brought up as to-day. There never was a time when churches were so anxious that the salt of salvation should

be strewn over the whole community as to-day. The very willingness of men to try new views or new ways springs from the developed desire for the renovation of human nature. There never was so much sympathy; there never was so much philanthropy; there never was so much active benevolence, self-denial and consecration of wealth as there is to-day. All these things, while they are the fruit of divine inspiration, are lifting the standard of human existence higher and higher, and rendering men capable of nobler thoughts, more perfect sanctification and more glorious achievements.

The Law of Force in Matter.

The law of force in matter is universal, and in regard to inorganic matter imperative. In regard to organic matter in the lower forms, as in the vegetable kingdom, and in regard to the lower forms of animal life, the law of force is supreme. The grand laws to which nature witnesses, is that the strong prevail everywhere. In all the underkingdom of organic life, vegetable or animal, the weak go to the wall. And there has been pointed out a certain benevolence in that, inasmuch as the tendency is in all the lower forms of life to extinguish the weak and leave only the strong, the full developed, the vigorous, the healthy, to propagate their species. And yet, if that law were carried straight on through, as partially as it has been in society since man has been developed, it would be to the end, as it has been, a law of cruelty against which it would seem to be almost impossible to develop Christian experience and faith.

A Poor Bargain.

Suppose a man should buy the best paintings of the old masters, and the choicest pieces of the new artists, to fill his gallery, and should give one ray of eyesight for every new picture, so that when he had finished his collection he was as blind as a bat — what good would these pictures do him? Suppose a man should buy provision, and heap his barn full, and fill his stalls with fine steeds and cattle, and fill his bins with grain, and should pay for these numerous treasures by giving up one part after another of his house, so that when he got his barn well

stored he should have no house to live in — how much would he enjoy the abundance of his winter's provisions? And yet, are not men doing that which is as foolish as this would be? Are they not paying for money by sacrificing their conscience? Many of them are saying, "It is not possible for us to prosper in business if we stop to meddle with taste. We cannot now attend to sentimentality. In the conflicts of life and in the rivalries of business, if men are going to succeed they must push right ahead, and not stand for trifles." For success, do not men pay their sensibility? do they not pay their household enjoyments? do they not pay wholesome pleasures? And when they have at last attained success, have they not given up the best part of their being, and are they not utterly unfitted to enjoy that success?

Love Makes Summer in the Soul.

What trees are in summer, covered with leaves and blossoms, exhaling perfume, and filled with merry birds that sing out of their hidden choirs, are conscience, veneration, fear even, when they are shined upon by love; but without love, any of these faculties is like that tree in winter, through which the wind whistles and the storm — gaunt, leafless, bloodless.

Self-Government.

Now, the administration of one's wealth, or of one's affairs, in a close, careful and successful way, is morally beneficial, inasmuch as it means self-denial, forethought, arrangement with a purpose, followed by a definite action of the will. All these things are self-governing elements. Self-government may begin with pecuniary matters as well as with other affairs. Thousands of men take their first step in moral life through the drill which economy requires. And no young man, whatever his situation in life may be, has a right to despise economy, or has a right to be careless or profuse in the expenditure of his means. No matter if a man's hands are in mines of wealth, he has no right to make a wasteful use of that wealth. No man has a right to go from youth to manhood without having formed rigid habits of economy. If you are poor, then the way out of poverty into wealth is through economy; if you

are rich, then you should administer your riches so that your example shall be a blessing and not a curse to the community. You are God's steward, and you have no right to recklessly spend money that you did not earn — though young men seem mostly to think that they have a right to scatter all the money that they can lay their hands on!

Mozart and Raphael.

Mozart and Raphael! As long as the winds make the air give forth sounds, and the sun paints the earth with colors, so long shall the world not let these names die.

Shorten Your Line.

When I used to fish in mountain streams, if I had a short line and rod, I could direct it easily, and throw it into this or that pool as I pleased; but if I let out my line till it was twenty or thirty feet long, I could not direct it, but I was the victim of every floating stick, and jutting rock, and overhanging bough. So I have seen men wading down the stream of life, jumping from stone to stone, slipping on this rock, and falling into that pool, because their line was so long they could do nothing with it — a line that reached down forty years, sometimes. Now, if you would avoid these difficulties, *shorten your line!* Let it reach over one day only; for "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." To the man who is living weeks or years in advance of the present, God says, "Go back, go back to your duties. Work while the day lasts, and take no thought for the morrow. *I* am master down here."

The Grandest Ideal of Manhood.

The Bible gives the only grand ideal of manhood known to literature. Great qualities have been praised by pagans, but there has never been in any literature that I know of anything more than dashes at the truth. From the remotest and darkest periods, there has come to us through the Bible the truth that love is the organizing center of human character, the only quality to which all other elements of the mind will submit; the natural, organic force, which

develops order and harmony. It is more than a descant on the beauty and sweetness of personal affection. The Bible reveals Love as the Universal Law of Humanity. Nor has this been without its commentary, in the fact that within the last two thousand years men have been growing up into the stature and spirit of Jesus Christ, approximately realizing this otherwise ideal conception of what man may become.

Ships for Sailing more than for Beauty.

It is not enough for a man to build a ship so that it looks beautiful as it stands on the stocks. What though a man build his vessel so trim and graceful that all admire it, if when she comes to be launched she is not fit for the sea, if she cannot stand stormy weather, if she is a slow sailer and a poor carrier, if she is liable to founder on the voyage? A ship, however pretty she may be, is not good for anything unless she can battle with the deep. That is the place to test her. All her fine lines and grace and beauty are of no account if she fails there. It makes no difference how splendidly you build so far as this world is concerned, your life is a failure unless you build so that you can go out into the great future on the eternal sea of life. We are to live on. We are not to live again, but we are to live without break. Death is not an end. It is a new impulse.

The Cynic.

The cynic is one who never sees a good quality in a man, and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl, vigilant in darkness and blind to light, mousing for vermin, and never seeing noble game. The cynic puts all human actions into only two classes — *openly* bad, and *secretly* bad. All virtue and generosity and disinterestedness are merely the *appearance* of good, but selfish at the bottom. He holds that no man does a good thing except for profit. The effect of his conversation upon your feelings is to chill and sear them, to send you away sore and morose. His criticisms end in innuendoes, fall indiscriminately upon every lovely thing, like frost upon flowers. If a man is said to be pure and chaste, he will

answer, *Yes, in the daytime.* If a woman is pronounced virtuous, he will reply, *Yes, as yet.* Mr. A. is a religious man: *Yes, on Sundays.* Mr. B has just joined the church: *Certainly; the elections are coming on.* The minister of the Gospel is called an example of diligence: *It is his trade.* Such a man is generous: *Of other men's money.* This man is obliging: *To lull suspicion and cheat you.* That man is upright: *Because he is green.* Thus his eye strains out every good quality and takes in only the bad. To him religion is hypocrisy, honesty a preparation for fraud, virtue only a want of opportunity.

No Bible in the Slave's Cabin.

The Bible Society is sending its shiploads of Bibles all over the world — to Greenland and the Morea, to Arabia and Egypt; but it dares not send them to our own people. The colporteur who should leave a Bible in a slave's cabin would go to heaven from the lowest limb of the first tree. It was hell, among the ancients, that was guarded by a hundred-headed dog; in this country, it is heaven that has the Cerberus.

On Communion Day.

My friends, my heart is large to-day. I am like a tree upon which rains have fallen till every leaf is covered with drops of dew; and no wind goes through the boughs but I hear the pattering of some thought of joy and gratitude. I love you all more than ever before. You are crystalline to me. Your faces are radiant; and I look through your eyes as through windows into heaven. I behold in each of you an imprisoned angel, that is yet to burst forth, and to love and shine in the better sphere.

The Earthquakes of Commerce.

Every few years commerce has its earthquakes, and the tall and toppling warehouses which haste ran up are first shaken down. The hearts of men fail them for fear; and the suddenly rich, made more suddenly poor, fill the land with their loud laments. But nothing strange has happened. When the whole story of commercial disasters is

told, it is only found out that they who slowly amassed the gains of useful industry built upon a rock, and they who flung together the imaginary millions of commercial speculations built upon the sand. When times grew dark and the winds came, and the floods descended and beat upon them both, the rock sustained the one, and the shifting sand let down the other. If a young man has no higher ambition in life than riches, industry — plain, rugged, brownfaced, homely-clad, old-fashioned industry — must be courted. Young men are pressed with a most unprofitable haste. They wish to reap before they have ploughed or sown. Everything is driving at such a rate that they have become giddy. Laborious occupations are avoided. Money is to be earned in genteel leisure, with the help of fine clothes, and by the soft seductions of smooth hair and luxuriant whiskers.

Religious Vulgarity.

There is a great deal of religious vulgarity. If I were to put out upon my house the sign, "The only refined Family on this Street," I should not exactly have the good-will of every other family. If I should declare that I was the most gentlemanly man in our ward, because I had received the gift of refinement in a straight line clear back to the days of the apostles, it would not help me one single whit, not even if I should historically prove it. If I were to strut before my fellow-men in any way by self-assertion and by assuming superiority over them, I should be set down at once as vulgar, and I should be vulgar.

Worth of Moral Character.

Your moral character is worth more to you than everything else, in all your relationships in life. Not only for religious reasons, but even for the commonest secular reasons, this is so. It is very desirable that you should have information; it is very desirable that you should have a skillful and nimble hand for the pursuit in which you are engaged; it is very desirable that you should understand business and men and life; but it is still more desirable that you should be a man of integrity — of strict, untemptable, or at least unbreakable integrity — even for civil and secular

reasons. For nothing is so much in demand as simple untemptability in men; nothing is in so much demand as men who are held, by the fear of God and by the love of rectitude, to that which is right. Their price is above rubies. More than wedges of gold are they worth; and nowhere else are they worth so much as in cities and marts like this, where so much must be put at stake upon the fidelity of agents.

The Chariot of Liberty.

The abettors of slavery are weaving the thread in the loom, but God is adjusting the pattern. They are asses harnessed to the chariot of Liberty, and, whether they will or no, must draw it on.

What Temperance Brings.

I love to see young men with a noble carriage, and with blooming health. I can not bear to see young men, that have every reason for building up a noble manhood, walking with a discolored face and an unwholesome skin, which are signs of intemperance. Perhaps there is nothing more disreputable than for a young man to present himself a miserable wreck of what he might have been, and a burden to the state and to the age in which he lives; and perhaps there is nothing more creditable to a young man than to present himself to the state and to the age in which he lives a monument of health and vigor and true manliness. Temperance brings you to this higher and nobler condition of manhood, and intemperance takes you from it.

Colts Never Get Drunk.

Men are accustomed to look upon the excesses of youth as something that belongs to that time. They say that of course the young, like colts unbridled, will disport themselves. There is no harm in colts disporting themselves, but a colt never gets drunk. I do not object to any amount of gayety or vivacity that lies within the bounds of reason or of health; but I do reject and abhor, as worthy to be stigmatized as dishonorable and unmanly, every such course in youth as takes away strength, vigor and purity

from old age. I do not believe that any man should take the candle of his old age and light it by the vices of his youth. Every man that transcends nature's laws in youth is taking beforehand those treasures that are stored up for his old age; he is taking the food that should have been his sustenance in old age, and exhausting it in riotous living in his youth. Mere gayety and exhilaration are wholesome; they violate no law, moral or physical.

My Mother.

My mother I have not the language to speak of. I know that she is born largely of my imagination, but I inherited that from her. I know that she is born very largely of my heart. Where did my heart come from? She gave me to the world that I might be a larger self of hers, to do in the world the work she would have done, but never had the opportunity. She has been to me an ideal in the air which has kept me from sin more than any other agent. She has kept me from degradation, vulgarity, narrowness and meanness; from envy and jealousy, more than any other influence.

Liberty and Equality.

God has given to men the great truths of liberty and equality, which are like mothers' breasts, carrying food for ages. Let us not fear that in our land they shall be overthrown or destroyed. Though we may go through dark times, — rocking times, when we are seasick, — yet the day shall come when there shall be no more oppression, but when, all over the world, there shall be a common people, sitting in a commonwealth, having a common Bible, a common God, and common peace and joy in a common brotherhood!

Eighty Years of Life.

Every man belongs to an economy in which he has a right to calculate, or his friends for him, on eighty years as a fair term of life. His body is placed in a world adapted to nourish and protect it. Nature is congenial. There are elements enough of mischief in it, if a man pleases to find them out. A man can wear his body out as quickly as

he pleases, destroy it if he will; but, after all, the great laws of nature are nourishing laws, and, comprehensively regarded, nature is the universal nurse, the universal physician of our race, guarding us against evil, warning us of it by incipient pains, setting up signals of danger — not outwardly, but inwardly — and cautioning us by sorrows and by pains for our benefit. Every immoderate draft which is made by the appetites and passions is so much sent forward to be cashed in old age. We may sin at one end, but God takes it off at the other. Every man has stored up for him some eighty years, if he knows how to keep them, and those eighty years, like a bank of deposit, are full of treasures; but youth, through ignorance or through immoderate passions, is wont continually to draw checks on old age. Men do not suppose that they are doing it, although told that the wicked shall not live out half their days.

"School is Out! It is Time to Go Home!"

No one cries when children, long absent from their parents, go home. Vacation morning is a jubilee. But death is the Christian's vacation morning. School is out. It is time to go home. It is surprising that one should wish life here, who may have life in heaven. And when friends have gone out from us joyously, I think we should go with them to the grave, not singing mournful psalms, but scattering flowers. Christians are wont to walk in black, and sprinkle the ground with tears at the very time when they should walk in white, and illumine the way by smiles and radiant hope. The disciples found angels at the grave of Him they loved; and we should always find them too, but that our eyes are too full of tears for seeing.

How Much a Mechanic Can Do.

Among the finest pictures in the Boston Athenæum, and the finest part of the library of the Massachusetts Historical Collection, you will find those pictures and books which were collected and bound during the life-time, and donated at the death of a man who spent his days in the active practice of a mechanical employment. He was a leather-dresser. He bought the best books and read them,

and then secured for them the very best dress — for a good book deserves a good dress — and at his death he gave them to these public institutions; and they are valuable beyond what they would bring in market as so much treasure. I never look at those books in the Massachusetts Historical Collection, and at those pictures in the Boston Athenæum, without thinking how much a mechanic can do.

Conceited Men.

Conceited men often seem a harmless kind of men, who, by an overweening self-respect, relieve others from the duty of respecting them at all.

Mountains and Clouds.

The mountains lift their crests so high, that weary clouds, which have no rest in the sky, love to come to them, and, wrapping about their tops, distill their moisture upon them. Thus mountains hold commerce with God's invisible ocean, and, like good men, draw supplies from the unseen. So, in times of drought below, the rocks are always wet, the mountain moss is always green, the seams and crevices are always dripping, and veins are throbbing a full pulse, while all the summer down in the plains faints for want of moisture.

Beethoven's Symphonies and the Seventy-third Psalm.

The seventy-third psalm reminds me of some of Beethoven's symphonies; and *these*, again, always make me think of the tumult of the forest, when the wind roars and swells and surges with wild discord among the trees; when the branches creak and crash against each other, and every bough has a separate wail. By and by the wind lulls; and when twilight is beneath, and all the forest is quiet, or only so much noiseful as the insects make it, then some bird on a tree-top sings out clear and sweet, and his song goes floating away over the wood, the very soul of peaceful joy. And it seems to me that the symphonies of Beethoven — that Milton of musicians — reproduce in themselves the sounds of the forest. In the opening passages, the half-concordant discords clash upon one another; there is moan-

ing, and strife, and war of sound; but, at length, out of the jar and the conflict is evolved a clear-flowing melody, as sweet as the song of the bird, and as gentle as the twilight rustle of the leaves. Now, this psalm is like the symphonies, for its opening verses clash upon each other, and are full of tumult and yearning.

"But, as for me, my feet were almost gone, my steps had well nigh slipped. For I was envious at the foolish when I saw the prosperity of the wicked. For there are no bands in their death, but their strength is firm. They are not in trouble as other men; neither are they plagued like other men. * * * Verily, I have cleansed my heart in vain, and washed my hands in innocency. For all the day long have I been plagued, and chastened every morning."

But when this strain is ended, then rises the sweet and joyful descant, "Nevertheless, I am continually with thee; thou hast holden me by my right hand. Thou shalt guide me by thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory. Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee. My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever."

You Can Learn Something Everywhere.

You can learn something everywhere. Everybody can tell you something. Ask for knowledge, if you desire it. If you were hungry, I do not believe you would starve. I think you would ask for food before you would die. I think you would work for bread before you would perish. And you ought to be ten times as hungry for knowledge as for food for the body.

Popular Intelligence.

Popular intelligence is the world's sap. The moment the sap begins to rise under the warmth of the spring sun, that moment the tree begins to feel that it has got to do something. The bud wakes up, and the leaves are getting ready, and the very twigs themselves are empurpled and changing color; and this popular intelligence, this growing knowledge of the common people, which is promoted by schools all over the world, by the faculty of books and

literature, by the intercourse of man with man, through commerce, through war, through everything — the development of the thought-power and the will-power of the great mass of men at the bottom of society, is the sap that is bringing spring and summer to the human race. And since the sun of righteousness will not go down, and will still shine, you cannot stop it, you cannot force it.

False Notions About the Waste of Time.

The aster has not wasted spring and summer because it has not blossomed. It has been all the time preparing for what is to follow, and in autumn it is the glory of the field, and only the frost lays it low. So there are many people who must live forty or fifty years, and have the crude sap of their natural dispositions changed and sweetened before the blossoming time can come; but their life has not been wasted.

Youth and Years.

Old age has the foundation of its joy or its sorrow laid in youth. Every stone laid in the foundation takes hold of every stone in the wall up to the very eaves of the building; and every deed, right or wrong, that transpires in youth reaches forward, and has a relation to all the afterpart of man's life. A man's life is not like the contiguous cells in a bee's honey-comb; it is more like the separate parts of a plant which unfolds out of itself, every part bearing relation to all that antecede. That which one does in youth is the root, and all the afterparts, middle age and old age, are the branches and the fruits, whose character the root will determine.

Learning Latin.

How does one begin to learn Latin? Not charmed with the numbers of Virgil, but stumbling over the grammar; digging at roots of verbs. As it is with study so it is with religion. No one should be disappointed if the early experiences of his Christian life involve many doubts and fears. A new life, like a new river, has to pick its way and find its channel. The waters will gather in pools and

seem to cease to flow. Rising over the brim, they will shoot through some rugged pass, and be swirled by a thousand jagged rocks, but by and by, when the channel is secured, and side streams begin to add their stores, the river will neither stop nor grow dry. There is no power on earth that can hold back the river from the ocean, or the Christian life from heaven.

Onward! Upward!

The more thorough a man's education is, the more he yearns for and is pushed forward to new achievement. The better a man is in this world, the better he is compelled to be. That bold youth who climbed up the Natural Bridge in Virginia, and carved his name higher than any other, found, when he had done so, that it was impossible for him to descend, and that his only alternative was to go on and scale the height, and find safety at the top. Thus it is with all climbing in this life. There is no going down. It is climbing or falling. Every upward step makes another needful; and so we must go on until we reach heaven, the summit of the aspirations of time.

Seekers After Gold.

Avarice seeks gold, not to build or buy therewith, not to clothe or feed itself, not to make it an instrument of wisdom, of skill, of friendship, or religion. Avarice seeks it to heap it up; to walk around the pile and gloat upon it; to fondle and court, to kiss and hug the darling stuff to the end of life with the homage of idolatry.

Pride seeks it; for it gives power and place and titles, and exalts its possessor above his fellows. To be a thread in the fabric of life, just like any other thread, hoisted up and down by the treadle, played across by the shuttle, and woven tightly into the piece, — this may suit humility, but not pride.

Vanity seeks it; what else can give it costly clothing and rare ornaments and stately dwellings and showy equipage, and attract admiring eyes to its gaudy colors and costly jewels?

Taste seeks it; because by it may be had whatever is beautiful refining or instructive. What leisure has poverty

for study, and how can it collect books, manuscripts, pictures, statues, coins, or curiosities?

LOVE seeks it, to build a home full of delights for father, wife, or child: and, wisest of all,

RELIGION seeks it, to make it the messenger and servant of benevolence to want, to suffering, and to ignorance.

Sacred Music.

This concert, I perceive by the notice, is to be "partly sacred and partly instrumental;" that is to say, one part is to be just as sacred as the other; for all good music is sacred, if it is heard sacredly, and all poor music is execrably unsacred.

Germany and Bismarck.

In Germany we do not know exactly what is to take place. We know two things — that God reigns in heaven and Bismarck on earth. When Bismarck dies I don't know what the Lord will do — something very different I think, though. But there is so much intelligence, and there is such a dawning sense of civil liberty; there is such an expansible force there, that though there may be a good deal of dislocation and ground healing, yet I think that Germany, the Germanic stock, out of which has come most of our freest institutions, laws, customs, will assert itself; long smothered and held under, after a suitable time it will come to supremacy.

Children of the Rich.

The children of rich parents are apt to be reared in indolence. The ordinary motives to industry are wanting, and the temptations to sloth are multiplied. Other men labor to provide a support, to amass wealth, to secure homage, to obtain power, to multiply the elegant products of art. The child of affluence inherits these things. Why should he labor who may command universal service, whose money subsidizes the inventions of art, exhausts the luxuries of society, and makes rarities common by their abundance? Only the blind would not see that riches and ruin run in one channel to prodigal children. The most

rigorous regimen, the most confirmed industry and steadfast morality can alone disarm inherited wealth, and reduce it to a blessing. The profligate wretch who fondly watches his father's advancing decrepitude, and secretly curses the lingering steps of death (seldom too slow except to hungry heirs), at last is overblessed in the tidings that the loitering work is done, and the estate his. When the golden shower has fallen, he rules as a prince in a court of expectant parasites. All the sluices by which pleasurable vice drains an estate are opened wide. A few years complete the ruin. The hopeful heir, avoided by all whom he has helped, ignorant of useful labor, and scorning a knowledge of it, fired with an incurable appetite for vicious excitement, sinks steadily down—a profligate, a wretch, a villain-scoundrel, a convicted felon. Let parents who hate their offspring rear them to hate labor, and to inherit riches, and before long they will be stung by every vice, racked by its poison, and damned by its penalty.

Greatness.

Greatness lies not in being strong, but in the right using of strength; and strength is not used rightly when it only serves to carry a man above his fellows for his own solitary glory. He is greatest whose strength carries up the most hearts by the attraction of his own.

Good Luck and Bad Luck.

There are men who, supposing Providence to have an implacable spite against them, bemoan in the poverty of a wretched old age the misfortunes of their lives. Luck forever ran against them, and for others. One, with a good profession, lost his luck in the river, where he idled away his time a-fishing when he should have been in the office. Another, with a good trade, perpetually burnt up his luck by his hot temper, which provoked all his customers to leave him. Another, with a lucrative business, lost his luck by amazing diligence at everything but his business. Another, who steadily followed his trade, as steadily followed his bottle. Another, who was honest and constant to his work, erred by perpetual misjudgments—he lacked discretion. Hundreds lose their luck by indorsing,

by sanguine speculations, by trusting fraudulent men, and by dishonest gains. A man never has good luck who has a bad wife. I never knew an early-rising, hard-working, prudent man, careful of his earnings and strictly honest, who complained of bad luck. A good character, good habits and iron industry are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill luck that fools ever dreamed of. But when I see a tatterdemalion creeping out of a grocery late in the forenoon, with his hands stuck into his pockets, the rim of his hat turned up, and the crown knocked in, I know he has had bad luck; for the worst of all luck is to be a sluggard, a knave, or a tippler.

Little Virtues.

Do not be troubled because you have not great virtues. God made a million spears of grass where he made one tree. The earth is fringed and carpeted, not with forests, but with grasses. Only have enough of little virtues and common fidelities, and you need not mourn because you are neither a hero nor a saint.

Between Two Dead Seas.

There are some who stand on a narrow strip of land between two dead seas, and drink their waters alternately. The past is filled with bitter regrets, and ghosts which will not be laid, but walk still to haunt them; and the future is filled with shadowy shapes, which beckon them forward to new suffering. There is a purgatory and it is this: it is the point where good, despaired of, touches evils remembered.

How a University Lost a Library.

Mr. Dowse, of Cambridge, never was ashamed to be a tanner and currier. I believe he never moved out of the humble cottage where he began his career. He never was ashamed of his skins. He amassed his property quietly, filled his house with books, and collected rare works of art, exercising superior taste in selection. And he lived in that town a gentleman and a true man. It is said that a portion of the students of the neighboring university insulted

him very grossly on account of his trade, and that in consequence he withheld from the institution a munificent gift which it was his purpose to bestow upon it. One thing is certain, that the whole library, which he intended to leave to the university, was presented to the Boston Historical Society, with some property besides. The men who insulted him were vulgar, although they were students of the university, and no matter if they were sons of the first families in the land.

Prohibition and Limitation.

Now, if you cannot carry out a law of prohibition you can carry out a law of limitation; and if by State enactment there should be only one house to a given number of population, that of itself would very much limit the area of temptation. Though this would be a feeble law, it could be executed; and I think we should move yet further than that by following the matter up with instruction, and plying men with knowledge on the subject. Thus by-and-by the law might be made still more preservative of the welfare of the common people.

Seasickness.

Nothing can be more unreasonable than continuous seasickness. The absolute remedies are so many, the many-voiced witnesses are so grave, that any one who persists in being sick after the third day is simply obdurate, and I above all men.

Captain Knight was something of a doctor, and *he* could bring round, in a day or two, by water-cure treatment. He succeeded on the first day that I put my feet on shore! Remedies:

Go on board with a full stomach of plain but nourishing food; do not have anything on your stomach when you embark! Keep on deck; do not go out of your stateroom, but lie quietly on your back. Take champagne or claret, or brandy or whisky, or gruel or oatmeal porridge, or bits of salt codfish scorched upon living coals. Then have an iceberg along your spine; a light belt should be worn below the waist; use homeopathic remedies freely — it makes little difference of what kind; blue pills and Con-

gress water are as good as anything. But the best of all things is to kick the doctor out of your stateroom, lie still in your berth, and wait for land. This is a sure cure!

There are many alleviations of this condition — the smell of bilge water, if on a ship; of grease, if on a steamer; the smell of dinner, if your stateroom opens on the dining-saloon; the rattle of the knives, and the jolly roar of merry men at their abhorrent meals. For variety a friend visits you, and narrates his experience, and recommends new torments.

Should all the histories of seasick experience be written, it would rear up a conception of purgatory more loathesome and frightful than has ever been produced by superstition. How great was my joy in 1850, when I felt a firm earth under my feet and a soft and fleecy cloud over my head in England! A new sense was developed in me. The sun had never before been so mildly radiant, nor the air so fragrant, nor the birds so tuneful, nor the grass, the leaves, and the flowers so beautiful. For a few weeks I lived in a blessed dream. I wrote ecstatic letters to home friends; and when now, after nearly forty years, I read the record of that visit to England, I could wish that I might have another such trance!

A Man in Old Age.

A man in old age is like a sword in a shop window Men that look upon the perfect blade do not imagine the process by which it was completed. Man is a sword. Daily life is the workshop, and God is the artificer, and those cares which beat him upon the anvil, and file his edge, and eat in, acid-like, the inscription upon his hilt, — these are the very things that fashion the man.

Laws Dependent on Intelligence.

Laws depend upon human intelligence for their achievements. In their wildest state natural laws are only half fruitful. Winds have roamed like wild giants over the globe, roaring hither and thither, before there was a human population; but now they grind the food of man by turning windmills, or swell the sails that carry men for all their purposes round and round the world. The wild wind that knew no master is apprenticed to ten

thousand masters to-day. Human reason has taken possession of it and made it work for its living. Water floated in the clouds or stormed on the sea, or rushed forth in useless rivers. It, too, has been reduced to service, everywhere turning wheels, everywhere replenishing the supplies or society through the medium of manufactories; and even in the desert, by irrigation, making the wilderness to bud and blossom as the rose. Water had never done that of itself; water inspired by human will does it.

No Starlight in the Mammoth Cave.

There never was a ray of starlight in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky; only the red glare of torches ever lights its walls. So there are many men whose minds are Mammoth Caves, all underground and unlighted save by the torches of selfishness and passion.

Hunting Heathenism.

Already, war, with its bloody hand, raps at the gate of empire in India and in China. England presses upon them. Russia is steadily moving through craunching snows to the southward. The great nations, like lions roused from their lairs, are roaring and springing upon the prey, and the little nations, like packs of hungry wolves, are standing by licking their jaws and waiting for their share of the spoils. The world is out hunting — what? Heathenism. And it will be caught; it will be unearthed. A little while and there will be no den so deep, or forest so dark, or island so remote, that it can find refuge.

The Fashionable Idler.

He has a fine form and manly beauty, and the chief end of life is to display them. With notable diligence he ransacks the market for rare and curious fabrics, for costly seals and chains and rings. A coat poorly fitted is the unpardonable sin of his creed. He meditates upon cravats, employs a profound discrimination in selecting a hat or a vest, and adopts his conclusions upon the tastefulness of a button or a collar with the deliberation of a statesman.

Thus caparisoned, he saunters in fashionable galleries, or flaunts in stylish equipage, or parades the streets with simpering belles, or delights their itching ears with compliments of flattery, or with choicely culled scandal. He is a reader of fictions, if they be not too substantial, a writer of cards and *billet-doux*, and is especially conspicuous in albums. Gay and frivolous, rich and useless, polished till the enamel is worn off; his whole life serves only to make him an animated puppet of pleasure. He is as corrupt in imagination as he is refined in manners; he is as selfish in private as he is generous in public; and even what he gives to another is given for his own sake. He worships where fashion worships: to-day at the theatre, to-morrow at the church, as either exhibits the whitest hand or the most polished actor.

Caring for the Grass.

When we think of the labor required to rear the few that are in our households—the weariness, the anxiety the burden of life—how wonderful seems God's work! for he carries heaven, and earth, and all realms in his bosom. Many think that God takes no thought for anything less than a star or a mountain, and is unmindful of the little things of life; but when I go abroad, the first thing which I see is the grass beneath my feet, and, nestling in that, flowers smaller yet, and, lower still, the mosses with their inconspicuous blooms which beneath the microscope glow with beauty. And if God so cares for "the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven," shall he not much more care for the minutest things of your life, "O, ye of little faith?"

The Living Dead.

Moses was not half living when he was alive. His real life has been since he died. The prophets seemed almost useless in their time. They did little for themselves or for the church of that day; but when you look at the life they have lived since, you shall find they have been God's pilots, guiding the church through all perils. From their black bosoms they sent forth the blast of his lightning and the roar of his thunder; and, to-day, if the church needs rebuke and denunciation, it is they who must hurl it.

MR. BEECHER'S COUNTRY HOME AT PEEKSKILL.

Martin Luther was mighty when he lived, but the shadowy Luther is mightier than a regiment of fleshly Luthers. When he was on earth, he in some sense asked the pope leave to be, and the emperor and the elector leave to be; he asked the stream and the wheat to give him sustenance for a day; but now that his body is dead — now that that rubbish is out of the way — he asks no leave of pope, or elector, or emperor, but is the monarch of thought, and the noblest defender of the faith to the end of time.

A Vulgar Whipster.

When I see a young whipster treat with contempt or neglect an old man who is infirm and clad in a poor garb, not offering to render him any service, and not caring what becomes of him, I do not care who his father is, that boy is vulgar. When I see a young man in the street cars, and there comes in a poorly clad woman who has suffered, and who seems to have been privileged to suffer, looking wearily about for a seat, and I see him, young, vigorous, happy, respectable, bearing an honored name, sit still and let her stand, I say that he is vulgar.

Two Sides of Vulgarity.

He who despises riches gained by honorable courses is vulgar; but he who, having riches, however they may have been gained, is impertinent and domineering and conceited and unmanly, is vulgar.

Happy Toilers.

The poor man with industry is happier than the rich man in idleness; for labor makes the one more manly, and riches unmans the other. The slave is often happier than the master, who is nearer undone by license than his vassal by toil. Luxurious couches, plushy carpets from Oriental looms, pillows of eider-down, carriages contrived with cushions and springs to make motion imperceptible — is the indolent master of these as happy as the slave that wove the carpet, the Indian who hunted the northern flock, or the servant who drives the pampered steeds? Let those who envy the gay revels of city idlers, and pine for their

masquerades, their routs, and their operas, experience for a week the lassitude of their satiety, the unarousable torpor of their life when not under a fiery stimulus, their desperate *ennui* and restless somnolency, and they would gladly flee from their haunts as from a land of cursed enchantment.

The Mental Garden.

God meant that there should be in the garden of the human soul a great many beds, and a great many kinds of flowers. There are some thirty or forty individual faculties in the human make-up, and the fullest enjoyment requires the consentaneous activity of them all. But to put on foot such a general cerebral energy as that would involve, would be exhausting. Therefore the action of men's minds changes, and in turn every part of them, if they are normally active, should be exercised between sleep and sleep. Each day there should be something of everything.

All Physical Joys Brief.

A great many religious men are not happy, and a great many irreligious men are happy. To say that a man can enjoy more in a religious life than he can in a lower life is to say the truth, although it is not everybody that finds it out. My impression is that, in a general way, that part of our nature which comes in contact with the physical, and controls it, has the most sudden and the most sharp exhilaration of pleasure, but the briefest. The flavor passes from the tongue, and is gone. All physical pleasures are momentary, however intense they may be, and there is very little memory of them. And although these very pleasures are real, they are shallow and unstable.

Power of the Imagination.

The imagination is closely related to the passions, and fires them with its heat. The day-dreams of indolent youth glow each hour with warmer colors and bolder adventures. The imagination fashions scenes of enchantment in which the passions revel, and it leads them out, in shadow at first, to deeds which soon they will seek in ear-

nest. The brilliant colors of far-away clouds are but the colors of the storm; the salacious day-dreams of indolent men, rosy at first and distant, deepen every day darker and darker to the color of actual evil. Then follows the blight of every habit. Indolence promises without redeeming the pledge; a mist of forgetfulness rises up and obscures the memory of vows and oaths. The negligence of laziness breeds more falsehoods than the cunning of the sharper. As poverty waits upon the steps of indolence, so upon such poverty brood equivocations, subterfuges, lying denials. Falsehood becomes the instrument of every plan. Negligence of truth, next occasional falsehood, then wanton mendacity — these three strides traverse the whole road of lies.

Buoyant Spirits.

Buoyant spirits are an element of happiness, and activity produces them; but they fly away from sluggishness, as fixed air from open wine. Men's spirits are like water, which sparkles when it runs, but stagnates in still pools, and is mantled with green, and breeds corruption and filth. The applause of conscience, the self-respect of pride, the consciousness of independence, a manly joy of usefulness, the consent of every faculty of the mind to one's occupation, and their gratification in it — these constitute a happiness superior to the fever-flashes of vice in its brightest moments. After an experience of ages, which has taught nothing different from this, men should have learned that satisfaction is not the product of excess, or of indolence, or of riches, but of industry, temperance and usefulness.

Be Kind to Your Stomach.

There is scarcely one man in a hundred who supposes that he must ask leave of his stomach to be a happy man. In many cases the difference between happy men and unhappy men is caused by their digestion. Oftentimes the difference between hopeful men and melancholy men is simply the difference of their digestion. There is much that is called spiritual ailment that is nothing but stomachic ailment. I have, during my experience as a religious teacher, had persons call upon me with that hollow cheek, that emaciated face, and that peculiar look which indicates

the existence of this cerebral and stomachic difficulty, to tell me about their trials and temptations; and, whatever I may have said to them, my inward thought has been, "There is very little help that can be afforded you till your health is established." The foundation of all earthly happiness is physical health; and yet men scarcely ever value it till they have lost it.

Wall Street a Commentary.

So men that will at all hazards and at any rate, be rich, give up honor, faith, conscience, love, refinement, friendship, and sacred trust, and having given all these up, God blesses and blasts them — blesses, for they are rich, and that is what they call blessing — blasts, because it is not in the nature of God himself, without an absolute change of the laws by which he works to make a man happy who has, for the sake of gaining wealth, divested himself of those elements in which happiness consists. Wall Street is my commentary — Broadway is my commentary!

Wisdom.

What we call wisdom is the result, not the residuum, of all the wisdom of past ages. Our best institutions are like young trees growing upon the roots of the old trunks that have crumbled away.

Sailing the Wrong Way.

The voyage of life should be right across the ocean, whose waters never shrink, and where the keel never rubs the bottom. But men are afraid to venture, and hang upon the coast, and explore lagoons, or swing at anchor in wind-sheltered bays. Some men put their keel into riches, some into sensuous pleasure, some into friendship, and all these are shallow for any thing that draws as deep as the human soul does. God's work in each age, indicated by the great movements of his providence, is the only thing deep enough for the heart. We ought to begin life as at the source of a river, growing deeper every league to the sea; whereas, in fact, thousands are like men who enter the mouths of rivers and sail upwards.

Only the Dead Rest.

Men often think an institution to *be* good because it has *done* good; but institutions are often only another kind of national school book, whose object it is to help the scholar to pass on and leave *it* behind. Neither boys nor society are to be kept forever in the hornbook. There must be, in any healthful society, a process of absorption, or of reconstruction of its organizations. Principles never change. Their incarnations continually do. A society whose institutions are unchanging is itself ungrowing. The living body alters. Only the dead rest. That is a brave and good institution which speedily digs its own grave.

Good Health.

Health is the platform on which all happiness must be built. Good appetite, good digestion and good sleep are the elements of health, and industry confers them. As use polishes metals, so labor the faculties, until the body performs its unimpeded functions with elastic cheerfulness and hearty enjoyment.

Nature's Music.

To the infidel, Nature's voices are but a Babel din. Trees rustle, and brooks babble, and winds blow; but there is no meaning in their sound. To the Christian, all speak of God; and if it were not for the dimness of the natural eye, he might see his hosts of angels at their ministry. The tree stretches out its arm, laden with fruit, like the arm of God. The morning sprinkles him with dew, as with holy water; and he is sung to sleep, at evening, with songs like the lullaby of earthly parents to their children.

French Novels.

Novels of the French school and of English imitators are the common sewers of society, into which drain the concentrated filth of the worst passions, of the worst creatures, of the worst cities. Such novels come to us impudently pretending to be reformers of morals and liberalizers of religion; they propose to instruct our laws, and teach a

discreet humanity justice. The Ten Plagues have visited our literature; water is turned to blood; frogs and lice creep and hop over our most familiar things — the couch, the cradle, and the bread-trough; locusts, murrain, and fire are smiting every green thing. I am ashamed and outraged when I think that wretches could be found to open these foreign seals and let out their plagues upon us; that any Satanic pilgrim should voyage to France to dip from the dead sea of her abomination a baptism for our sons.

Don't Whine.

Never whine over what you may suppose to be the loss of early opportunities. A great many men have good early opportunities who never improve them; and many have lost their early opportunities without losing much. Every man may educate himself that wishes to. It is the will that makes the way. Many a slave that wanted knowledge has listened while his master's children were saying their letters and putting them together to form easy words, and thus caught the first elements of spelling; and then, lying flat on his belly before the raked-up coals and embers, with a stolen book, has learned to read and write. If a man has such a thirst for knowledge as that, I do not care where you put him, he will become an educated man.

The Decay of Heathenism.

All the might of the world is now on the side of Christianity. Those barbarous, inchoate powers which still cling to heathenism, are already trembling before the advancing strides of the Christian nations; Christian just enough to rouse all their energies, and to make them intensely ambitious and on the alert to increase their own dominion, without having learned Christianity's highest lesson, the lesson of love. Even that heathenism which seems to have some power is only waiting for its time of decay. In vast, undisturbed forests, whose intertwining boughs exclude the light, moisture is generated, and rills, fed by marshes and quiet pools, unite to form running rivers. But let the trees be cut down, and the ground be laid open to the sun, and the swamps will dry up, and the rivers run no more.

Poor, Fledgeless Hope.

There are many Christians who, all their life long, carry their hope as a boy carries a bird's nest containing an unfledged bird that can scarcely peep, much less sing — a poor, fledgeless hope.

Suffering Well Borne.

Suffering well borne is better than suffering removed. Suffering did not slip in, as theologians make so many things to have done, at the fall; but it is a part of God's original method. I know enough of gardening to understand that if I would have a tree grow upon its south side I must cut off the branches there. Then all its forces go to repairing the injury, and twenty buds shoot out where otherwise there would have been but one. When we reach the garden above, we shall find that out of those very wounds over which we sighed and groaned on earth, have sprung verdant branches, bearing precious fruit, a thousand fold.

Mean Fears.

Men are afraid of slight outward acts which will injure them in the eyes of others, while they are heedless of the damnation which throbs in their souls in hatreds, and jealousies, and revenges.

The Bones of Religion.

The gospel of philosophy is very much preached. It is generally called theology, There is a great difference between theology and religion. A man may have ever so much theology and no religion, and a man may have ever so much religion and very little theology. And yet we are not to despise theology. We want both — personal religion and intellectual perception of the connection between fact and fact, dogma and dogma. Theology may be said to be the bones of the system of religion. Well, if a man was courting he would not like to court a set of bones; he would like to have some flesh on them, some bloom. And men, when they are drawn to life, are not drawn by the bones, but by that which clothes them, by that which is

supported by them. I find no fault with theology except that it is made up of abstractions. I find no fault with dogmas except that there are so many of them that are lies. I find on fault with difficult systems except that they seem to have been the means of provocation and quarrelsomeness and divisions and all sorts of contests in this world. I find no fault with these things, because they have been wrongly used. There is a right way of using things and there is a wrong way, and in the history of the church the gospel of theology has been the occasion of endless divisions and separations and quarrels and warfare and cruelty and every work of the devil.

Our Irresistible Race.

Our people, nomadic as the Arabs, impetuous as the Goths and Huns, pour themselves along our Western border, carrying with them all their wealth and all their institutions. They drive schools along with them as shepherds drive sheep, and troops of colleges go lowing over the Western plains, like Jacob's kine.

The Mellowing Power of Time.

Take a sharp-cut young saint, just crystallized, as many-pointed and as clear as a diamond, and how good he is! how decided for the right, and how abhorrent of wrong! He abhors evil rather than loves good. He has not yet attained to the meekness and gentleness of Christ. But years will teach him that love is more just than justice; that compassion will cure more sins than condemnation; and that summer will do more with silent warmth, to redeem the earth from barrenness, than winter can, with all the majesty of storms and the irresistible power of her icy hand.

How Happiness Comes.

If one-half of the branches of a tree bear fruit and the other half are barren, it is a poor tree. A tree that bears every other year is better than none; but it is only half as good as one that bears every year. A musical instrument, only every other string of which emits sound when struck —what is that? Even Beethoven could not bring out a

symphony on an instrument where every other note was omitted. The human soul is a complex thing. One part works into another, and stimulates it or rests on it. There is an order and arrangement in the human mind by which, if men retain the full possession of every part of their interior selves, and exert every part in succession, or consentaneously, they touch true happiness, and happiness of the largest kind and the most enduring.

An Anthem of Praise.

Amid our imperfect utterances, let us comfort ourselves with the thought of that realm where thought shall speak without the need of a tongue, and feeling shall speak, and the whole life shall be an anthem of praise.

All Men Should Be Educated.

Do you suppose a man has no right to an education unless he is going to be a doctor, a minister, a lawyer, or some kind of a public man? I affirm the right of every man in the community to an education. A man should educate himself for his own sake, even if his education should benefit no one else in the world. Every man's education does, however, benefit others besides himself. There is no calling, except that of slave-catching, for Christian governments, that is not made better by brains. No matter what a man's work is, he is a better man for having had a thorough mind-drilling. If you are to be a farmer, go to college or to the academy, first. If you are to be a mechanic, and you have an opportunity of getting an education, get that first. If you mean to follow the lowest calling — one of those callings termed "menial" — do not be ignorant; have knowledge. A man can do without luxuries and wealth and public honors, but not without knowledge. Poverty is not disreputable, but ignorance is.

The Word "Garden."

To the end of the world the word *garden* shall be sweeter than flower or fruit could make it; for the Son of God, the fairest thing that ever grew, was planted there, and sprang from thence in celestial bloom and glory.

God's Love-Letter to the World.

I never knew my mother. She died when I was three years old that she might be an angel to me all my life. But one day, in after years, turning over a pile of old letters in my father's study, I found a package of her letters to him, beginning with her first acquaintance with him, and coming down into her married life; and as I read those pages, at last I knew my mother. What these letters were to her life, that are the four Gospels to the life of Christ. But I remember that there was one letter in which she first spoke freely and frankly of her love. That, to me, is the Gospel of John. It is God's love-letter to the world.

What is Youth Like?

Men have an impression that youth is very much like wine, crude and insipid until it has fermented; but when it has fermented, and thrown down the lees, and the scum has been drawn off, the great body between is sound, and wholesome, and beautiful. I am not one that thinks so. I think that youth is the beginning of the plant life, and that every wart or excrescence is so much enfeeblement of its fruit-bearing power.

The Pursuit of Happiness.

To say that one should live for his own greatest happiness is to have a right or a wrong impression, according to what is meant. If you take it in a very narrow and ordinary sense, there can be no greater wrong pronounced. If you take it in a large sense, it is the assertion of a very important truth. If by "seeking our greatest happiness" we mean present self-indulgence, pungent physical pleasures, low forms of enjoyment, partial, earthly, without the element of reflection, without continuity, without spiritual harmony — then to seek happiness as the chief end of our existence is a very foolish, a very base, and a very wicked thing. *Pleasure*, used in a strict sense, signifies the gratification of the senses in some way; and to live for pleasure in that sense is indeed base. But if one regards happiness as the product of the right action of his whole nature; if the truest happiness implies the develop-

ment, the education, of the social and the spiritual, as well as the physical elements of our being; if it includes benevolence, and takes on the here and the hereafter as well; if, in other words, our conception of happiness is one which requires the development of our entire nature for time and for eternity — then to say that a man should seek his own greatest happiness is to declare a good and a noble thing. It is right to live for one's greatest happiness if he have a true interpretation of what that is. Not only is it right, but it is a duty.

Original Sin Can Be Spared.

We need not be afraid of getting rid of original sin, because we can get all the actual transgression that the world needs to take its place. The eternity of conscious suffering, in connection with that extraordinary and incomprehensible apparent waste that has been going on in the human family from the earliest day, must go. You must either take away the fatherhood from God, or you must take away that horrible doctrine from theology.

Suffering.

Suffering, in this world, is both remedial and penal. When it is rightly received it is remedial. When it is resisted, it becomes penal to him who resists, and admonitory to the spectator.

Suffering is the jarring of the faculties of the mind one upon another, and it never will cease till they are all tuned to harmony.

The Force of Example.

A man cannot help being influenced by the example of those who occupy elevated positions in society. If a man is rich, and lives in splendor, his example will surely influence those by whom he is surrounded. And it is the duty of all that are endowed with the power of benefiting or injuring others by their example, to see that that example is beneficial, and not injurious. Those who are at the top of society are largely responsible for the ideas of those who are at the bottom. And if God has advanced you among

men, it is not to give you more license, but to make you more careful of your example before others. No man has a right to let his example work mischief upon those in the midst of whom he moves. And the unfeeling indifference of men (and more, perhaps, in this matter of drinking than in any other) as to the welfare of their neighbors shows that their hearts have become seared by prosperity, and degraded by the things which should, in the providence of God, have made them more tender and considerate.

Newspapers.

Remember, too, in respect to this matter of education, that you are a citizen, and that you are bound to have that information which shall qualify you for an honest participation in public affairs. You are also bound to have a knowledge of current events, which no man can have who does not read the newspapers. Newspapers are the schoolmasters of the common people. The newspaper is one of the things that we may felicitate ourselves upon. That endless book, the newspaper, is our national glory.

Have Your House on the Hill-Top.

A man's house should be on the hill-top of cheerfulness and serenity, so high that no shadows rest upon it, and where the morning comes so early, and the evening tarries so late, that the day has twice as many golden hours as those of other men. He is to be pitied whose house is in some valley of grief between the hills, with the longest night and the shortest day. Home should be the center of joy, equatorial and tropical.

Better to Lie Down than to Break.

When God shakes man as dust from under the summer threshing-floor, the right hand of a man's strength is as powerless as the left hand of a man's weakness, and his wisdom is as folly. What avails the wisdom of the apple to make it cling to the bough when it is ripe in autumn time? or the wisdom of the leaf to hold it fast to the stem when the tempest calls? or the wisdom of the tree to make

it stand secure when a rock from the cliff comes crashing down through its piny branches? When God sends storms upon men, they must imitate the humble grass, which saves itself by lying down. It is better to lie down than to break down. Therefore it is said, "Humble yourselves before the mighty hand of God, that in due season he may raise you up."

Grandeur of Prophecy.

I am profoundly affected by the grandeur of prophecy. God unveils the frescoed wall of the future, not so much that we may count the figures, and measure the robes, and analyze the pigments, but that, gazing upon it, our imaginations may be enkindled, and hope be inspired.

EVOLUTION AND RELIGION.

FOR many years Mr. Beecher was a diligent student of the teachings of Herbert Spencer — one of the greatest minds of this, or indeed of any century. Of the lofty estimate in which the Plymouth pastor held the English philosopher we may judge by a single sentence in which he says: "Spencer will be found to have given the world more truth in one lifetime than any other man that has lived in the schools of philosophy." The influence of Herbert Spencer on Mr. Beecher's mind is very discernible in all the work of the last ten years of his life. He startled many timid souls a few years ago by boldly proclaiming himself an Evolutionist. Ignorant and bigoted people who have taken no pains to study the subject, suppose that evolution means infidelity, or agnosticism at the least. It was for Mr. Beecher to prove to the world that it was possible to be a Christian Evolutionist. On the 17th of May, 1885, he began a series of discourses on Evolution and Religion, in which he discussed the bearings of the Evolutionary Philosophy on the fundamental doctrines of Evangelical Christianity. That the spread of this philosophy would work many changes he did not doubt, and that these changes would involve the disturbance of much that was regarded as permanently settled, he foresaw. But he had no fear. Amid all mutations he knew that the foundations of eternal truth were secure. He had heard the voice that the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews had heard centuries before: "Yet once more I shake not the earth only, but also heaven. And this word yet once more, signifieth the removing of those things that are shaken, as of things that are made, that

those things which cannot be shaken may remain." Mr. Beecher was not afraid for the Ark of God, and therefore he boldly pursued his investigations. And we have no hesitation in saying that in these discourses on Evolution and Religion he has left behind him one of the grandest legacies a man could leave. It was a good thing for the church. And for the world, it will be a good thing for thoughtful men for many years to come, that he was permitted to do this grand service, "according to the will of God," before he "fell on sleep." The importance of this subject has suggested the propriety of devoting considerable space to Mr. Beecher's utterances on this question. Apart from the sermons preached in 1885, Mr. Beecher delivered a lecture containing a summary of the whole matter, which we here present.

LECTURE ON EVOLUTION AND RELIGION.

A greater change has taken place within the last thirty years, probably, than ever took place in any former period of five hundred consecutive years. It has been a revolution ; and yet the revolutionary tendencies of the doctrine of evolution are more in seeming than in fact, and, though extremely radical, are radical in the right direction, and are of the right kind. As contradistinguished from the old notion of creation by the instantaneous obedience of matter to the divine command, it is the teaching of the divine method of creation as gradual, and as the result of steadily acting natural laws through long periods of time — periods so long that not even the imagination can stretch to the borderland of their far off horizon. We have been brought up largely to found our notions of creation upon the poetic expressions of sacred Scripture. The command "God said, Let there be light; and there was light," is sublime poetry. We felt as if God came to the fore-front on the creating day, and said, "Let there be light," and instantly there was light. This was the almost universally prevalent im-

pression. But it has now been sufficiently demonstrated that the divine method of creation was utterly different from this; that it was a creation beginning with the very smallest elements — elements inconceivably small — and then, gradually, through the force of divinely ordained natural laws, unfolding little by little the whole terraqueous globe. This, in short, is the theory of evolution.

While there are many divergencies among scientific men as to details, there is absolutely no difference of opinion as to the general application of this doctrine to the formation of the globe, of the vegetable kingdom, and of the animal kingdom — until you come up to man. When we come to that point, were it not for the fear which good men entertain of the effect of such a doctrine, I suppose that it would be thought that man himself has been unfolded from the lower forms into the human form, and with human intelligence.

If this conception of his origin were to throw out the idea of divine creation from it, it would be repugnant. But it does not involve any such consequences. There are three classes of evolutionists, when you look at them in reference to moral questions — the atheistic, of which class Mr. Haeckel, of Germany, is a very able exponent; the agnostic, to which class most of the eminent English physicists belong; and the theistic, or Christian evolutionists. There is a difference among them as to what were those influences which determined the variations, and that discussion, though tending to a closure, is not yet entirely settled. But when we come to man, the Christian philosopher takes his stand, and says that there were superadded to natural forces certain direct influences that conduced to the formation of the human mind.

The doctrine of evolution, in these various forms, is the philosophy by which ninety-nine per cent of the scientific investigators of our time are working. It is gradually spreading to all departments of effort. Its nomenclature and its thought are getting into the schools and the newspapers. The attempt to suppress it will fail. The old folly of throwing the Bible at it ought not in our day to be repeated. They threw the Bible at the sun and the moon once, and it came back on their heads, and astronomy stands. They threw the Bible at geology, and geology stands. Let not the folly be repeated of throwing the Bible at the origin of man. I am not prepared to say

that I believe man came from the lower animals, but I am prepared to say that if he did it will afford explanation of many difficulties for which I can find no solution anywhere else. As yet it is a hypothesis, and the process of procedure with a hypothesis is to see if it will give a solution of all difficulties, and give a better solution of them than any other theory. That is what I think evolution does.

Look, for a moment, at the relation which it sustains to the almost universal belief in the existence and agency of a supreme intelligence. There are many who say that this notion of Evolution is the product of atheism, and that it will lead to atheism. I need not say that I believe in the existence and the agency of a divine, omnipotent, omnipresent God. With all my heart, and all my soul, and all my mind, and all my strength, I believe in him. The scientific man tells me that it is not possible to prove the existence of God. And I say the same — but on the same ground that I should say to a man who should bring me a pair of scales and ask me to weigh the smell of the rose, "Not by these scales can I weigh it." There are other methods by which I could indicate the existence of the perfume. The hypothesis of the existence of God leads a man through fewer difficulties and solves more questions than atheism ever did or ever could. But the highest proof of the existence of God is moral intuition. A thousand men may go past a magnificent picture and yet think there is nothing in the color. An artist comes past and it blazes with suppressed color to him. These men turn and say to him, "Well, prove the color. We are as good as you are. We don't see it." "Don't you wish you did? It is there, and I see it and thrill with the feeling of it. If you say you don't, that merely characterizes where you stand." Now, it is given to highly organized moral natures to have a sense, a luminous incoming conviction, of the existence of God; to feel it as plainly as one feels the balmy spring air and knows that it is spring, and not winter, without his almanac. A man may be an atheist and be an evolutionist; but a man may be an evolutionist and believe in God with all his heart and strength and soul. The agnostic says: "We don't know it." But they mean by that, they don't know it as they know inferior facts. We know it as we know the highest and noblest truths of human life. The interpreting power of the highest development of human

conscience is far greater than most men have ever dreamed.

Many men say, "Admit that there is an atheistic ground on which we can stand; what is going to be the influence of this doctrine of evolution upon sacred Scriptures?" Very beneficial. It is going to correct the absurd uses to which that book has been for so many ages condemned. The Bible itself is a most wonderful evolution. What other book ever was there that it took probably more than ten thousand years to write? Mr. Ingersoll's whole pivotal power is the fact, that among so large a number of men, there has been an impression that everything in the Bible has been derived directly from God.

What is the Bible? The Bible is an encyclopædia of history, describing what has been the course of progress down to the present time; and to pick out here and there an absurdity, and then say, "There is your God telling folks to do so and so"— how foolish, how wicked it is, except as an answer to men that believe in plenary and verbal inspiration. But there is no other such record on the face of the earth, nor has any other nation, except the Israelite nation and the sequent nations, down to the present day, had any such history or any such unfolding of the process by which men rose from the lowest stages of animalism and came to the effulgence of modern civilization.

And remember that from the beginning to the end of this book you cannot find one single, solitary syllable in favor of oppression. All of the oldest of the Old Testament is in favor of the workingman. There is no more humanity than that in the institutes of Moses. One would be astonished to see how far in many respects it is ahead of the practical morality of our day. All the way down through the singers and prophets of the Old Testament, the Bible is a thunderbolt of denunciation against wrong. There never has been a modern nation that was oppressed by creeds, driven out from home, wronged by priestcraft and civil tyranny, that did not take refuge in the Old Testament, because the whole spirit of it, with trumpet tones, was marshalled like a man-of-war against all evil and all oppression of humanity and for kindness and love. And you come down to the New Testament, and you find there the very charter of the rights of the weak and of those liable to be despoiled, as nowhere else you can. For

look at one single passage of the Master in the pictorial parable in which he gathers all nations of the earth to judgment. To one he said, "Come," and to the other, "Depart," and the law that determined that was the law of love. He says to them, "I was sick, I was oppressed, I was hungry, thirsty, naked, and a stranger, and ye came and ministered to me;" and they with wonderful surprise say to him, "When did we ever see this man naked, forsaken, or in prison, and came to him?" The crowd around him was made up of lepers, thieves, lazzaroni, harlots, poor miserable creatures, and he said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these, ye have done it to me." When God would testify what his sense of the value of humanity is he does not take the advanced and learned; he does not take the man nursed in regal power; he does not take the one foremost in statesmanship; he goes down so low that there is nothing below it, and takes the poorest and meanest; not that he is good, but bad as he is there are a sacredness and sanctity in him that no man should dare to harm or even to neglect him. And if that is the value that is put upon humanity, the poor, the oppressed, the laboring, are the last men that should suffer the torch to be thrown into the temple of their faith in regard to the sanctity of the Word of God; it is the poor man's shield; the poor man's port of refuge. It places him at his highest value, by the judgment of him who judges man not by what he is in this world, but by what he is to become in a better soil and a finer clime, when he will have another chance for development.

This doctrine of the descent of man from an inferior race throws light on the question of the origin of sin and evil. The lion is not guilty of murder when he kills. He violates no restraint, because that is what he was made for. Look at his claws. The wolf was made to be a wolf, and a fox a fox. You might as well find fault with granite for being hard, or with clay for being soft, as with the animal creation for having the qualities of their nature. To them was given no reason, no moral sense, no sense of beauty, of taste, of imagination — nothing but to feed themselves, to propagate their species, and then die. Now, man in his early history was an animal, but superinduced upon his animal nature was the moral sense. Here is the line between instinct and moral consciousness. The moment that came in, then the question was, Which shall

rule — the animal sense or the higher sense? That struggle is going on to-day with every man. There is not a man anywhere who does not feel day by day, in the battle of life, that his purposes are better than his acts. It is a conflict between the upper man and the under man that constitutes the great bulk of sinfulness; and there you have a theory that throws light upon a whole field that has hitherto been shrouded not merely in twilight but in impenetrable darkness. Of course, beyond this point there are a great many nice questions as to the nature of sin — the voluntary doing of that which a man knows to be wrong. These are questions of profound importance but do not belong exactly to the topic of the lecture this evening.

Men say, "If this doctrine be true, what light will it throw on the struggling questions of to-day; on the endless strife and endeavor to equalize the conditions of men?" Evolution throws light on that also. There are various schemes for the reorganization of society — to equalize weakness and strength. That is not nature, and nature will not tolerate it. We cannot equalize weakness and strength of brain. If man has a little brain he must be a little man; such a partnership as that the strong shall care for the weak is an ideal which is Christian and beautiful. But you can't make an unthinking man equal to a thinking man. You can't make a spendthrift equal to an economical man. Men are essentially different in their composition, and nature sifts and riddles everything from the lowest to the highest, and always in the direction of increasing strength, sacrificing the relative imperfection, throwing it away, and from generation to generation advancing, that by and by the average strength may be vastly increased. You can never baffle that great law of nature that makes two twice as much as one; that makes four twice as much as two; that makes a man all through five times as great as a man that is only half a man. With all your schemes of benevolence — they are very benevolent, and ofttimes very noble and effecting great good — you cannot touch bottom until you get to this law; that the human mind determines the condition of a man and his worth everywhere. He who is strong, not in physical strength, but in mind and moral strength, is the highest; and if there are many of them that class is the highest, and you cannot by any boosting, or by any method of screws

or adjustment, make the under equal to the upper under such circumstances; and the way out from poverty and insignificance and all the miserable experiences of undercast men is: Go up yourself, and your affairs will come up after you; development, education, more brain, better brain. The elevation of mankind in moral and intellectual culture is the only way to cure the evils of society.

Men say, "Well, if the doctrine of evolution is true, your churches are all cut up by the roots." I beg your pardon; theology is going to be — no doubt about that. I shall not mourn it. All my early days were spent in the west, in that State populous with trees, Indiana, and there we never could raise a good crop fit for human food until we had cut the trees off. Theology looks to me like a thicket in the forest, and as soon as we can get a good deal of it open to the air we will plant better theology and have better crops. But it does not touch the question of churches. The churches are a manifold organization. All claims to be inheritors of the whole authority of God, of course, will gradually pass away. It is not necessary for me to go back to the Apostles to find out that I was ordained to preach; I found that out when I preached and found folks wanted to hear me. The churches are schools of moral culture. They are authoritative, apostolic and divine when they succeed in producing moral culture; and the great majority of the churches of all denominations are doing it, for they generally leave off their theology. They have to run into the block-house as the old settlers did, when their theology is attacked. Then they have to go in and fight for it. What are the churches doing? They are going after families; teaching men how to bring up their children; organizing for benevolence; endeavoring to carry out the basic principles of the doctrines of Christ and to introduce them in all matters, manners and customs in the whole community. That is their business. It is a grand business. I would not have one church less; I would multiply the whole. And as to the question of ordinance, well, let every one have such ordinance as he wants. One man wants to sharpen his scythe on a grindstone; another wants to sharpen his on a whetstone; and they have a quarrel, and one says the divine way of sharpening a scythe is with a whetstone, and the other says no, it is with a grindstone. I say it doesn't make any difference if the scythe is sharp. The churches that mollify the manners,

cure the prejudices, extract the poison of hatred and bring men together, and not separate them, produce concord, sympathy, mutual love and helpfulness, are divine institutions. Their works are divine not because they have, any of them, any charter, or any of them any link or title which goes up out of sight and then, they say, is hitched on to the train of one of the Apostles. Many a ship throws over its deck-load in order to reach the harbor. Many churches will get along better if they don't undertake to meddle with creeds and the current theologies of the time.

The whole theory of morals is to be profoundly advantaged, I think, by the question of evolution. Of course just now there is a great deal of thinking, and more or less comparison of thought, on the principle of an amicable adjustment of controversies as respects the origin of morals; but one thing is very certain, and that is that the human race is unfolding in the direction of reason and moral sense and affectionate sense. The essential truths of God run down and throw their roots into the great natural laws. For every great precept, every essential, practical doctrine, it is better for the world that we should be able to say that it stands, not on the authority of the priest, nor even on the authority of experience, but that it stands rooted in nature itself. If we cast off intolerable superstitions, year after year, influences will work with the very seasons in favor of virtue and of a true religion. I thank God, therefore, for the growing light and power of the great doctrine of Christian Evolution.

MR. BEECHER'S ATTITUDE ON THE QUESTION OF EVOLUTION.

In commencing the series of sermons on Evolution and Religion, Mr. Beecher explained his position in the following terms:

The universal physical fact of evolution, which a widely accepted philosophy of our day postulates as a theory of the divine method of creation, is one which so naturally and simply fits many a puzzling lock, that it is gratefully seized by many who seem to themselves to have been shut out from hope and from the truth.

For myself, while finding no need of changing my idea of the divine personality because of new light upon his mode of working, I have hailed the evolutionary philosophy with joy. Some of the applications of its principles to the line of development I have to reject; others, though not proven — and in the present state of scientific knowledge perhaps not even provable — I accept as probable; but the underlying truth, as a law of nature, that is, a regular method of the divine action, I accept and use, and thank God for it!

Slowly, and through a whole fifty years, I have been under the influence, first obscurely, imperfectly, of the great doctrine of Evolution. In my earliest preaching I discerned that the kingdom of heaven is a leaven, not only in the individual soul, but in the world; the kingdom is as a grain of mustard-seed; I was accustomed to call my crude notion a *seminal theory* of the kingdom of God in this world. Later I began to feel that science had struck a larger view, and that this unfolding of seed and blade and ear in spiritual things was but one application of a great cosmic doctrine, which underlay God's methods in universal creation, and was notably to be seen in the whole development of human society and human thought. That great truth — through patient accumulations of fact, and marvelous intuitions of reason, and luminous expositions of philosophic relation, by men trained in observation, in thinking, and in expression — has now become accepted throughout the scientific world. Certain parts of it yet are in dispute, but substantially it is the doctrine of the scientific world. And that it will furnish — nay, is already bringing — to the aid of religious truth as set forth in the life and teachings of Jesus Christ a new and powerful aid, fully in line with other marked developments of God's providence in this his world, I fervently believe.

The relations of this great truth to Evangelical Christianity, so as to show that the substantial points of executive doctrine are helped and not hindered by this new aspect in which we are called to view them, offer the field in which I hope to do some work during the closing period of my life.

It is a familiar thought that the unbelief of to-day is the faith of to-morrow: and yet to-day always condemns the premature to-morrow. The skepticism of honest men unfolds the truth, and becomes the conviction of the after-

time. The theology that is rising upon the horizon will still rise. I cannot hope that it will be the perfect theology, but it will be a regenerated one; and I think far more powerful than the old; a theology of hope, and of love, which shall cast out fear. Nay more, it is to be a theology that will run nearer to the spirit and form of Christ's own teachings, he who found the tenderness of Divine Providence in the opening lilies of the field, and the mighty power of God's kingdom in the unfolding of germ and leaf and fruit.

Do you suppose that now, after fifty years in the Christian ministry, I could attend the funeral of religion cheerfully and joyfully, with every hereditary necessity on me, with the whole education of my youth, with all my associations, all the endearments of my past life in my memory, and with vivid and living sympathy with men; do you suppose that I could stand here to advocate any truth that would destroy the substance, or in any degree materially injure even the forms, of religion? I would die sooner! Do you suppose from my nature and my whole example, I could go into the course of sermons that I have preached, and into the course of sermons that, God willing, I will preach yet, for any other reason than that I believe that the new view is to give to religion a power, and a scope, and a character such as has never yet been taken and known in the world at large?

EXCERPTS FROM SERMONS ON EVOLUTION AND RELIGION.

Some Definitions of Evolution.

First, then, what is Evolution, and what does it reveal? The theory of Evolution teaches that the creation of this earth was not accomplished in six days of twenty-four hours; that the divine method occupied ages and ages of immense duration; that nothing, of all the treasures of the globe as they now stand, was created at first in its present perfectness; that everything has grown through the lapse of ages into its present condition; that the whole earth, with their development in it, was, as it were, an egg, a germ, a seed; that the forests, the fields, the shrubs,

the vineyards, all grasses and flowers, all insects, fishes, and birds, all mammals of every gradation, have had a long history, and that they have come to the position in which they now stand through ages and ages of gradual change and unfolding. Also that the earth itself went through a period of long preparation, passing from ether by condensation to a visible cloud form with increasing solidity, to such a condition as now prevails in the sun; that it condensed and became solid; that cold congealed its vapor; that by chemical action and by mechanical grinding of its surface by ice a soil was prepared fit for vegetation, long before it was fit for animal life; that plants simple and coarse came first and developed through all stages of complexity to the present conditions of the vegetable kingdom; that aquatic, invertebrate animals were the earliest of animals, according to the testimony of fossils in the earth. Fishes came next in order, then amphibians, then reptiles. "All these tribes were represented by species before the earliest of the mammals appeared. The existence of birds before the earliest mammal is not proved, though believed by some paleontologists upon probable evidence. The early mammals were marsupial, like the opossum and the kangaroo, and lived in the same era called by Agassiz the reptilian period. True mammals came into geologic history in the tertiary era. Very long after the appearance of the first bird came man, the last and grandest of the series, it is doubtful whether in the tertiary period or immediately sequent. It is not established whether his bones or relics occur as far back as the tertiary era."

This is a very brief statement, not my own, but that of Professor Dana, of renown. No man is more trusted, more careful, more cautious than he, and this brief history of the unfolding series I have taken bodily from his writings.

As thus set forth, it may be said that Evolution is accepted as *the method* of creation by the whole scientific world, and that the period of controversy is passed and closed. A few venerable men yet live with many doubts; but it may be said that ninety-nine per cent— as has been declared by an eminent physicist — ninety-nine per cent of scientific men and working scientists of the world are using this theory without any doubt of its validity. While the scientific world is at agreement upon this *order* of occurrence, it has been much divided as to the *causes* which

have operated to bring about these results. There is a diversity of opinion still, but with every decade scientific men are drawing together to a common ground of belief. The theory of Evolution is the *working* theory of every department of physical science all over the world. Withdraw this theory, and every department of physical research would fall back into heaps of hopelessly dislocated facts, with no order or reason or philosophy.

The Changes Evolution Will Affect.

That Evolution applied will greatly change the reading and the construction of the earlier periods of the Scripture history cannot be doubted. The Bible itself is one of the most remarkable monuments of the truth of the evolutionary process. There has been an immense amount of modern ignorance imported into the Bible. Again, the Lord is turning out the money-changers, and those who sell oxen and doves, from the temple. But that operation of old, left the temple cleansed and pure for religious uses. With many thoughtful Christian men, large tracts of the Bible lie uncultivated and unused. They do not use the whole; yet if any should take out a single text, there would be screams of fear. There is not one Christian man in a hundred, nor in a thousand, that thinks that the whole Bible is necessary to his spiritual development and growth. Men pick and choose, and in a sort of unconscious way, reject portions constantly. We must save them from throwing it all over. For the growth of knowledge, and of intelligence, will not permit men any longer to hold it as a talisman, an idol; and unless guided by a wiser teaching they will reject the Sacred Scriptures not only as false in science, but as a guide to conduct and to character. We of this age have come to the mountain-top; yet we can only see the promised land of the future. Our children shall go over to the land flowing with milk and honey. Great has been the past; the future shall be yet greater. Instead of doubts and dread of ill-omened prophecies, and railings and murmurings, the Church should write upon her banner, in this day of the orient, "Rise, shine; Thy light has come. The glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

A Grand Declaration of Faith.

The last years of my life I dedicate to this work of religion, to this purpose of God, to this development, on a grander scale, of my Lord and Master Jesus Christ. I believe in God. I believe in immortality. I believe in Jesus Christ as the incarnated representative of the spirit of God. I believe in all the essential truths that go to make up morality and spiritual religion. I am neither an infidel, nor an agnostic, nor an atheist; but if I am anything, by the grace of God, I am a lover of Jesus Christ, as the manifestation of God under the limitations of space and matter; and in no part of my life has my ministry seemed to me so solemn, so earnest, so fruitful, as this last decade will seem if I shall succeed in uncovering to the faith of this people the great truths of the two revelations — God's building revelation of the material globe, and God's building revelation in the unfolding of the human mind. May God direct me in your instruction!

Petty Criticisms of the Bible.

In this view let me say next, that the petty criticisms which peck at God's word, and are amazingly contemptible in the presence of this orient light which arose in twilight but waxed brighter and brighter toward the perfect day, ought to be the marvel and the wonder of men. What if there be anachronisms in the Bible? What does that amount to? What if there should be mistakes in dates, stumblings of good men, worn out and wasted customs still embalmed? What if there should be imperfect laws permitted? What if the dust and detritus of wretched peoples and corrupt ages should still be found here and there in the Bible? They are but fleeting elements, and have their use in marking the stages of development by which the human intelligence rose from darkness into relative light, and the conscience from being soiled into relative purity, and a higher faith was being developed. The Bible is not a book written as John Milton wrote "Paradise Lost," nor is it a book written as a man writes a history. It is not a book; it is a series of books, with intervals of hundreds of years between. It is the record of the progress of the human race in their development

into the divine idea through the medium of right-living. It is the serial history of the construction of the noblest elements that belong to human consciousness.

Should I, if I had stood upon the Acropolis, and discovered that there were spiders in the great temple, or that there was a leak in the roof, or that there was dust settled upon the cornices, blow up the building because I saw these specks in it? Yet there are men who deride this grandest collection of the evolutions of human consciousness towards the highest ideal. They have no conception of the grandeur of this movement, nor of the grandeur of its results. God, that fills the whole heaven, and irradiates the air, and his power which fills the globe, and the steps by which he brought the majesty of his being to the consciousness of the human family — all that is nothing! A lighthouse that stands upon some jutting point to throw cheer and guidance afar out over the stormed waters — is it nothing that it guides fleet after fleet safely past the peril and into the harbor? What if there is a crack in the walls, or some scratch on the glass, or if there is some other defect in the structure itself? These are petty, miserable, ungenerous, unphilosophical objections to the Word of God.

Divine Providence.

The reality of the Divine Providence has been the strength of men in every age of the world. God governs; affairs are not haphazard; affairs are not even the machine operation of a well-devised mechanical world. In the initial stages of science, when men began to find out that God interpreted his thoughts to them by natural laws, or rather, that natural laws were the constant expressions of the divine thought and purpose, the religious-minded feared that such a view would overthrow the doctrine of Special Providence. But through a changed conception of the nature of God, and of what are the expressions of the divine will, men are coming back to a belief in a general Divine Providence, and I think they will come back much nearer than that, although with manifold explanation. The doctrine of Providence stands, but men's ideas of its method and meaning will change along the line of experience, and of further divine manifestation in the world.

Change in the Churches.

That there is a great change going on, every man that is past forty years of age has at least a vague idea. Things are not as they were. Any church in any denomination that lives in the great thoroughfares of life is not what it was thirty, forty or fifty years ago. If it is so, it must be some church placed away in the mountains or off in the remote valleys, some kind of catacomb church, some church as well preserved as the mummies in Egypt. But the churches that live out-doors, and have a free sun and free circulation of air,— it is preposterous to say that they are not changed and changing. Men are greatly alarmed about this,— just men, good men, conscientious men. Nor are we to trifle with their alarm. Yet I rejoice at that which they grieve over, and I grieve over that which they rejoice in.

The Old Theory of Sin.

The old theory of sin, then,— which will be exterminated, I think, by the new light thrown upon the origin of man and the conditions by which the race has been developed,— is repulsive, unreasonable, immoral, and demoralizing. I hate it. I hate it because I love the truth, because I love God, and because I love my fellow-men. The idea that God created the race, and that two of them without experience were put under the temptation of the arch-fiend (or whatever the "creature" was), and that they fell into disobedience to what they did not understand anything about, and that God not only thrust them out of the Garden of Eden, as no parent would ever treat a child in his own household, but that he then transmitted the corruption that was the result of disobedience through the countless ages, and spread it out and out and out, and kept on through the system of nature, mingling damnation on the right and on the left, before and behind — I hate it, because I love God! I abhor it, because I love justice and truth. People say to me, "It is generally understood that you are not a Calvinist." John Calvin can take care of himself. But I am a teacher of righteousness. I am a lover of mankind. It is my business to make the truth, the path in which men's thoughts travel, just as plain as I can, and take out all the obstructions that tend to unbelief. Among the mischievious things of this kind is this whole

theory of sin and its origin, that lie at the base of the great evangelical systems of Christianity. I say, it is hideous, it is horrible, it is turning creation into a shamble and God into a slaughterer, and the human race into a condition worse a thousand-fold than that of beasts. The lion is never blamed for being a lion, nor the bear for being a bear, or for being no more than a lion or a bear; nor the horse, nor the swallow, nor the eagle, for not increasing the stature of their being. But man is made to start and not to stop; to go on, and on, and up, and onward, steadily emerging from the controlling power of the physical and animal conditions in which he was born and which enthrall him during his struggle upward, but ever touching higher elements of possibility, and ending in the glorious liberty of the sons of God.

Nursing Our Cares.

Men do not avail themselves of the riches of God's grace. They love to nurse their cares, and seem as uneasy without some fret, as an old friar would be without his hair girdle.

Paley's Illustration of the Watch.

You are all familiar with the famous illustration of Dr. Paley, where a man finds a watch, and infers irresistibly that that watch was made by some skillful, thoughtful watchmaker. Suppose that a man, having found a watch, should say to himself, "Somebody thought this out, and somebody created this; it is evidently constructed and adapted exactly to the end in view — the keeping of time." Suppose, then, that some one should take him to Waltham, and introduce him into that vast watch-factory, where watches are created in hundreds of thousands by machinery; and suppose the question should be put to him, "What do you think, then, about the man who created this machinery, which of itself goes on cutting out wheels, and springs, and pinions, and everything that belongs to making a watch? If it be an argument of design that a man could make one watch, is it not a sublimer argument of design that there is a man existing who could create a manufactory turning out millions of watches, and by machinery too, so that the human hand has little to do but to adjust the parts already created by machines?" If it be

evidence of design in creation that God adopted one single flower to its place and functions, is it not greater evidence if there is a system of such adaptations going on from eternity to eternity? Is out the creator of a system a more sublime designer than the creator of any single act?

Natural Laws Decrees of God.

The great natural laws of the world are decrees of God. Men are absolutely subject to them, and they cannot escape from them. These decrees are at once their body-guard and defense, or their judgments, sentences, and punishment. No man can with impunity transgress natural law, even although there is a sliding scale by which any natural law adapts itself to the constitution of individuals, so that that which in a slenderly-made man would be a violation of law, in a stronger and more robust man is not a violation. That is, though great natural laws take hold of men's bodies with a kind of sliding-scale, adapted to their nature and structure, yet substantially, all laws are universal, take hold of every man, and are bound to be obeyed. They are not the laws of nature only; they are just as much the laws of God as were the sentences issued from Mount Sinai. A natural law is a moral law. In their long operation and in their full effects upon the individual and upon human society, natural physical laws are moral laws; that is, they work out moral results as well as material and physical results. In one way they are imperious and irresistible over all men, but in another way they are the very means of liberty, of power, and of divinity in men. Whoever resists them is crushed; whoever accepts them is ennobled and empowered.

Systematic Theology.

For a long time speculative theology ruled man's beliefs. Character and conduct, which are the great ends of God in the creation of man, were supposed to be the product chiefly of right systematic and scholastic beliefs. It is not to be denied that right beliefs have much to do with conduct and with character, but it is false to suppose that conduct and character can always and easily be derived from systematic theological beliefs. A system grew up which has been filled with confusion and has had the effect of confusing

mankind; and it has come to pass that theology stands in about this state: those who think they understand it dispute incessantly among themselves, and those who do not wish to quarrel do not try to understand it. Systematic theology includes in a general way, to be sure, a sound morality, an imperfect mental philosophy, an analysis of God's nature and government, in which good and evil, truth and fiction, are blended, as in Daniel's vision; and this vision is an admirable description of the present condition of theology. The image's head was of fine gold, his breast and arms were of silver, his belly and thighs of brass, his legs of iron, his feet part iron and part clay. So stands theology to-day.

I Worship a God of Love.

While I never could bow down before a crystal God seated on a marble throne, white and cold as the marble itself, that suns himself and bids the revolving stars sweep on, every one of their censers casting out incense for his supreme and royal delectation; while I cannot worship universal selfishness, nor crystalline conceit, nor power, when I look up and behold the throne blazing with that whose sparks made mother love in the world, and when I behold that throne, sitting thereon one who cares and loves and longs, and through infinite ages with infinite patience, waits for the unfolding of the low, bringing them up in sections and ages higher and higher until the world blossoms and the consummation of the millenial day is at hand, I cannot withhold adoration, and I join with those that cry out "Thou art worthy to reign." Love, always; love, universal; love that suffers for those whom it loves, and having loved, loves them unto the end; so that I can and I do bow my understanding, my heart and my conscience.

The Bible Untouched by Sceptical Science.

What has the outward revelation of God's method of unfolding creation in it that can touch the inward life of the sacred Scriptures? What if miracles be set aside (as I do not think they need be): what if there be anachronisms found (as I think unquestionably there are); what if

dates do conflict; what if the early notions of astronomy are proved to be erroneous (as they are); what if six literal days of creation be no longer tenable (and they are not, except by an unconsciously dishonest twisting of men's intellectual faculties); what if the poem of Eden be proved but a poem, and the legend of our first parents be shown to be but the imagination of a child-like age: how will all the divine developments recorded in this book and proceeding from its influence be changed by these things? God will be the same, and humanity will be the same. These are facts exterior to the Scriptures. The needs of man will be the same and the supply provided will be the same. All that which the Bible has gained and set forth to the world is untouched by any sceptical science; and true science, the science of real knowledge, in the hands of honest men, so far from setting aside the word of God, step by step corroborates that which is its interior light and its real power.

Plenary and Verbal Inspiration.

The theory of plenary and verbal inspiration is a modern theory, which has come to its ascendancy since the Reformation. It is a theory which carries confusion into the Bible, sets part against part, gives sanction to puerilities, brings in contradictions, makes the early and nascent experiences of the human race of equal value with the latest ripened truths, and subjects the Sacred Book to ridicule and contempt. Indeed, for the most part, the infidelity of our age springs from a theory of inspiration which has no warrant in the Bible itself, and is contrary to the known history and structure of the Book. The logical outcome of the theory of verbal and plenary inspiration is superstition on the one hand, and infidelity on the other.

Natural Laws in Conflict.

Natural laws are constantly checked, constantly contradicted and made inoperative. They are set in conflict one against the other. The laws of chemical affinity are perpetually thwarted in the laboratory. The acid cannot have its way when it meets with an alkali, or the alkali when it meets an acid; they make a compromise. In me-

chanics the law of gravity cannot pull down the stone which you put an iron pillar under to support. In its wildness and untouched condition every weight must fall to the ground, but you say to the law of gravity, "You shall not pull that stone down." You have propped it up and made it resist the operation of gravity. Everywhere throughout the world you can put law against law, and you can make a compromise not only, but you can make laws do, by the infusion of human reason and human will, that which they would never do of themselves. That is the root and fundamental quality of civilization, that at last large communities have gained such a knowledge of natural laws that they have harnessed them and drive them for all work everywhere.

The Real Atonement.

The atonement confounded with the fable of Adam's fall will give place to a more glorious development of the outcoming of God's nature in the fullness of time, and the moral power that streams from the face of God in Christ Jesus.

The Church Not So Awful as it Once Was.

For example, everybody notices that Sunday is not kept as it used to be; whether for better or for worse — a little of both I think. The cords are not so tight. We do not begin Sunday on Saturday night any more. We do not absolutely forbid all cheerful converse on the Sabbath morning. We more than smile, we are not afraid to lay forth our hand, nor to walk forth in the communion of nature in field or garden. In various ways the Sabbath has been "popularized," as it is said; and over that some grieve. But whatever may be the change, there is this change: the church is not so awful as it used to be. It is larger, freer; it is more cheerful. Children are not petrified as they used to be. I used to love to go to church because I did enjoy walking down the half-mile of street and hearing birds, hearing the winds in the trees; but when I got into church I didn't dare to stir; and so I went to sleep, chiefly,—with an occasional rap of grace on my head. But the church was always cold and unsympathetic to my young nature.

Pedestal or Pillory.

Labor also is undergoing great struggle and agitation. It is the struggle of extrication. The rich and the poor are coming into affinities that scarcely were recognized hitherto. To-day the rich are about to learn, if they have not yet learned it, that they cannot separate themselves from the welfare of the whole great laboring multitude. The spirit of the ancient day still holds men to that endeavor, but the spirit of the new coming days is very soon to dissipate that condition of things. No man will stand long in any security in his riches, or with any great comfort in his luxuries, who does not make his riches serve the wants of common humanity. Men are not to be heroic, even in the court of Mammon, by the magnitude of their riches, but by the uses of them. Men are not to be laureled and crowned by their profligate expenditure, by their wanton exhibition of what their wealth will enable them to do, by their attempting to gild and garnish and glorify all the lower, all the more sensuous elements in human life, because they have the money. Men who are to have large properties are coming rapidly under the responsibility of using them for the public welfare, and not alone for their own selfishness. The man that stands to-day on a pedestal simply because he is rich will in another fifty years stand in the pillory if he does not make his riches serve mankind.

Immortality.

The question of immortality, also, has come up for consideration as it never came before. It relates to conduct and character in this life, and to destiny. There never was a time when it needed more investigation. There never was a time when it was having more investigation in every degree of wisdom, of doubt, or of skepticism. There is no theme about which, I suppose, the human conscience is or ought to be more concerned than about this. Am I but an animal? Is the cold house in the grave my whole house? Is there no existence after death? Is the fruit of this life thrown away and sacrificed? Is there another existence? If there is, how many can gain it, and what is the way of gaining it? Is the major part of the whole human family going to be destroyed? Is death the

hideous altar on which the great proportion of the human family are to be sacrificed? is there hope for the imperfect? Is there hope for men that are sinful — that is, for all men? for all are sinful, from the very best to the very lowest. If so, what are the conditions of it? These questions are undergoing investigation. The immediate and first fruit will be the shocking of the faith of a great many; but the next result is going to be a larger, purer, and more stimulating view of the reality of the fact of immortality.

Man the Consummation of Nature.

Man is the consummation of nature, and when man appears and begins to develop his characteristic agency, the law of force is no longer wanton and universal. It is constrained and restrained and made to walk in cerebral paths. Brainless nature follows power exclusively, and power despises weakness universally. But so soon as men appear, there comes in, feebly at first, but increasingly, a restraint upon force. The conversion of destructive force to protection begins to develop itself. Before the advent of man the world was a mighty engine of force, merely; the world went on grinding and clashing and destroying. Winds waxed mighty; the light blazed everywhere, but in vain; gravitation pulled down whatever lost its hold; heat and cold, all electric forces filled the earth with aimless energy, and the great law was, the weak must go to the wall, and the strong must surpass and survive. Slowly, steadily, continuously, man subdued the elements of force. He studied the laws of the world. He could not destroy the winds, but he could harness them. Chemistry brought into its laboratory the subtle elements of nature and compelled them to declare their secrets to mankind. The telescope on the one side, and the microscope on the other, have revealed the infinite depths and distances. The human brain began to match itself with the wild and ungovernable and material forces of nature. As man pursues upon the pampas of the South the wild steeds, and thus also brings one and another and subdues them with bit and saddle, mounts and rides them, giving all their strength and speed to his own loins, so man is pursuing the forces and the laws of nature; and all nature, as represented by this terraqueous globe is now following the weakness of the human

thought. Against the mighty energies that seem omnipotent, the silent forces of the brain are acting. Thought, noiselessly, gently — gentle as the light, as the falling dew, walks forth, revealing and subduing the mighty forces of nature that, at first, terrified, crushed and annihilated man.

Obstructions to the Progress of Truth.

There are two obstructions to the progress of truth. One is the natural obscurity of the teacher's own mind, his moral condition; the other is the condition of those to whom he brings it. It is oftentimes true that truth is a lie — truth in your mouth and a lie in the ears of your congregation. They do not understand it; they misunderstand it; they are not prepared for it. In school we bring children up through the primitive branches, little by little, that by-and-by they may take hold of higher truths, which are at first to be adumbrated; and it is eminently so in all moral instruction. There are two considerations; one is the clarity or the elevation of the man himself; and the other is the condition of mind of the community to which he ministers. It is a perpetual, practical compromise. It is a perpetual unfolding of the truth to the teacher, and through him to his people, little by little as they digest it, bringing them at last to that condition in which they shall be fed, not any longer with milk, but with meat, because they are full-grown. All these practical elements are involved in the Pauline history. They break out and show themselves here and there all the way through the writings, especially of the Apostle Paul, the great organizer of antiquity.

Self-Control.

That word "temperance," in the Fifth of Galatians, the closing words of that cluster or crown of graces mentioned there — "temperance" is the word, but the true meaning is *self-control*, the power of doing that successfully which one has a mind to, and putting down one part and putting up another part, having perfect control over all the man's own nature. I think the days that precede millennial glory will have some other way than rote teach-

ing, or the mere stuffing of a child with knowledge in some departments, leaving life really to be his great educator ; for when a man goes out now into life too sensitive, he very soon is ready, in the shop or in his profession, to repress the sensibility that he has in over-measure ; or he is too blunt and loses customers until he begins to smile and become courteous ; he learns it behind the counter, this looking upon everybody as if each was unlike everybody else, until by diversity of experience he finds out how different men are. The road to the front door of a man lies in a very different direction, in different individuals. Some men have got no door but a back door, and some men have got a side door, and some a front door. Some men have got only a scuttle in the roof ; you have to go down that to get into them ; and there is no instruction provided for in our courses, in our schools, on these fundamental differences among mankind. Men are left to pick them up ; the stupid never do, and the bright do, and use them to their own advantage, selfishly. Do you suppose the human race is to go on forever and forever in that way, and a man's internal structure be an enigma, and the method of training it lag far behind the training that the athlete gives to the bodily organs ? No ; the day will come when men will understand the inside just as well as the outside.

Remedies For Poverty.

Intelligence and virtue are remedies for poverty. Schools and churches are good instruments ; they are the fountains out of which go knowledge and virtue, and there is a reason in political economy why churches and schools should be everywhere multiplied. No class of people in the world are so much interested as the poor in the development of these institutions, provided they represent the genius of the Gospel, compassion for the poor. There is no class so much interested in them as the poor, as the day laborer, as, what are called among us the common people. The remarkable people of this world are useful in their way, but the common people after all represent the nation, the age and the civilization. Go into any town or city ; do not ask who lives in that splendid house ; do not say, " This is a fine town ; here are streets of houses with gardens and yards, and everything that is beautiful the

whole way through." Go into the lanes, go into the back streets, go where the mechanic lives; go where the day-laborer lives. See what is the condition of the streets there. See what they do with the poor, with the helpless and the mean. If the top of society bends perpetually over the bottom with tenderness, if the rich and strong are the best friends of the poor and needy, that is a civilized and a Christian community: but if the rich and the wise are the cream, and the great bulk of the population skim-milk, that is not a prosperous community.

The Mainspring Wanting.

In all theories of organized society the mainspring is wanting. There is no want of desire, no want of emotion, no want of philosophy. All thinking men of our age are agog on this subject. Everybody wants to have the world happier than it is; all the world wants to have more justice; all the world wants more prosperity. But men have not yet been taught, either by nature or by revelation, what is the secret of prosperity; that power is the servant of weakness; that the ends, as indicated by the providence of God, the great ends of power in the development of the human race, are to assist those that are uppermost to draw up those that are below them; to assist those that are feeble, by giving them the ægis and protection of those that are mighty. The mainspring, therefore, of reform is wanting, the old word: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, and thy neighbor as thyself;" there you have it. As the subjugation of rude force springs more from the instincts of life than from the sentiments of love, so all final great reforms in the organization of human society at large must spring from that same central element: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor." The world don't believe in that yet; has not come within sight of it.

Spiritualism.

Consider, for a moment, what there is in the teachings of the Word of God which transcends human experience. Spirit-life must be incomprehensibly different from life in the body; and yet you will take notice that whenever spirit-life is interpreted to us by spiritual teachers it is

done by bringing back to us human forms, human thought and human action. The whole literature and lore of what is called "Spiritualism," in our day, is a confession that men cannot understand spirit. It frees man from bodily conditions, and throws him into a higher sphere by imagination; but then he is just the same that he was, only he seems to be made up of cloud instead of good honest flesh and bones; and he thinks, and hears, and feels, and talks, and walks just as he did before.

Rights and Liberties of Man.

The rights and liberties of man are, however, negative and positive. When we speak of a man's rights, we are very apt to think of them simply in their primitive form. "I have a right to think, to speak and to do;" but you have the other right, too; you have a right to hold your tongue. You are not bound to speak whenever you have a mind to. You have a right to think and to investigate; and you have a right to form a Christian judgment whether in your age, in your conditions, it is best for you to speak your thought. This is particularly so in the case of all men who stand in a pastoral or teaching relation. There are a great many men in the world who cannot understand this. I sometimes think they have so few ideas of their own that whenever they get one they cannot help firing it off, just like a child with a Chinese cracker. What is it good for unless they fire it off? There are men who have an idea, and they do not know what is the matter with them, and they make it known everywhere, and they ride it, and ride it to death. It is not large; it has no connections one side or the other; but it is a little different; and it may and it may not be a little better than has been held before; and so they proclaim it. Looking upon those whose business it is to advance the cause of truth, and who are supposed to have had some advanced views, they say, "Why don't these men speak out? Why don't the pulpits, all of them, utter their views? These men have knowledge and don't let it out. They believe a good deal further ahead than they preach, and they are not sincere." They think every man is to put a trumpet to his mouth, and every moment he has a new idea, rush to proclaim it without waiting for the truth to ripen, or without thinking of what the effect will be.

Time and Eternity.

Now what is time to men is not time to God. As we have but threescore and ten or fourscore of years to live, and as we have much to do, and as what we accomplish must be crowded into those years, we are in a hurry; but God dwells in Eternity! He has time enough, he never needs to hurry; and that which, because we are in physical conditions, seems to us delay, is not delay to the Divine mind. In the vast scheme according to which he works, a million years, or ten million years, do not seem long to him; nor will they seem long to us when we are on the other side. The trouble with us is that we are bringing time-measures and flesh-measures to bear on themes to which only spirit-measures are adapted. It matters not if the race have been here twenty or thirty thousand years, provided they are going forward on a system which will in the end bring all things in heaven and on earth into one in Christ Jesus. This thought takes out of human life that bitter element which otherwise carries poison through it from end to end. The sense of divine universal justice, confidence in God, the feeling which enables one to say, "Wait, Lord, as long as thou wilt: if a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night, then let a thousand years measure the period of human ascendency; only, in the far future, when the world that has groaned and travailed in pain so long shall have forgotten the cries of sorrow and sighing, and learned the notes of gladness and joy, and at last the ransomed of the Lord shall have returned and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads, then let every sentient creature, in heaven, on earth and under the earth, join the shining crowd, and lift up his voice, and help to swell the triumphant chorus that shall fill the infinite space of heaven!" *That confidence* illuminates, for me, the mystery of the slow and long-delayed operations of this mortal life.

A Word to Young Men.

Young men that wait upon my ministry, I do not say to you, lay aside the dangerous books of modern thought; I say, read them. Do not be afraid of them, do not be afraid of change. But do not make haste; do not be misguided by false lights. I am for liberty of knowl-

edge, for liberty in philosophy, in spite of organization and precedents and of all that is past. Go on from ignorance to twilight, and from twilight to sunrise, and from sunrise to mid-day. But be sure of one thing — whatever philosophy has taught or is teaching, you are a sinful and imperfect man, and that is the root-truth for you. And again: God is abroad in the world to give inspiration and help to you, and to lift you up out of your animal life into spiritual. These two truths are to be held as you hold your very birthright of life itself. You are sinners; and God, through Jesus Christ, has come into the world to save sinners. Be lifted then into communion and intercourse and likeness with God. Read on; fill your mind with facts and ideas, but do not be in haste to give up the covenants of your fathers. Do not be skeptical of the reality of piety. Is there no mother that rises from the horizon of your memory to tell you that her religion was true — not its doctrines, but its substance? Is there no venerable patriarch remembered as your father, whose justice and charity and truth were such that you can say, "If ever there was a Christian he was one"? You have seen what religion is in actual disposition and in actual life. Hold on to that substance.

MR. BEECHER'S ORATION IN EXETER HALL, LONDON.

THE last of Mr. Beecher's historic speeches in England was delivered in Exeter Hall, and is here presented mainly because it contains a summary of the whole discussion. Exeter Hall was crowded to its uttermost. The Chamberlain of London presided and was supported by a large array of clergymen of all denominations, and of many distinguished Englishmen:

As this is my last public address upon the American question in England, I may be permitted to glance briefly at my course here. At Manchester I attempted to give a history of the external political movement for fifty years past, so far as it was necessary to illustrate the fact that the present American war was only an overt and warlike form of a contest between liberty and slavery that had been going on politically for half a century. At Glasgow I undertook to show the condition of work or labor necessitated by any profitable system of slavery, demonstrating that it brought it into contempt, affixing to it the badge of degradation, and that a struggle to extend servile labor across the American continent interests every free workingman on the globe. For my sincere belief is that the Southern cause is the natural enemy of free labor and the laborer all the world over. In Edinburgh I endeavored to sketch how, out of separate colonies and states intensely jealous of their individual sovereignty, there grew up and was finally established a nation, and how in that Nation of United States, two distinct and antagonistic systems were developed and strove for the guidance of the national policy, which struggle at length passed and the North gained the control. Thereupon the South abandoned the Union simply and solely because the Government was in future to be administered by men who would give their whole influence to freedom. In Liverpool I labored under

difficulties — to show that slavery in the long run was as hostile to commerce and to manufacturers all the world over, as it was to free interests in human society — that a slave nation must be a poor customer, buying the fewest and poorest goods, and the least profitable to the producers — that it was the interest of every manufacturing country to promote freedom, intelligence, and wealth among all nations — that this attempt to cover the fairest portion of the earth with a slave population that buys next to nothing should array against it every true political economist and every thoughtful and far-seeing manufacturer, as tending to strike at the vital want of commerce — which is not cotton, but rich customers. I have endeavored to enlist against this flagitious wickedness, and the great civil war which it has kindled, the judgment, conscience and interests of the British people. I am aware that a popular address before an excited audience more or less affected by party sympathies is not the most favorable method of doing justice to these momentous topics; and there have been some other circumstances which made it yet more difficult to present a careful or evenly balanced statement; but I shall do the best I can to leave no vestige of doubt that slavery was the cause — the only cause — the whole cause — of this gigantic and cruel war. I have tried to show that sympathy for the South, however covered by excuses or softened by sophistry, is simply sympathy with an audacious attempt to build up a slave empire pure and simple. I have tried to show that in this contest the North were contending for the preservation of their Government and their own territory, and those popular institutions on which the well-being of the nation depended. So far I have spoken to the English from an English point of view. To-night I ask you to look at this struggle from an American point of view, and in its moral aspects. That is, I wish you to take our stand-point for a little while, and to look at our actions and motives, not from what the enemy say, but from what we say. When two men have disagreed, you seldom promote peace between them by attempting to prove that either of them is all right or either of them is all wrong. Now there has been some disagreement of feeling between America and Great Britain. I don't want to argue the question to-night which is right and which is wrong, but if some kind neighbor will persuade two people that are at disagreement to consider each other's position

and circumstances, it may not lead either to adopting the other's judgment, but it may lead them to say of each other, "I think he is honest and means well, even if he be mistaken." You may not thus get a settlement of the *difficulty*, but you will get a settlement of the *quarrel*. I merely ask you to put yourselves in our track for one hour, and look at the objects as we look at them — after that, form your judgment as you please. The first and earliest form in which the conflict took place between North and South was purely moral. It was a conflict simply of opinion and of truths by argument; and by appeal to the moral sense it was sought to persuade the slaveholder to adopt some plan of emancipation. When this seemed to the Southern sensitiveness unjust and insulting, it led many in the North to silence, especially as the South seemed to apologize for slavery rather than defend it against argument. It was said, "The evil is upon us; we cannot help it. We are sullied, but it is a misfortune rather than a fault. It is not right for the North to meddle with that which is made worse by being meddled with, even by argument or appeal." That was the earlier portion of the conflict. A great many men were deceived by it. I never myself yielded to the fallacy. As a minister of the gospel preaching to sinful men, I thought it my duty not to give in to this doctrine; their sins were on them, and I thought it my duty not to soothe them, but rather to expose them. The next stage of the conflict was purely political. The South was attempting to extend their slave system into the Territories, and to prevent free States from covering the continent, by bringing into the Union a slave State for every free State. It was also the design and endeavor of the South not simply to hold and employ the enormous power and influence of the Central *Executive*, but also to engraft into the whole Federal Government a slave State *policy*. They meant to fill all offices at home and abroad with men loyal to slavery — to shut up the road to political preferment against men who had aspirations for freedom, and to corrupt the young and ambitious by obliging them to swear fealty to slavery as the condition of success. I am saying what I know. I have seen the progressive corruption of men naturally noble, educated in the doctrine of liberty, who, being bribed by political offices, at last bowed the knee to Moloch. The south pursued a uniform system of bribing and corrupting ambitious men of north-

ern consciences. A far more dangerous part of its policy was to change the Constitution, not overtly, not by external aggression — worse, to fill the courts with Southern judges, until, first by laws of Congress passed through Southern influence, secondly, by the construction and adjudication of the courts, the Constitution having become more and more tied up to Southern principles, the North would have to submit to slavery, or else to oppose it by violating the law and Constitution as construed by servile judges. They were, in short, little by little, injecting the laws, Constitution and policy of the country with the poison and blood of slavery.

Now, take notice first, that the North, hating slavery, having rid itself of it at its own cost, and longing for its extinction throughout America, was unable until this war to touch slavery directly. The North could only contend against slave *policy* — not directly against slavery. Why? Because slavery was not the creature of national law, and therefore not subject to national jurisprudence, but of State law and subject only to State jurisdiction. A direct act on the part of the North to abolish slavery would have been revolutionary. (A voice: "We do not understand you.") You will understand me before I have done with you to-night. Such an attack would have been a violation of the fundamental principle of State independence. This peculiar structure of our Government is not so unintelligible to Englishmen as you may think. It is only taking an English idea on a larger scale. We have borrowed it from you. A great many do not understand how it is that there should be State independence under a National Government. Now I am not closely acquainted with your affairs, but the chamberlain can tell you if I am wrong, when I say, that there belong to the old city of London certain private rights that Parliament cannot meddle with. Yet there are elements in which Parliament — that is, the will of the nation — is as supreme over London as over any town or city of the realm. Now, if there are some things which London has kept for her own judgment and will, and yet others which she has given up to the national will, you have herein the principle of the American government by which local matters belong exclusively to the local jurisdiction, and certain general matters to the National Government. I will give you another illustration that will bring it home to you. There is not a street in Lon-

don, but, as soon as a man is inside his house he may say, his house is his castle. There is no law in the realm which can lay down to that man how many members shall compose his family — how he shall dress his children — when they shall get up and when they shall go to bed — how many meals he shall have a day, and of what those meals shall be constituted. The interior economy of the house belongs to the members of the house, yet there are many respects in which every householder is held in check by common rights. They have their own interior and domestic economy, yet they share in other things which are national and governmental. It may be very wrong to give children opium, but all the doctors in London cannot say to a man that he shall not drug his child. It is his business, and if it is wrong it cannot be interfered with. I will give you another illustration. Five men form a partnership-business. Now, that partnership represents the National Government of the United States; but it has relation only to certain great commercial interests common to them all. But each of these five men has another sphere — his family — and in that sphere the man may be a drunkard, a gambler, a lecherous and indecent man, but the firm cannot meddle with his morals. It cannot touch anything but business interests that belong to the firm. Now, our States came together on this doctrine — that each State, in respect to those rights and institutions that were local and peculiar to it, was to have undivided sovereignty over its own affairs; but that all those powers, such as taxes, wars, treaties of peace, which belong to one State and are common to all States went into the General Government. The General Government never had the power — the power was never delegated to it — to meddle with the interior and domestic economy of the States, and it never could be done You will ask what are we doing it for now ? I will tell you in due time. Have I made that point plain ? It was only that part of slavery which escaped from the State jurisdiction and which entered into the national sphere which formed the subject of controversy. We could not justly touch the constitution of the States, but only the policy of the National Government that came out beyond the State and appeared in Congress and in the Territories. We are bound to abide by our fundamental law. Honor, fidelity, integrity, as well as patriotism, required us to abide by that law. The great conflict between the South

and North, until this war began, was, which should control the Federal or Central Government and what we call the *Territories;* that is, lands which are the property of the Union, and have not yet received *State* rights. That was the conflict. It was not "Emancipation" or "No Emancipation;" Government had no business with that question. Before this war, the only thing on which politically the free people of the North and South took their respective sides was, "Shall the *National* policy be free or slave." And I call you to witness that forbearance, though not a showy virtue — fidelity, though not a shining quality — are fundamental to manly integrity.

During a period of eighty years, the North, whose wrongs I have just read out to you, not from her own lips, but from the lips of her enemy, has stood faithfully to her word. With scrupulous honor she has respected legal rights, even when they were merely civil and not moral rights. The fidelity of the North to the great doctrine of State rights, which was born of her—her forbearance under wrong, insult, and provocation—her conscientious and honorable refusal to meddle with the evil which she hated, and which she saw to be aiming at the life of Government, and at her own life — her determination to hold fast pact and constitution, and gain her victories by giving the people a new *National* policy—will yet be deemed worthy of something better than a contemptuous sneer, or the allegation of an "enormous national vanity." The Northern forbearance is one of those themes of which we may be justly proud—a product of virtue, a fruit of liberty, an inspiration of that Christian faith, which is the mother at once of truth and of liberty. I am proud to think that there is such a record of national fidelity as that which the North has written for herself by the pen of one of her worst enemies. Now that is the reason why the North did not at first go to war to enforce emancipation. She went to war to save the national institutions—to save the Territories; to sustain those laws which would first circumscribe, then suffocate, and finally destroy slavery. That is the reason why that most true, honest, just, and conscientious magistrate, Mr. Lincoln — (the announcement of Mr. Lincoln's name was received with loud and continued cheering. The whole audience rose and cheered for some time, and it was a few minutes before Mr. Beecher could proceed.) From having spoken

much at tumultuous assemblies I had at times a fear that when I came here this evening my voice would fail from too much speaking. But that fear is now changed to one that *your* voices will fail from too much cheering. How then did the North pass from a conflict with the South and a slave policy, to a direct attack upon the institutions of slavery itself? Because, according to the foreshadowing of that wisest man of the South, Mr. Stephens, they beleaguered the National Government and the national life with the institution of slavery—obliged a sworn President, who was put under oath not to invade that institution, to take his choice between the safety and life of the Government itself, or the slavery by which it was beleaguered. If any man lays an obstruction on the street, and blocks up the street, it is not the fault of the people if they walk over it. As the fundamental right of individual self-defense cannot be withdrawn without immorality; so the first element of national life is to defend life. As no man attacked on the highway violates law, but obeys the law of self-defense—a law inside of the laws—by knocking down his assailant; so, when a nation is assaulted it is a right and duty, in the exercise of self-defense, to destroy the enemy, by which otherwise it will be destroyed. As long as the South allowed it to be a moral and political conflict of policy, we were content to meet the issue as one of policy. But when they threw down the gauntlet of war, and said that by it slavery was to be adjudicated, we could do nothing else than take up the challenge. The police have no right to enter your house as long as you keep within the law, but when you defy the laws and endanger the peace and safety of the neighborhood they have a right to enter. So in constitutional governments; it has no power to touch slavery while slavery remains a State institution. But when it lifts itself up out of its State humility and becomes banded to attack the nation, it becomes a national enemy, and has no longer exemption. But it is said, "The President issued his proclamation after all for political effect, not for humanity." Of course the right of issuing a proclamation of emancipation was political, but the disposition to do it was personal. Mr. Lincoln is an officer of the State, and in the Presidential chair has no more right than your judge on the bench to follow his private feelings. He is bound to ask, "What is the law?"—not, "What is my sympathy?"

And when a judge sees that a rigid execution or interpretation of the law goes along with primitive justice, with humanity, and with pity, he is all the more glad because his private feelings go with his public office. Perhaps in the next house to a kind and benevolent surgeon is a boy who fills the night with groans, because he has a cancerous and diseased leg. The surgeon would fain go in and amputate that limb and save that life; but he is not called in and therefore he has no business to go in, though he ever so much wish it. But at last the father says to him, "In the name of God, come in and save my child;" and he goes in *professionally* and cuts off his leg and saves his life, to the infinite disgust of a neighbor over the way, that says, "Oh, he would not go in from *neighborly* feeling and cut his leg off." I should like to know how any man has a right to cut your leg or mine off except professionally, and so a man must often wait for official leave to perform the noblest offices of justice and humanity. Here then is the great stone of stumbling. At first the President could not touch slavery, because in time of peace it was a legal institution. How then can he do it now? Because in time of war it has stepped beyond its former sphere, and is no longer a local institution, but a national and public enemy. Now I promised to make that clear; have I done it?

It is said, "Why not let the South go? Since they won't be at peace with you, why do you not let them separate from you?" *Because they would be still less peaceable when separated.* Oh, if the Southerners only would go! They are determined to stay — that is the trouble. We would furnish free passage to all of them if they would go. But we say the land is ours. Let them go, and leave to the nation its land, and they will have our unanimous consent. But I wish to discuss this more carefully. It is the very marrow of the matter. I ask you to stand in our place for a little time, and see this question as we see it, afterward make up your judgment. And first, this war began by the act of the South firing at the old flag that had covered both sections with glory and protection. The attack made upon us was under circumstances which inflicted immediate severe humiliation, and threatened us with final subjugation. The Southerners held all the keys of the country. They had robbed our arsenals. They had made our treasury bankrupt. They had pos-

session of the most important offices in the army and navy. They had the vantage of having long anticipated and prepared for the conflict. We knew not whom to trust. One man failed and another man failed. Men, pensioned by the government, lived on the salary of the government only to have better opportunity to stab and betray it. There was not merely one Judas, there were a thousand in our country. And for the North to have lain down like a spaniel — to have given up the land that every child in America is taught, as every child in Britain is taught, to regard as his sacred right and his trust — to have given up the mouths of our own rivers and our mountain citadel without a blow, would have marked the North in all future history as craven and mean. Secondly, the honor and safety of that grand experiment, self-government by free institutions, demanded that so flagitious a violation of the first principles of legality should not carry off impunity and reward, thereafter enabling the minority in every party conflict to turn and say to the majority, "If you don't give us our way we will make war." Oh, Englishmen, would you let a minority dictate in such a way to you? (Loud cries of "No, no, never!" and cheers.) Three thousand miles off don't make any difference, then? The principle thus introduced would literally have no end — would carry the nation back to its original elements of isolated States. If every treaty may be overthrown by which States have been settled into a nation, what form of political union may not on like grounds be severed? There is the same force in the doctrine of secession in the application to counties as in the application to States, and if it be right for a State or a county to secede, it is equally right for a town or city. This doctrine of secession is a huge revolving millstone that grinds the national life to powder. It is anarchy in velvet, and national destruction clothed in soft phrases and periphrastic expressions. But we have fought with that devil "Slavery," and understand him better than you do. No people with patriotism and honor will give up territory without a struggle for it. Would you give it up? It is said that the States are owners of their territory! It is theirs to use, not theirs to run away with. We have equal right with them to enter it. Let me inform you when those States first sat in convention to form a union, a resolution was introduced by the delegates from South Carolina and Vir-

ginia, "That we now proceed to form a *National* Government." The delegate from Connecticut objected. The New Englanders were State-right men, and the South, in the first instance, seemed altogether for a national government. Connecticut objected, and a debate took place whether it should be a constitution for a mere confederacy of States, or for a nation formed out of those States. (A voice: "When was that?") It was in the convention of 1787. He wants to help me. I like such interruptions. I am here a friend among friends. Nothing will please me better than any question asked in courtesy and in earnest to elucidate this subject. I am not afraid of being interrupted by questions which are to the point. At this convention the resolution of the New England delegates that they should form a confederacy instead of a nation was voted down, and never came up again. The first draft of the preamble contained these words: "We the people of the United States, for the purpose of forming a nation;" but as there was a good deal of feeling among the North and South on the subject, when the draft came to the committee for revision, and they had simply to put in the proper phraseology, they put it "for the purpose of forming a Union." But when the question whether the States were to hold their autocracy came up in South Carolina — which was called the Carolina heresy — it was put down and never lifted its head up again until this secession, when it was galvanized to justify that which has no other pretense to justice. I would like to ask those English gentlemen who hold that it is right for a State to secede when it pleases, how they would like it if the county of Kent would try the experiment. The men who cry out for secession of the Southern States in America would say, "Kent seceding? Ah, circumstances alter cases." The Mississippi, which is our Southern door and hall to come in and go out, runs right through the territory which they tried to rend from us. The South magnanimously offered to let us use it; but what would you say, if, on going home, you found a squad of gypsies seated in your hall, who refused to be ejected, saying, "But look here, we will let you go in and out on equitable and easy terms." But there was another question involved — the question of national honor. If you take up and look at the map that delineates the mountainous features of that continent, you will find the peculiar

structure of the Alleghany ridge, beginning in New Hampshire, running across the New England States, through Pennsylvania and West Virginia, stopping in the northern part of Georgia. Now, all the world over, men that live in mountainous regions have been men for liberty; and from the first hour to this hour the majority of the population of western Virginia, which is in this mountainous region, a majority of the population of eastern Tennessee, of western Carolina, and of north Georgia, have been true to the Union, and were urgent not to go out. They called to the national government, "We claim that, in fulfillment of the compact of the constitution, you defend our rights, and retain us in the Union." We would not suffer a line of fire to be established one thousand five hundred miles along our southern border out of which, in a coming hour, there might shoot out wars and disturbances with such a people as the South, that never kept faith in the Union, and would never keep faith out of it. They have disturbed the land as old Ahab of accursed memory did; and when Elijah found this Ahab in the way, Ahab said, "It is Elijah that has disturbed Israel." Now we know the nature of this people. We know that if we entered into a truce with them they would renew their plots and violences, and take possession of the continent in the name of the Devil and slavery. One more reason why we will not let this people go is because we do not want to become a military people.

A great many say America is becoming too strong; she is dangerous to the peace of the world. But if you permit or favor this division, the South becomes a military nation, and the North is compelled to become a military nation. Along a line of 1,500 miles she must have forts, and men to garrison them. These 250,000 soldiers will constitute the national standing army of the North. Now any nation that has a large standing army is in great danger of losing its liberties. Before this war the legal size of the national army was 25,000. That was all; the actual number was 18,000, and those were all the soldiers we wanted. The *Tribune* and other papers repeatedly said that these men were useless in our nation. But if the country were divided, then we should have two great military nations taking its place, and instead of a paltry 18,000 soldiers, there would be 250,000 on one side and 100,000 or 200,000 on the other. And if America, by this ill-advised disruption,

is forced to have a standing army, like a boy with a knife she will always want to whittle with it. It is the interest then of the world that the nation should be united, and that it should be under the control of that part of America that has always been for peace, that it should be wrested from the control and policy of that part of the nation that has always been for more territory, for filibustering, for insulting foreign nations. But this is not all. The religious-minded among our people feel that in the territory committed to us there is a high and solemn trust — a national trust. We are taught that in some sense the world itself is a field, and every Christian nation acknowledges a certain responsibility for the moral condition of the globe. But how much nearer does it come when it is one's own country! And the church of America is coming to feel more and more that God gave us this country, not merely for material aggrandizement, but for a glorious triumph of the Church of Christ. Therefore we undertook to rid the territory of slavery. Since slavery divested itself of its municipal protection, and has become a declared public enemy, it is our duty to strike down the slavery which would blight this far Western territory. When I stand and look out upon that immense territory as a man, as a citizen, as a Christian minister, I feel myself asked, "Will you permit that vast country to be overclouded by this curse? Will you permit the cries of bondmen to issue from that fair territory, and do nothing for their liberty?" What are we doing? Sending our ships round the globe, carrying missionaries to the Sandwich Islands, to the islands of the Pacific, to Asia, to all Africa. And yet, when this work of redeeming our continent from the heathendom of slavery lies before us, there are men who counsel us to give it up to the devil, and not try to do anything with it. Ah! independent of pounds and pence, independent of national honor, independent of all merely material considerations, there is pressing on every conscientious Northerner's mind this highest of all considerations — our duty to God to save that continent from the blast and blight of slavery. Yet how many are there who up, down, and over all England are saying, "Let slavery go—let slavery go?" It is recorded, I think, in the biography of one of the most noble of your own countrymen, Sir T. Fowell Buxton — that on one occasion a huge favorite dog was seized with hydrophobia. With wonderful courage he seized the crea-

ture by the neck and collar, and against the animals mightiest efforts, dashing hither and thither against wall and fence, held him until help could be got. If there had been Englishmen there of the stripe of the *Times*, they would have said to Fowell Buxton, "Let him go;" but is there one here who does not feel the moral nobleness of that man, who rather than let the animal go down to the street biting children and women and men, risked his life and prevented the dog from doing evil? Shall we allow that hell-hound of slavery, mad, mad as it is, to go biting millions in the future? We will peril life and limb and all we have first. These truths are not exaggerated — they are diminished rather than magnified in my statement; and you cannot tell how powerfully they are influencing us unless you were standing in our midst in America; you cannot understand how firm that national feeling is which God has bred in the North on this subject. It is deeper than the sea; it is firmer than the hills; it is as serene as the sky over our heads where God dwells. But it is said, "What a ruthless business this war of extermination is!" I have heard it stated that a fellow from America, purporting to be a minister of the gospel of peace, had come over to England, and that that fellow had said he was in favor of a war of extermination. Well, if he said so he will stick to it, but not in a way in which enemies put these words. Listen to the way in which I put them, for if I am to bear the responsibility, it is only fair that I should state them in my own way. We believe that the war is a test of our institutions; that it is a life-and-death struggle between the two principles of liberty and slavery that it is the cause of the common people all the world over. We believe that every struggling nationality on the globe will be stronger if we conquer this odious oligarchy of slavery, and that every oppressed people in the world will be weaker if we fail. The sober American regards the war as part of that awful yet glorious struggle which has been going on for hundreds of years in every nation between right and wrong, between virtue and vice, between liberty and despotism, between freedom and bondage. It carries with it the whole future of our vast continent — its laws, its policy, its fate. And standing in view of these tremendous realities we have consecrated all that we have — our children, our wealth, our national strength — and we lay them all on the altar and say, "It is better that they should all

perish than that the North should falter and betray this trust of God, this hope of the oppressed, this Western civilization." If we say this of ourselves, shall we say less of the slaveholders? If we are willing to do these things, shall we say, "Stop the war for their sakes"? If we say this of ourselves, shall we have more pity for the rebellious, for slavery seeking to blacken a continent with its awful evil, desecrating the social phrase, "National Independence" by seeking only an independence that shall enable them to treat four millions as *chattels?* Shall we be tenderer over them than over ourselves? Standing by my cradle, standing by my hearth, standing by the altar of the Church, standing by all the places that mark the name and memory of heroic men that poured out their blood and lives for principle, I declare that in ten or twenty years of war we will sacrifice everything we have for principle. If the love of popular liberty is dead in Great Britain you will not understand us; but if the love of liberty lives as it once lived, and has worthy successors of those renowned men that were our ancestors as much as yours, and whose example and principles we inherit as so much seed-corn in a new and fertile land — then you will understand our firm, invincible determination to fight this war through at all hazards and at every cost. (Immense cheering.) I am obliged for this diversion; it rests me.

Against this statement of facts and principles no public man and no party could stand up for one moment in England if it were permitted to rest upon its own merits. It is therefore sought to darken the light of these truths and to falsify facts. I will not mention names, but I will say this, that there have been important organs in Great Britain that have deliberately and knowingly spoken what is not the truth. It is declared that the North has no sincerity. It declares that the North treats the blacks worse than the South does. A monstrous lie from beginning to end. It is declared that emancipation is a mere political trick — not a moral sentiment. It is declared that this is the cruel, unphilanthropic squabble of men gone mad with national vanity. Oh, what a pity that a man should "fall nine times the space that measures day and night" to make an apostasy which dishonors his closing days, and to wipe out the testimony for liberty that he gave in his youth! But even if all this monstrous lie about the North — this needless slander — were true, still

it would not alter the fact that Northern success will carry liberty — Southern success, slavery. For when society dashes against society, the results are not what the *individual* motives of the members of society would make them — the results are what the *institutions* of society make them. When your army stood at Waterloo, they did not know what were the vast moral consequences that depended on that battle. It was not what the individual soldier meant or thought, but what the British empire — the national life behind, and the genius of that renowned kingdom which sent that army to victory — meant and thought. And even if the President were false — if every Northern man were a juggling hypocrite — that does not change the Constitution; and it does not change the fact that if the North prevails, she carries Northern ideas and Northern institutions with her. But I hear a loud protest against war. Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Chairman — there is a small band in our country and in yours — I wish their number were quadrupled — who have borne a solemn and painful testimony against all wars, under all circumstances; and although I differ with them on the subject of defensive warfare, yet when men that rebuked their own land, and all lands, now rebuke us, though I cannot accept their judgment, I bow with profound respect to their consistency. But excepting them, I regard this British horror of the American war as something wonderful. Why, it is a phenomenon in itself! On what shores has not the prow of your ships dashed! What land is there with a name and a people, where your banner has not led your soldiers? And when the great resurrection réveille shall sound, it will muster British soldiers from every clime and people under the whole heaven. Ah! but it is said this is a war against your own blood. How long is it since you poured soldiers into Canada, and let all your yards work night and day to avenge the taking of two men out of the *Trent?* Old England shocked at a war of principle! She gained her glories in such wars. Old England ashamed of a war of principle! Her national ensign symbolizes her history, the cross in a field of blood. And will you tell us, who inherit your blood, your ideas, and your high spirits that we must not fight? The child must heed the parents, until the parents get old and tell the child not to do the thing that in early life they whipped him for not doing. And then the child says, "Father and mother are getting

too old ; they had better be taken away from their present home and come to live with us." Perhaps you think that the old island will do a little longer. Perhaps you think there is coal enough. Perhaps you think the stock is not quite run out yet ; but whenever England comes to that state that she does not go to war for principle, she had better emigrate, and we will give her room. I have been very much perplexed what to think about the attitude of Great Britain in respect to the South. I must, I suppose, look to the opinion of the majority of the English people. I don't believe in the *Times*. You cut my poor sentence in two, and all the blood runs out of it. I was just going to say that, like most of you, I don't believe in the *Times*, but I always read it. Every Englishman tells me that the *Times* is no exponent of English opinion, and yet I have taken notice that when they talk of men, somehow or other their last argument is the last thing that was in the *Times*. I think it was the *Times* or *Post* that said that America was sore, because she had not the moral sympathy of Great Britain, and that the moral sympathy of Great Britain had gone for the South. Well, let me tell you, that those who are represented in the newspapers as favorable to the South are like men who have arrows and bows strong enough to send the shafts 3,000 miles ; and those who feel sympathy for the North are like men who have shafts, but have no bows that could shoot them far enough. The English sentiment that has made itself felt on our shores is the part that slandered the North and took part with the South ; and if you think we are sensitive, you must take into account that the part of English sentiment carried over is the part that gives its aid to slavery and against liberty. I shall have a different story to tell when I get back. (The assembly rose, and for a few moments hats and handkerchiefs were waved enthusiastically amid loud cheering.) A voice : "What about the Russians?" A gentleman asks me to say a word about the Russians in New York harbor. As this is a little private, confidential meeting—(laughter)—I will tell you the fact about them. The fact is this—it is a little piece of coquetry. Don't you know that when a woman thinks her suitor is not quite attentive enough, she takes another beau, and flirts with him in the face of the old one? New York is flirting with Russia, but she has got her eye on England. Well, I hear men say this is a piece of national folly that

is not becoming on the part of people reputed wise, and in such solemn and important circumstances. It is said that when Russia is now engaged in suppressing the liberty of Poland it is an indecent thing for America to flirt with her. I think so to. Now you know what we felt when you were flirting with Mr. Mason at your Lord Mayor's banquet. Ladies and gentlemen, it did not do us any hurt to have you Englishmen tell us our faults. I hope it don't do you Britishers any hurt to have us tell you some of yours. Let me tell you my honest sentiments.

England, because she is a Christian nation, because she has the guardianship of the dearest principles of civil and religious liberty, ought to be friendly with every nation and with every tongue. But when England looks out for an ally she ought to seek for her own blood, her own language, her own children. And I stand here to declare that America is the proper and natural ally of Great Britain. I declare that all sorts of alliances with Continental nations as against America are monstrous, and that all flirtations of America with pandered and whiskered foreigners are monstrous, and that in the great conflicts of the future, when civilization is to be extended, when commerce is to be free round the globe, and to carry with it religion and civilization, then two flags should be flying from every man-of-war and every ship, and they should be the flag with the cross of St. George, and the flag with the stars of promise and of hope. Now, ladies and gentlemen, when anybody tells you that Mr. Beecher is in favor of war, you may ask, "In what way is he in favor of war?" And if any man says he seeks to sow discord between father and son and mother and daughter, you will be able to say, "Show us how he is sowing discord?" If I had anything grievous to say of England I would sooner say it before her face than behind her back. I would denounce Englishmen, if they were maintainers of the monstrous policy of the South. However, since I have come over to this country you have told me the truth, and I shall be able to bear back an assurance to our people of the enthusiasm you feel for the cause of the North. And then there is the very significant act of your Government — the seizure of the rams in Liverpool. Then there are the weighty words spoken by Lord Russell at Glasgow, and the words spoken by the Attorney-General. These acts and declarations of policy, coupled with all that I have seen, and the feeling of enthusiasm of

this Englisn people, will warm the hearts of the Americans in the North. If we are one in civilization, one in religion, one substantially in faith, let us be one in national policy, one in every enterprise for the furtherance of the gospel and for the happiness of mankind. I thank you for your long patience with me. ("Go on!") Ah! when I was a boy they used to tell me never to eat enough, but always to get up being a little hungry. I would rather let you go away wishing I had spoken longer than go away saying, "What a tedious fellow he was!" And therefore if you will not permit me to close and go, I beg you to recollect that this is the fifth speech of more than two hours' length that I have spoken, on some occasions *under difficulties*, within seven or eight days, and I am so exhausted that I ask you to permit me to stop.

Professor Newman then rose and moved the following resolution, which was supported by the Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B., and George Thompson, Esq., and carried with the most pronounced enthusiasm: "*Resolved*, That this meeting presents its most cordial thanks to the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher for the admirable address which he has delivered this evening, and expresses its hearty sympathy with his reprobation of the slaveholders' rebellion, his vindication of the rights of a free Government, and his aspirations for peace and friendship between the English people and their American brethren; and as this meeting recognizes in Mr. Beecher one of the early pioneers of negro emancipation, as well as one of the most eloquent and successful of the champions of that great cause, it rejoices in this opportunity of congratulating him on the triumphs with which the labors of himself and his associates have been crowned in the anti-slavery policy of Presdient Lincoln and his Cabinet."

BEECHERISMS.

NO man ever had a happier faculty of compressing great truths into brief sentences than Henry Ward Beecher. It was impossible to listen to him for an hour without carrying away expressions or sentences that would cling without any effort to the memory. No thoughtful man ever went to Plymouth Church without coming away richer by the power of some sacred emotion, or by some gem of thought set in a few beautiful or burning words. And this was no trick of rhetoric on the part of the great preacher. All was perfectly natural. He opened his mouth and these sentences freighted with so much wisdom, and tenderness, and love, flowed forth—

> "As effortless as woodland nooks
> Send violets up and paint them blue."

It would be an easy task to compile a volume of a thousand pages of these wonderful "Beecherisms," but we are content to present our readers with a few examples — a handfull of this seed-corn of thought.

Silence always speaks of God.

The mother's heart is the child's school-room

Death is the dropping of the flower that the fruit may swell.

Hardness of the heart is apt to end in softening of the brain.

When you are fighting the devil, shoot him with anything.

The Twenty-third psalm is the nightingale of the psalms.

I would not weaken a single sinew in the sturdy arm of Bismarck.

All knowledge that does not lead you to God is vain knowledge.

Though a man declares himself an atheist, it in no way alters his obligations.

Medicine is only for once in a while, and the greater the while, the better.

In this world our joys are only the tender shadows which our sorrows cast.

The sun does not shine for a few trees and flowers, but for the wide world's joy.

God pardons like a mother, who kisses the offense into everlasting forgetfulness.

In this world, it is not what we *take* up, but what we *give* up, that makes us rich.

Intemperance is the fertile source of crime. Have you done anything about it?

Flowers are the sweetest things that God ever made, and forgot to put a soul into.

If laughing is a sin, I don't see what the Lord let so many funny things happen for.

A man in this world is a boy spelling in short syllables, but he will combine them in the next.

Nature becomes to the soul a perpetual letter from God, freshly written every day and each hour.

Trust, rest in the Lord, is the token by which men are to know that you are the children of the light.

Men have come to think that tears are more sacred than smiles. No! Laughing is as divine as crying.

Great powers and natural gifts do not bring privileges to their possessor, so much as they bring duties.

Success is full of promise till men get it; and then it is a last year's nest, from which the bird has flown.

We are all building a soul-house for eternity; yet with what different architecture and what various care!

See to it that each hour's feelings, and thoughts, and actions are pure and true ; then will your life be such.

I esteem the awfulness that is attached to Sunday, and church, and pulpit, the greatest mistake of Christendom.

Seek for food and raiment, seek for manhood, and be sure that in getting that you are getting everything else.

Our sweetest experiences of affection are meant to be suggestions of that realm which is the home of the heart.

There are many men good for organization, but when they get the organization they don't know what to do with it.

Humor usually tends toward good nature, and everything that tends toward good nature tends toward good grace.

The superfluous blossoms on a fruit tree are meant to symbolize the large way in which God loves to do pleasant things.

Don't mope. Be young as long as you live. Laugh a good deal. Frolic every day. A low tone of mind is unhealthy.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause.

We need a sovereign power which shall bring men to that new birth in which we shall rise regent above all other faculties.

Of all the American novelists who have passed away, the author of "The House of the Seven Gables" seems to me the greatest.

The call to religion is not a call to be better than your fellows, but to be better than yourself. Religion is relative to the individual.

How many hopes have quivered for us in past years — have flashed like harmless lightnings in summer nights, and died forever !

God raised up a Cromwell to wrest Liberty from the king's hands and set it firmly upon its feet before the nations of the earth.

Grover Cleveland, like Washington, has the great faculty of maintaining his own personality and enlarging his own knowledge.

Having wit and buoyancy of spirits let them flash out in service of religion. Don't consider it necessary to rake them up and hide them.

A helping word to one in trouble is often like a switch on a railroad track — but one inch between wreck and smooth-rolling prosperity.

A lawyer who works ten months in the year and then for two solid months amuses himself will last twice as long as if he took no recreation.

Memory can glean, but can never renew. It brings us joys faint as is the perfume of the flowers, faded and dried, of the summer that is gone.

A man in the right with God on his side, is in the majority, though never alone, for God is multitudinous above all populations of the earth.

The poorest and meanest of men are worth saving, and it is our business to lift them up. The noble and the rich ones can care for themselves.

John Brown's name will travel through the ages as an illustrious example of what a man may do who is willing to suffer for a great principle.

A mother's heart does more in the bringing up of children, a million times, than a mother's hand, though the hand is sometimes quite busy.

Laws and institutions are constantly tending to gravitate. Like clocks, they must be occasionally cleansed, and wound up and set to true time.

We sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up to-morrow.

It is very impressive to stand upon a radiant Sabbath morning, and feel the hush and solitude of a great motionless city. Silence always speaks of God.

Theologies are well in their place; but repentance and love must come before all other experiences. First a cure for your sin-sick soul, and then theologies.

The very trees rustling their leaves, are prophesying to our ears of the trees of life, and all the birds and flying insects are witnesses of God's guardianship.

There are many troubles which you cannot cure by the Bible and the Hymn Book, but which you can cure by a good perspiration and a breath of fresh air.

The prevalent idea of keeping the Sabbath is that it is a day on which certain things must not be done. To the majority of people Sunday is a day full of nots.

When the people pass wise and needful laws, but leave them without public sentiment, it is as if a child were born into an exhausted receiver instead of a cradle.

Thinking is creating, with God, as thinking is writing, with the ready writer; and worlds are only leaves turned over in the process of composition, about his throne.

If, every time conscience was wronged, it sighed, and every time reason was perverted it uttered complaints, no one could live for the moaning which would fill his soul.

I never turn from the quiet of the underbrush or the solitude of the fields, or the rustling of the forests, without a certain sadness, as if I were going away from friends.

Though slow, Abraham Lincoln was sure. A thousand men could not make him plant his foot before he was ready; ten thousand could not move it after he had set it down.

Men sit around a tool-chest quarreling about saws and planes and chisels. They are not building anything, they are debating about tools. They are fit to be a theological seminary.

No man can tell whether he is rich or poor by turning to his ledger. It is the heart that makes a man rich. He is rich or poor according to what he *is*, not according to what he *has*.

You that live long enough will see women vote, and when you see women voting you will see less lying, less brutality and more public spirit, heroism and romance in public affairs.

Grant had the patience of Fate and the force of Thor. He has left no memory only such weaknesses as connect

him with humanity and such virtues as will rank him among heroes.

It is a noble thing to see a man so in sympathy with his time and work as Tennyson is, that even with expiring strength he still tries to chant the truth of God to the age in which he lives.

It takes only one good, thorough frost to cut all the flowers out of the garden — no thanks to the second ; so one thoroughly-detected dissimulation in love, and honey is vinegar, and love is gall.

No man need fear that he will exhaust his substance of thought, if he will only draw his inspiration from actual human life. There the inexhaustible God pours depths and endless variety of truth.

The strength of a man consists in finding out the way in which God is going, and going in that way too. For God goes before and ploughs, and we can but follow after and plant our seed in his furrow.

A man might frame and let loose a star to roll in its orbit, and yet not have done so memorable a thing before God as he who lets go a golden-orbed thought to roll through the generations of time.

A Christian had better go to the theater than to go home whining because he *can't* go. If it is worth while to do anything for Christ, it is worth while to do it with your head up, and with your whole heart.

I say when a person becomes a Christian that he loses nothing that he should not be afraid to keep. If ever you are going to be a Christian don't set out to be a gloomy-eyed, twilight-faced, bat-like Christian.

The way to avoid evil is not by maiming our passions, but by compelling them to yield their vigor to our moral nature. Thus they become, as in the ancient fable, the harnessed steeds which bear the chariot of the sun.

Men have different spheres. It is for some to evolve great moral truths, as the heavens evolve stars, to guide the sailor on the sea and the traveler on the desert ; and it is for some, like the sailor and the traveler, simply to be guided.

If the life that has gone out has been like music, full of concords, full of sweetness, richness, delicacy, then there are two ways to look at it. One is to say : "I have not lost it !" Another is to say ; " Blessed be God that I have had it so long !"

When a man's pride is thoroughly subdued, it is like the sides of Mount Etna. It was terrible while the eruption lasted and the lava flowed ; but when that is past, and the lava is turned into soil, it grows vineyards and olive trees up to the very top.

Robert Burns — a true poet, made not by the schools, brought up with no external culture or assistance. He came as a flower comes in spring. We say that he was a man of the people. He was ordained to be an interpreter of God to his kind then and forevermore.

COMMUNION SUNDAY AT PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

AMONGST the most sacred memories of the members of Plymouth Church are those Sabbaths set apart for the celebration of the Lord's Supper, and for the public reception of candidates to the fellowship of the church. These were days of glad and solemn festival. On these occasions Mr. Beecher was almost always under the control of the tenderer and more emotional part of his nature. It was an especial joy to him to see bands of young people consecrating themselves to the service of Christ, and the words spoken on these occasions were full of pathos, full of encouragement, full of hope. Tears of joy would fall from his eyes, and words of tenderness from his lips as he congratulated young men and maidens on starting out in life with God for their guide and refuge, and Jesus of Nazareth for their daily companion and friend. What pictures he would draw of the joys that would be sure to spring up like fountains of sweet water all along their path! What assurances he would give them of the grace that would be near and sufficient in every hour of need! And with what fatherly tenderness he would commend them in prayer to Him who was "able to keep them from falling, and present them faultless before the presence of the Father's glory with exceeding great joy!" These Communion Sabbaths will never be forgotten by those who shared their hallowed privileges. Nothing could be more appropriate than to give as far as possible some impression of one of these days of sacred festival.

On the first Sabbath in May three years ago, occurred

one of these memorable scenes. It was as bright and beautiful a May Sabbath as ever dawned. Plymouth Church was crowded to its utmost capacity. Great masses of rare and beautiful flowers covered the pulpit and platform, filling that plain but immense building with beauty and perfume. The hymn sung just before the reception of the candidates was most appropriate. It took the form of

A Vow of Consecration.

People of the living God,
I have sought the world around;
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.

Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns—a fugitive unblest;
Brethren! where your altar burns
O receive me into rest.

Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave—
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.

Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

On this happy Sabbath there were eighty-three candidates gathered around the altar of Plymouth Church. Looking round upon them Mr. Beecher said with a voice tremulous with joy: "God has been very gracious to us, and while there has been no widespreading stir and no excitement whatever, yet in all our missions and schools, and in our families at home, there has been a quickening and development of Christ's life in the soul. It has been usual for many to unite with us at this season. This year there is a multitude." The solemn covenant was then entered into between the candidates and the church, then came the following sermon:

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS SHEEP.

Text: "For ye were as sheep going astray, but now are ye returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls."—*1 Peter, ii. 25.*

The Israelites were a pastoral people. For although in the time of the Apostle the pastoral life had largely given way to the agricultural, yet all their history, all those elements which excited their imagination and rejoiced their patriotism were of the pastoral character. It went into their poetry, and the agricultural and pastoral figures exceed in number and certainly equal in exquisite beauty any that are to be found in the whole range of—I will not say of the Bible, but of universal literature. For the Israelites, more than any other people that have recorded their sensations and their thoughts, connected the phenomena of Nature with the idea of an overruling God and a Supreme Providence. The Greek literature contains hardly any endearing epithet with regard to mountain, hill, stream, tree, beast, or anything of the kind. You shall find them speaking in Rome of the whole wide country as something horrible, and banishment into it from the great, noisy, crowded city was a purgatory to them. But among the Hebrews there was a love of the sun and of the stars, of the hills, of the mountains, of the fountains, of the trees, the vineyards, of the grasses, of the birds, and of insects even. This is eminently seen in the Old Testament, but the New Testament is not without a trace of such a feeling; and when in the New Testament Christ was represented under the figure of a shepherd, it was not only in perfect consonance and harmony with the Old Testament representations of God, but eminently in consonance with His own teaching. He delighted to call Himself a shepherd, and He carried out the figure in various ways, and recurred to it again and again. Not only was He fond of it, but it was to them meant to be a type of Divine nature and Divine government. It has almost been suppressed by the abominations of a Pagan theory that crept in, until now, among the best men and in the best churches there is a veil and a shadow thrown over the feelings and disposition of God and His relations to mankind, and men have to break through the church theology to get at the real beauty and attractiveness of the Divine nature. Here we are called wanderers. Men that are converted are the men that have wandered away from the

right ideals of life, and have been brought back again; they were wanderers. You shall hear after that the whole race is totally depraved. You shall hear that men are utterly lost, and the whole race is lost. That is not the technology of the Scripture. There is none of it there It is absolutely imported into it by the theologian. Nothing there is allied to it. It is absolutely falsifying Scripture. We are represented as going astray from right dispositions, and from right actions, and from right directions. Our aims, our conduct, and our character are malformed. Not on account of anything that has come down to us from some great fountain of iniquity; not because mildew and blight have settled down on the faculties of mankind, but having right endowment and a nature designed according to the law of God, men have not been learned to use their faculties or natures aright; and perverting themselves in this way they have wandered from the ideal of manhood, and when God calls them and they hear they are wanderers from rectitude — restored — brought back again.

There is no such thing, therefore, as native depravity and native sinfulness. There is no doubt that by transmission from parent to child there may be a morbid constitution of mind, but those are in special instances, and it is not the way to characterize the human race. There is no part of a man's body or of his soul that in its own primitive and original nature is not right. Take the body, for instance, as an illustration. There are a great many men born feeble, a great many that are born scrofulous or with consumptive tendencies. These are specials. But taking the human race together it may be declared that there is not a single organ of the body superfluous, or in its own nature and proper functions perverted. The brain, the lungs, the heart, the stomach, the circulatory system, or the special organs — the eye, the ear, the mouth, or the complex organs, the hand, the foot — they are all right. They are just as right in the murderer as they are in the philanthropist. The uses are not the same in the two cases. They are just right in their normal condition in the man that is utterly broken up in his health. It was not that there was any organ that was too much.

It is true there may be a disproportion, and the sense of the parents, as in the drunkard's case, may be transmitted to their children, and they may be born with certain ten-

dencies, but these are cases of abnormality — special — whereas taking mankind at large no surgeon would say there is anything to be excised, no member ought to be cut off; no organ in the body ought to be taken out. They are all right, if they are used right, and what we call health in the body is a fair analogical interpretation of what we call religion.

Religion in the soul is what the man's organs are to the body. When all the organs of a man's body are carried on according to the laws of nature, you have got health. What is health? Simply the name for the right action of the whole physical frame, and when a man's intellect, and disposition, and soul, each part and faculty, the reason, imagination, the affections, and all the appetites and passions underneath them are held in subordination to each other in harmony, there is health of the soul; and we call that religion. It is the wholesome action in the right proportions of the whole of a man's inward nature, as health is the right action in proportion of a man's physical nature.

So when a man has gone astray he has lost nothing except the right use of himself. He has not lost will power; he has not lost intellectual power. And when a man is recalled from wandering and it is said he is born again — a generic term that stumbled Nicodemus and has a great many theologians since that day — all we mean is that from his wrong way of himself he turns toward the right use of himself. Going in the wrong direction, he changes his direction; using his moral sensibilities in the wrong way, they are changed too. He is brought to recognize a higher standard of living — body, mind, and soul, and enters upon that better understanding. Then we say he has been recalled by his Shepherd; he has returned. He was in the wrong pasture; he was in peril; he has heard the voice and been called, and is now restored to the Shepherd and Bishop of his soul.

Every organ, therefore of the body is in itself and according to the design of God, in nature good. It is wrong use that produces evil. Every faculty of the human mind and soul is right and needful to the body and soul, social relations, and universal truth. But the wrong use of right things is sinfulness. It may be in a single act, or in a continuity of acts until they become habits; then it is character, and the character is nothing but an automatic practice of wrong use induced by individual acts of sin. Now when

a man is called of God, here is the one grand ideal: "Love is the fulfilling of the law." He who carries his whole nature obediently to the grand law of love has been restored to himself and in so far to his God. Sinfulness is voluntary wrongdoing.

The phrase that mankind are lost is inappropriate. The word lost, as used in theology, is absolutely different from the word in the Bible. It is a shepherd phrase in the Bible. Men are lost just as a flock is when the sheep have wandered away. They are good sheep until they have wandered. Mankind is never spoken of in the Bible as being lost in consequence of Adam's sin, or any other fungus on theology. The only phrases that have application to moral character and conduct in the Bible are those borrowed from shepherd-life; and the men that have strayed from right living are said to be lost, just as the sheep are lost. You will find in the Psalms where he speaks of the people of God having gone astray like lost sheep. In Jeremiah; "My people have been lost sheep." In Ezekiel: "I will seek that which was lost and bring it again" — that is, bring it again to the shepherd and the pasture. In Matthew: "Go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, was the ordination of the Apostle. "I come to save that which was lost," Christ says. Men's natures are right if used right. It is the wrong use that is bad. Every faculty of a man's nature, if it is brought into activity and acts along the lines of integrity, is born again. It amounts substantially to such a change in the man that it may be said that he is another man since he began to use himself right.

So when men have been wrong in their understanding, wrong in their conscience, wrong in their loves, wrong in all their passions and appetites, and there comes some Divine inspiration, some succor from the sympathy of helping men around about them, and they little by little begin to crook and bend the things so that the low shall go high, and the high shall go low, and the crooked things shall be made straight, and they have been put to the proof, and after a year or so men see them so and say: "Why he is born again; he isn't the same creature." Now, that don't mean that he entered into his mother's womb to be born again, as Nicodemus thought Christ meant, but it's such a change that the sum total of the man's nature is so different from what it was before that he might well be called another man acting there in his skin.

Conversion then is the beginning, under inspiration, teaching an example of the reconstruction of a man's voluntary life. It is the beginning of rebuilding character and conduct on the basis of love. It is the beginning, it is no more than the beginning. Of course all the morality counts; all that he has received from the morality of reflex Christianity; all that comes down to him through the hereditary influences of his parents and ancestors; all that counts — that is to say, he begins on a higher level, higher and higher. But in every individual instance the love of God is the supreme motive of life; the love of our fellowmen, that is the foundation and a man that has been living on any other foundation than that, when he is converted comes back to that as the rule and law of his life. He is a beginner, or as newspapers often say, "a new beginner," as if there could be an old beginner, as if beginning was not new always.

Now, I am not urging these matters on the ground of rectifying theology, but because it is, in my judgment, of such practical importance. It is of great importance for men to be aware of their relationship to the church and the apostolic ministry, to all ordinances, to baptism, to the Lord's Supper. While they are helps, they are *only* helps, and a man may belong to the church — the oldest, or intermediate, or any other church — and fulfill church duties, and if it goes no deeper than that he is not a Christian man. To be a Christian means inside work as deep as the conscience and as the heart, and the man that, beginning to be a Christian, is just as ugly as he was before, and just as proud as he was before, and just as mean as he was before, though he had a thousand altars and a thousand priests and maintained every economy of the church it would do him not good but enhance his damnation. It is not anything that you get from the church — it is what the church enables you to get and rectify within yourself that determines the question whether you are salvable or not.

Righteousness is the one word, the battle-cry of the Old Testament. Righteousness is the battle-cry of the New Testament, and the only question as between Paul and the other apostles and the Jews was, What is the way to enable a man to be righteous? The Old Testament says sacrifices, ritual laws, and obedience. The new Testament says no, these have failed; human nature was too

mighty for it. Now, a living, a loving faith in the power of God present to every man a faith that is the foundation of righteousness in the New Testament. But the old Bible and the new Bible, both of them, have precisely the same conception.

Religion means the righteousness of every part of a man, body and soul, and if you can do it better by the instrument of the church, do it that way, but the experience of mankind is the Holy Ghost or the brooding soul of God, giving light and fire to the man's own soul — that is the thing that will enable a man to come from wrong to right living easier.

Oh! how many, how many a child — firm, and obstinate, and proud — has refused confession or concession, and the father's authority and scowl might silence him, but only to wake in him the fires of hell. But a mother's tears and tremulous words and lips, breaking down, "Oh! my son!" brought tears in a moment from him and he throws himself into her arms. Love could conquer what authority could not, nor a threat. And the love of God in Christ Jesus is the salvation of the world, because it is adapted exactly to that nature in man that can be persuaded but cannot be driven.

The church is not, then, an assembly of saints. It is a school with all manner of instruments that are designed to help men; merely being in the church does not save men. A man is saved because, by the power of God working in him coincident with his own will, he has been brought into that state of mind in which he can associate with God. He is like Him. In elements and essence he is becoming like Him, and therefore can be in affiliation with him. Otherwise he would be in opposition perpetually. The church is not then an assemby of saints. It is an assembly of men beginning mostly, and certainly the incoming into any church is of men that have been lost, wandered, gone out of the pasture, gone away, and they are called back again. "Gone out to seek and save the lost," is the definition of the Shepherd, Jesus. And in the Apostle Peter's case and in our text it is declared: "Ye were as sheep going astray, but are now returned unto the shepherd and bishop of your souls."

The life, dearly beloved, on which you have entered is not one of eminent vision, not necessarily. Some may have it and some will not. It is not a life of exalted joy

necessarily. There may be more or less of joy. Some have the art of being joyful. Some always take the sugar out of everything they eat; they taste it. Some have the art of being unhappy. They extract the acid out of everything they touch. A man may be a religious person and yet not have the art of joy. It is one of the attainments to some, it lies very near to the nature of others. When I hear brethren rejoicing in conference meetings I am glad of it — until I have reason to suppose that those are mere banners thrown up, just as we put flags out on any great celebration. A man may be an old hunk, a not-care-a-snap for his country, but if everybody is putting up flags on a National occasion he is going to put them up too. So it may be in religion. Where a man has great joy, and has vocal power and delivers it, and his life conforms to it, it is a beautiful thing, it is a grand testimony. But because he has it men say that he is a saint, he has got religion.

The way for a man to have joy is to have harmony, to have obedience in himself to the known laws of good and the known laws of his own nature. When a man has come into this harmony, it does not necessarily follow that the harmony shall be an outburst of triumphant music in the soul. It may be a common choral — almost a monotone. Every variety is conceivable. But the point that I would make is, that a man coming into the Christian church is coming into right conditions in which he may learn how to rectify the aberrations of his conduct, and so far as his nature has been positively made morbid, rectify his nature. You have been put in possession of wonderful endowments and you have perverted them all. They have been held under the law of selfishness. When a man sees the falseness of this way and means to go right he begins. Let a man take a single precept of the Gospel: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself; pray for your enemies." He is gone out a week and comes back, and you say: "How are you getting on?" "I never thought it was so hard. I have tried, but I don't seem to myself to have succeeded. I don't believe it is possible for anybody to do it." Well, go on right through the verse. What you are to feel toward those that persecute you — that hate you. Have you attained to that state of mind by which you can love them and bless them, and set them an example? "Oh! my, heavens no; I can't do it. I don't believe anybody ever

did it." If you want to know whether you are sinful or not, just take any of these characteristic commands of Christ and try it on. Put on the Lord Jesus Christ as a garment; put on the element of love; put on the saving and helping of men. A person should come into the church joyfully, not so much on account of attainments, but because he has put himself in the way of attaining and may hope to grow in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord.

What more fitting could there be than to read that outburst of exquisite experience and exquisite poetry which our Lord in his youth read often and often, and which fed in him that habit of calling himself the Shepherd, which has made the New Testament so beautiful: "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters; He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." May every one of you give thanks, even in your dying hour, that it pleased God to bring you unto the Shepherd's house.

The Covenant of Plymouth Church.

Do you now avouch the Lord Jehovah to be your God, Jesus Christ to be your Saviour, the Holy Spirit to be your Sanctifier? Renouncing the dominion of this world over you, do you consecrate your whole soul and body to the service of God? Do you receive his word as the rule of your life, and by his grace assisting you will you persevere in this consecration unto the end?

THE SERVICE OF PRAISE AT PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

VISITORS to Plymouth Church are always greatly impressed by the hearty and earnest manner in which the whole congregation unites in the service of praise. That great volume of melody filling the spacious sanctuary seems a joyous response to the Psalmist's cry: "Let the people praise Thee, O God; let all the people praise Thee." "Young men and maidens, old men and children, praise ye the name of the Lord." In the matter of congregational singing Mr. Beecher was an enthusiast, and to the last days of his life the songs of the sanctuary were a joy and comfort to his heart and mind. But Mr. Beecher shall speak for himself:

I believe Plymouth Church was the first in America that ever had in the building a suite of parlors, as I think it is also the first church in America that ever had flowers every Sunday on the platform; and the first church that ever had a hymn-book that gave to the people all the tunes as well as all the hymns that were to be sung. There are multitudes of such books now, but I believe "Plymouth Collection" was the pioneer. And, taking the churches up and down through the land, more provision is made for social life and enjoyment, even for amusement. The whole region of Sunday-school life is raised many, many, many degrees above anything that was known in my childhood. It really is a comely and beautiful sight now to go into a Sunday-school and see how happy the children are; to see and enjoy the various festivals that are provided for them.

People often wonder why folks come to Plymouth Church so much. I will tell you; it is the singing that brings them there. It is the atmosphere there is in the

loving, cheerful, hopeful, courage of that congregation in the singing. They get a sermon, too; but then it is more the singing, I think, that accounts for the throng. It comforts their souls. I have seen men come into that congregation — and there are at least twenty-five hundred out of the twenty-seven hundred there that sing — I have seen them come into that congregation exactly as they would go to Barnum's ; because, you know, it is the trick of the papers to represent it as a kind of theatre, or what-not. They would sit down and look all around, watching to see what was going to be done next. When I arose, they would stare as though they really thought I was going to throw a somersault. I would give out a hymn, and they would still be watching for something that had not come yet, but was coming. The organ would give out the tune, and the congregation begin to sing. These men would rise, and stand in their places, and when the great volume of sound, like the voice of many waters, would break on them, I have seen them first in a kind of bewilderment, looking all around, up in the galleries, on a sea of books opened, and everybody busy singing. And when they heard such a sound as there was rolling down upon them, or rolling up towards God, I have seen them stand, and, by the second verse, away would go the tears down their cheeks. The hymn fairly overcame them. Better than a sermon, better than any exhortation — why should it not affect them thus ?

The whole church ought to sing, because the whole church ought to worship, and there is no other worship provided in our churches but this. To listen to the prayer of him that is most gifted is certainly a help, and a long way toward worshiping ; but, after all, no man worships in spirit and in truth who does not take a voluntary and personal part, such as is necessary in singing. I do not believe it is possible for a person to sing our hymns and not worship. I will read you a single hymn. I would like to see the man that could sing this hymn and not feel that he had worshiped. I will call your attention to another thing. A want of proper culture has permitted such irreverence to grow up, that, in the singing or the reading of such a hymn as this, one will be tucking his hat under the seat, or fixing his cane, or placing his umbrella in the corner ; or the mother will be arranging the neglected curls or pulling at the collar of her little one,

or the sexton will be running around and whispering to this or that deacon to know whether he had better open this window a little more, or shut that one a little more. This is all wrong. Hymns are worship and should be respected as such.

This hymn is one of the closest, most endearing, clinging, yearning prayers to Christ :—

Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace ;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace,

And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweats of agony—
Yea, death itself, and all for one
Who was Thine enemy.

Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well ?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell ;

Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Nor seeking a reward ;
But as Thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord !

E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing ;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

Now, if you can sing that, and not cry — I am sorry for your eyes.

I like to see people sing when they have to stop in the middle of the verse and cry a little. I like such unwritten rests and pauses in the music. When hymns come to the house of God all redolent of home associations, then singing will be what it ought to be — social Christian worship.

Let me say one thing more : You never will have congregational singing as long as you have no congregational feeling. Congregational singing will certainly break down the stiffness, the formality, and the exclusive habits of your people

or else the stiffness and the coldness, and the exclusive habits of your people will prevent or destroy congregational singing. You cannot sing throughout the church and not develop, subtly, that element of fellowship that gives elasticity and freedom in social intercourse. Now, a congregation that has been trained to go into church and sit down and not look at one another, to go home and not speak to one another, I don't believe can be trained to congregational singing, unless by an extraordinary pressure and process. Fellowship and song are but different developments of the same spirit; and therefore, where you have quarrels unreconciled, and persons who do not care for each other, people sitting apart separately, you never will make them sing together, they never will pray together, they never will mingle in any way. And, mark my word, if you wish to make congregational singing easy, everything that you do to bring people together socially, genially, in Christian sympathy, will facilitate it. And if you wish to bring people together genially and socially, teach them to sing, and that will facilitate your purpose. Thus singing and sociality act and react upon each other, in a mutual relation of cause and effect.

You never can have congregational singing, if that is *all* you have. Unless you have singing in the family and singing in the house, singing in the shop and singing in the street, singing everywhere, until it becomes a habit, you never can have congregational singing. It will be like the cold drops, half water, half ice, which drip in March from some cleft of a rock, one drop here and another there; whereas it should be like the August shower, which comes ten million drops at once, and roars on the roof.

The following were amongst Mr. Beecher's favorite hymns.

The Awakening of the Nations.

We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling,
To be living is sublime.
Hark! the waking up of nations;
Gog and Magog to the fray,

Hark! what soundeth? is creation
Groaning for its latter day?

Will ye play then, will ye dally,
With your music and your wine?
Up! it is Jehovah's rally!
God's own arm hath need of thine.
Hark! the onset! will ye fold your
Faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
Up, O up, thou drowsy soldier;
World's are charging to the shock.

World's are charging—heaven beholding;
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
On—right onward, for the right,
On! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God!

Alone, Yet Not Alone.

Gales from heaven, if God so will,
Sweeter melodies can wake,
On the lonely mountain rill,
Than the meeting waters make,
Who hath the Father and the Son,
May be left but not alone.

Sick or healthful, slave or free,
Wealthy or despised and poor—
What is that to him or thee,
So his love to Christ endure?
When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?

Only since our souls will shrink
At the touch of natural grief,
When our earthly, loved ones sink,
Lend us, Lord, Thy sure relief;
Patient hearts their pain to see,
And Thy Grace to follow Thee.

Mary's Tears.

Were not the sinful Mary's tears
An offering worthy heaven,
When o'er the faults of former years
She wept and was forgiven?

When, bringing every balmy sweet
Her day of luxury stored,
She o'er her Saviour's hallowed feet
The precious ointment poured.

Were not those sweets thus humbly shed,
That hair, those weeping eyes,
And the sunk heart that inly bled
Heaven's noblest sacrifice?

Thou that hast slept in error's sleep
O, wouldst thou wake to heaven?
Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
"Love much," and be forgiven!

Tarry With Me.

Tarry with me, O my Saviour,
For the day is passing by;
See! the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.

Many friends were gathered round me
In the bright days of the past;
But the grave has closed above them,
And I linger here at last.

Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west;
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?

Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on Thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness,
While I sleep, still watch by me.

Tarry with me, O my Saviour,
Lay my head upon Thy breast
Till the morning; then awake me—
Morning of eternal rest.

Son of the Carpenter.

Son of the carpenter! receive
This humble work of mine,
Worth to my meanest labor give
By joining it to Thine.

Servant of all, to toil for man
Thou would'st not, Lord, refuse;
Thy majesty did not disdain
To be employed for us.

Thy bright example I pursue,
To Thee in all things rise;
And all I think, or speak, or do,
Is but one sacrifice.

Careless, through outward cares I go,
From all destruction free;
My hands are but engaged below
My heart is still with Thee

Oh! when wilt Thou, my Life, appear!
How gladly would I cry—
"'Tis done, the work Thou gave'st me
'Tis finished, Lord!" and fly.

In the Hour of Sickness.

O, how soft that bed must be,
Made in sickness, Lord by Thee;
And that rest, how calm, how sweet,
Where Jesus and the sufferer meet.

It was the good Physician now,
Soothed thy cheek and chafed thy brow,
Whispering, as he raised thy head —
"It is I! be not afraid."

God of Glory, God of Grace,
Hear from heaven, Thy dwelling-place;
Hear in mercy, and forgive,
Bid Thy child believe and live.

Bless me, and I shall be blest,
Soothe me, and I shall have rest;
Fix my heart, my hopes above,
Love me, Lord, for Thou art love.

Mary at the Cross.

Jews were wrought to cruel madness,
Christians fled in fear and sadness,
Mary stood the cross beside
At its foot, her foot she planted,
By the dreadful scene undaunted
Till the gentle suff'rer died.
Poets oft have sung her story
Painters decked her brow with glory
Priests her name have deified.

But no worship, song or glory
Touches like the simple story
Mary stood the cross beside!
And when under fierce oppression
Goodness suffers like transgression
Christ again is crucified.
But if love be there, true-hearted,
By no grief or terror parted,
Mary stands the cross beside.

A Song of the Morning.

Soil not thy plumage gentle dove,
With sublunary things —
Till in the fount of light and love
Thou shalt have bathed thy wings.

Shall nature from her couch arise
And rise for thee in vain?
While heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies
Such types of truth contain.

See where the Sun of Righteousness
Unfolds the gates of day;
Go — meet Him in His glorious dress
And quaff the orient ray!

There where ten thousand seraphs stand,
To crown the circling hours —
Soar thou — and from that blissful land
Bring down unfading flowers.

Some Rose of Sharon, dyed in blood,
Some spice of Gilead's balm,
Some lily washed in Calvary's flood,
Some branch of heavenly palm.

And let the drops of sparkling dew
From Siloa's spring be shed
To form a fragrance fresh and new
A halo round thy head.

Spread then thy plumes of faith and prayer
Nor fear to wend away;
And let a glow of heavenly air
Gild every earthly day.

A Vesper Chime.

God of the sunlight hours, how sad
Would evening shadows be;
Or night in deeper shadows clad
If aught were dark to Thee!

How mournfully that golden gleam
Would touch the thoughtful heart,
If with its soft retiring beam
We saw Thy light depart!

But though the sunset hours may hide
These gentle rays awhile;
And deep through ocean's caves may glide
The slumber of their smile

Enough, while these dull heavens may lower,
If here thy presence be;
Then midnight shall be morning hour,
And darkness light to me

Through the deep gloom of mortal things,
Thy light of love can throw
That ray which gilds an angel's wings
To soothe a pilgrim's woe.

Come, O My Comfort and Delight!

Come, O thou universal good!
Balm of the wounded conscience, come!
Haven to take the shipwrecked in,
My everlasting rest from sin!

Come, O my comfort and delight!
My strength, and health, and shield, and sun,
My boast, my confidence and might,
My joy, my glory, and my crown!

If I Should Die To-Night.

The following poem was an especial favorite with Mr. Beecher, who was for a time credited with its authorship.

If I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting-place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress,
Poor hands, so empty, and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind with loving thought,
Some kindly deeds the icy hands had wrought;
Some gentle words the frozen lips had said,
Errands on which the willing feet had sped;
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night,
E'en hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully.
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften in the old familiar way;
For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay?
So I might rest forgiven of all to-night.

Oh friends, I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow.
The way is lonely, let me feel them now.
Think gently of me; I am travel-worn;
My faltering feet are pierced by many a thorn.
Forgive, oh, hearts estranged, forgive, I plead!
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

MR. BEECHER'S PUBLIC PRAYERS.

MIGHTY as Mr. Beecher was in public discourse, he was still mightier in the conduct of public prayer. It is true that many thousands have been cheered and inspired by his sermons, it is also true that many thousands have been comforted by his prayers. There is no more delicate and sacred part of public worship than the task of leading the prayers of the congregation. By its very sacredness prayer seems to be lifted above the region of criticism, and yet the whole tone and power of a religious service depends very largely on the character of its distinctly devotional exercises. The use of set forms of prayer exclusively may have some advantages. But every day has its own experiences, and out of these varying experiences come the inspiration to prayers running over with thankfulness, or petitions for guidance, or pleas for pardon. Mr. Beecher was eminently a man of prayer. By which we do not mean that he was "gifted in prayer," in the common sense of that phrase. Mere smartness in prayer is as vulgar as it is profane. As Oliver Wendell Holmes says: "Above all things a man should be a gentleman in his prayers." There was a strength born of gentleness, and a gentleness that grew out of strength; a simplicity and a pathos about Mr. Beecher's prayers, that those who were accustomed to hear him pray will never forget. There was the humility and unquestioning faith of a little child in all these devout exercises; and as he stood before God and the people, offering thanksgiving, or pleading for guidance or pardon, with a voice tremulous with emotion, the great congregation was bowed in silence, and the

fire burned bright and pure upon the altars of a thousand hearts. There were times when the prayer so filled the heart and mind, that there was little room left for the sermon that followed.

It was a grand thing to hear Mr. Beecher preach, it was a gracious thing to be led by him in prayer. The following selections from his public prayers will serve to show how wide, how comprehensive, and how tender his intercessions were. He pleaded with the great Father and Friend of all men, for all men. For the sinful and the sad; for the prosperous and the despairing; for old men and little children; for the church and the home; for the school and the nation; and for all men everywhere! And so it was his joy

> "To bind
> In golden chains of prayer
> The whole round world
> About the feet of God."

Sabbath Morning Prayer.

O Lord, our God, in our helplessness, help thou us. For thou art all-seeing, and we scarcely discern at all the greater things of life. In our aspiration we fly but a very little way, and toward the Infinite are powerless.

Descend then to us, since we cannot reach thee. And grant unto us not all knowledge, but so much knowledge of thyself as that we may love thee, and have kindled in our hearts the tidings most joyful that thou dost love us, and art our nourishing Father, the servant of men in love, that we may have all fear dissolved, and all confidence and hope established, and that our lives may be in thee.

And so give us the sense of thy all-presence on every hand, discerned by every sense and by every faculty, that our life may be hid in thine. For in thee indeed we live, and move and have our being.

And we beseech of thee, O God, that thou wilt accept the thanks, this morning, which most feebly we utter. Accept the thanks for special mercies, for personal kindnesses and providences; for things escaped which we feared; for things obtained which we scarcely dared to hope

for; for all joy and love, and for the benefaction of reason and its continuance, and for the privileges of life, and, above all, for the knowledge which thou art giving us of thine own self, by which time itself is vanquished, and all the fears are driven away; by which we believe in immortality and are crowned by faith with joy.

Accept our thanks for the tidings of salvation through Jesus Christ, and for the revelation of the Godhead by him; and for all the beneficent influences that have distilled thus through the ages upon the world; and bring us into sweet submission and slavery of the heart. Deliver us from the pride of the understanding. Deliver us from all outward auxiliaries. May we not worship the things that are immediate. And give to us that ineffable life — give to us that certainty of the soul, that brings us into thy presence and makes us communicants of thy grace.

Be pleased to look upon all those that are assembled this morning here with various wants; with trials, with worryings, with feebleness, with sickness, with desires unobtained, with aspirations blighted, under yokes, under burdens; those that are in sorrow, those that sit darkly in the twilight of grief; those that are full of fear, and look out from the day into the night; all that are tempted, all that have fallen in temptation and are in anguish of remorse, all that seem to themselves to have lost life and spent it uselessly, all those that have lost hope. Be pleased to look upon this great congregation of throbbing hearts, and thou that art the physician, heal the sick, strengthen the weak, exalt those that are humble, give power to the powerless, and bring home the glory of thy salvation by faith and love to every single wounded heart.

And we pray thee that thou wouldst bless the whole community which is around about us here; and especially we ask that thy blessing may rest upon the seminary of learning which is here established. We thank thee for all the benefits which already have been derived from it, and we pray that its past may be but as the twilight of the morning, compared with the mid-day prosperity of its years to come. May all that teach be men of God; may they dwell in the wisdom of a true love; may they be humble, prayerful men, nourishing those committed to their charge with parental love. And we pray that those that come hither to increase their knowledge may have as the foun-

dation of all knowledge, the beginning of knowledge, the fear of the Lord, and the end of all knowledge, the love of God. And may their numbers increase, and as they go forth may they bear the preciousness of the highest wisdom, and the highest truth, into all the community. And we pray, O Lord, our God, that thou wilt bless those that have been benefactors; and grant that while they yet live they may rejoice in their labor and see the fruit thereof.

Bless, we pray thee, all those that are dwelling in this land, among every class, and of every nationality. Bring men together; turn away those causes of offense which separate men; grant that selfishness may grow weaker, as benevolence grows stronger; and may the things which make for peace abound in all our land. And as we are entering upon the year of great excitement, grant that men may learn to bear with each other, and may go with a wisdom unclouded by hateful passions into their various conflicts.

And be pleased to raise up for us in the chief magistracy of this nation, a man fearing God, and loving the people; wise and prudent in all things.

Be pleased to bless the President of the United States now established, and all that are joined with him in authority. Give them wisdom, direction and strength from on high.

And we pray not only for them, but for all that govern; for magistrates, and judges, and for the whole people of this great nation.

We beseech of thee that thou wilt be pleased also to bless the nations adjoining us, and the nations across the deep; and all of them. Especially be pleased to bless the Queen of Great Britain, the land of our forefathers; of civilization, and light, and knowledge. And may all the mercies which we implore for ourselves belong to her, and to her people. And may the nations of the earth that are now studying war, and living encamped over against each other, learn the great arts of peace, and dwell together in a blessed unity. May all joys animal perish more and more, and the joys of the Spirit more and more abound. Let thy kingdom come; let thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

And we will give the praise to the Father, the Son, and the Spirit. *Amen.*

Gratitude for Parental Influences.

We thank thee that we have had the lessons and the examples of our parents, of which we thought but little then. Looking back, how much of our life has been fortified by them. How much of wisdom have we derived from their experience, how much of joy from the memory of them. O Lord, we beseech of thee that thou wouldst grant unto us the faith and consolation of those who have gone before. Grant unto us the communion of the saints, not alone of those who are on earth, but also the triumphant ones of the heavenly house. Grant that we may live by faith and not by sight. Make us strong against adversity, not to turn it away but to endure it. May we not live by fear, but by hope and by courage. May we not count ourselves better than our leaders. If thou didst suffer who art the Captain of our salvation, shall we shrink? Yea, if thou wert led forth unto death, shall any extremity surprise us? The servant is not greater than his master, nor he who is sent greater than he who sent him. May we, too, covet the crown — of thorns. May we, too, rejoice in the cross. If it be needful that rebuke shall chastise us, grant, we beseech of thee, that thy hand be not held back; for if we suffer with thee here, we shall reign with thee hereafter. Grant that we may strive to drink of Christ's cup, and be baptized with Christ's baptism that we may become like unto him, and find our rest and glory when he shall call us to his heavenly house.

Thankfulness for the Forethought of Love.

We thank thee, our heavenly Father, that thy forethought of love and thy mercy have left us almost without occasion of petition. Thou hast commanded thy angels to take care of us, and they have in love been faithful to their charge, and have watched over us by night and by day, have delivered us from evils that we did not suspect, and have brought us in life, in health, in comfort, and with sustained reason to this hour. We know not how to thank thee. Our hearts are prone to selfishness and ingratitude. We receive with such greediness, with such avarice all prosperities; and though they are the gifts of God, we

think them the fruit of our own skill and our own knowledge. Yet in the midst of the mighty laws that govern the earth, and among which we wander ignorantly to so large an extent, how easily are we crushed and overthrown. Thy sparing mercy, and thine all-guiding providence bear us safely through. For all special mercies recognized we give thee thanks, and for the cloud of thy tender mercies which we do not discern one by one we render thee thanks. We commit ourselves to the divine wisdom and the divine goodness; praying that thou wouldst do for us exceeding abundantly, more than all we ask or think. In the pride of life, in all its successes, grant, we beseech of thee, that we may not be led away by vanity or folly. Grant that we may not feel that our life consists in the abundance of the things that we possess, that we may never for a moment believe that this is our home, that we may never forget to be homesick for our Father's house. How many there are who long for us more than we long for them. How many there are who hang as a cloud of witnesses over us to behold our conflict with evil, and the achievement of whatever good we may gain. And thou! Redeemer, Lord, dost more than all long for us, that where thou art, there we may be also. Grant that we may live as seeing the invisible, and grant that the greater truths of life, unseen and unformulated, may be more to us than the truths that are visible, that we can touch with our hands or discern with our senses.

A Plea for Many Mercies.

Our Father, if we should attempt to make known all our wants, time and strength would fail us. All that our pride asks, and our vanity; all that we desire for the body; all that we seek for the understanding; all that we would have for conscience and for love; all that we crave for the outward life and for the inward, we should not be able to remember. O Lord, our God, we thank thee that thou knowest what things we have need of before we ask; and that thou givest liberally, and upbraidest not those that solicit thee. Look, then, upon us this morning, as upon thy beloved. Though we are yet defiled; though we are not such as the heavenly host; though we are imperfect in every direction, and often soiled exceed-

ingly, yet we are thine, and thy all-comprehending love regards our necessities, and by thy Spirit thou art evermore calling us to life and to knowledge, to virtue and to glory.

Smile upon us. May we know that thou art gracious. May those ugly fears that have tormented us, may all our visions of darkness, may all the sense which we have of helplessness, may everything that brings to us despondency, if not despair, be driven away by the bright shining of the morning; and let all the birds of darkness flee, and the songful birds come forth to rejoice in thy light and in thy life.

What more, then, shall we need? We have the bread that sustains our life; we have the strength which gives us power; we have thy guidance; and what more do we need? Grant unto every one this manifestation of thyself, of thy bounty, of thy glory, of thy sin-forgiving nature, of thy long-suffering kindness. We beseech of thee that we may comfort ourselves in our God, and not in any conceit of our own excellence. We are sick, and in every way infirm. We need both nurse and physician. We need to be borne by a superior power, patiently. O Lord, our God, we beseech of thee that we may have a consciousness of our imperfection, and over against it, a consciousness of the glory of thy magnanimous love, and of thy wonderful goodness. Grant that we may eat thee and drink thee. Grant that we may take of the holy loaf. Grant, we pray thee, that we may have in our consciousness of thy love and power all that we can desire. May we be able to say, with some fullness of experience, The will of the Lord be done.

A Morning Prayer.

This morning, O Lord, help us, through care and through the dust and din of life, to reach up and enter into that abode of peace where thou dwellest. Give us, today, we beseech of thee, a realization of what we are to thee, and what thou art to us, and fill us with sacred rest and overflowing joy. Why should we ask thee to forget our sins when thy thoughts of mercy are more than the drops of the sea, and when daily thou art washing them away and passing them by? Why should we beseech thee for gifts which are as free as the morning light? We

make mention of our transgressions; we are ashamed of them; our infirmities are more than we can number; our sins are multitudinous: and we thank thee for that effacing love, for that tender patience which attends upon us, and waits to be gracious. And now we pray, O Lord, that day by day, we may strive to do that which is right in God's sight, and reap the fruit of righteousness therein.

Pleading with the All in All.

Grant unto us, O Lord our God, that light of faith by which we shall discern thee in everything. Art not thou the tree of life to us? Dost thou not give shadows, as the trees do? But when winter comes, then thou art not the tree that with shadow brings chill. Thou art the very sun. Thou art our warmth and our light. Thou art, O Lord, our food. When we are faint, thou art the water of life to comfort us. Thou art our star, shining in the darkness, and telling us the way when we are lost. Though we cannot see what it is, we follow its light without questioning, and are rescued. Thou art our rest and our home. Thou art all in all.

A Devout Resolve.

Since thou hast called us children, and put the arms of thy providence about us, nourished us, and comforted us in times of trouble, we will trust in thee, and live in that faith far beyond our understanding of thy ways.

Prayer for Refuge from Fear.

We thank thee, our Father, that thou hast not clothed thyself with terror; that thou dost not fill the future with fear. We draw near to thee by him who is called *Saviour*, *Friend*, *Redeemer*; and when we are taken by his hand and presented to thee, we behold thy name. It is Father; we are taught to call thee by this endearing name. In thee is refuge and rescue to those that are outside of thee, tossed with fear and with dread. We take refuge as children in our Father's house. We run to thee in every time of fear, that we may be saved. And we rejoice.

Prayer for the Bereaved.

We pray, O Lord! If there be those now in thy presence who are in sorrow or bereavement, who are in manifold affliction, that they may find the communion of the spirit, refreshing and comforting to their souls. For thou art the consoler. Thou art the comforter. Ten thousand hast thou comforted in prison, on the scaffold, in the wilderness, on beds of sickness, in solitary places. Thou art the comforter still. Not as one man is comforter to another art thou; but thy comforting influence is spread all abroad through the heaven and the earth, among all the sorrowing. Thou dost love with divine and sacred energy, and dost grant consolation to all that are in trouble.

A Prayer for Meekness.

Teach us how to have the power of meekness; how to have the force of gentleness; how to have the persuasion of sympathy; how to gain all by renouncing all; how to save our life by yielding it; how to get glory by humility; how to stand at the bottom that we may be at the top of all things in life. And while men dispute of the outward word, and tear it and wound it, and cast it back and forth at each other, may we enter into thy word as meditating men in the solitude of summer go within the great forests, not to hew them nor to cast them down, but to hear the murmur of the bird and of the leaf, to feel the glory and beauty of silence, so may we walk through all thy arbored word, and may there come from it to us in our silence, in our inward life, those sweet voices and all that influence that shall bring us into accord with the hearts of those who indited it, and into the purpose and mystery of thy Spirit.

We beseech of thee that thou wouldst thus grant that we may come into that mood and sphere where thou canst make thyself known to us, and grant that God may be in us and abide in us because the atmosphere of love is there; and may we rejoice, not so much that we can discern the outward nature in all the forms of government and influence which thou hast imposed upon time and the world, but that we may rejoice that we understand thee, and are brought into that alliance with thee that casts out all fear — fear of providence; fear of what men can do unto us;

fear that we may lose all, or that something may befall; fear of sickness, infirmity, age, and death itself. May we have that love of thee that shall lift us above all weakness and all fear, and send us with a song of triumph from day to day, until our joy shall mingle with the music of the heavenly host.

Prayer for the Poor and Needy.

Bless, we pray thee, the poor, the needy and the uneducated. Look upon the child of the forest. Bless those instruments that are bringing us to habits of industry. Dark as life is in this world to man, grant that the light of the other and better world may dawn upon his understanding, that he may be prepared both for this world and for the life which is to come. Grant that every nation which sends hither its children may, while their hearts yearn for those children, strangers in a strange land, feel the beneficent influence of the Gospel of Christ.

Prayer for the Light of God's Face.

Teach us to walk as seeing thee who art invisible. O face of light! O face of love! O face of joy! Shine upon us by day and by night, that, looking upon thee, we may be able to hide in the blessed light all things we do not wish to look upon, and that we may live above the world while living in it, and live in sympathy with its men and its duties and its wants.

Prayer for the Sanctification of Sorrow.

Every heart knows its own joy and its own sorrow. Sanctify the joy, or yet more abundantly the sorrow. Grant that those who are chastened may hear the voice of God saying, "Whom I love I chasten, and I scourge every son whom I receive." May every one turn to thee, not so much to escape pain and sorrow, but to emerge out of it with a nobler experience and a better manhood. Give patience to those that are long tried. Give strength to those that sit in weakness and in trouble. May they think of thy long suffering with them, and be willing to suffer long by themselves.

Prayer for Heroism.

We thank thee that thou hast made all thought and all feeling sacred through the suffering of thy Son, our Saviour, and through the revelations of suffering in his apostles and servants; and we thank thee that there are many of thy people and saints upon earth whose sufferings are comforted, and that the voice of victory in the midst of suffering goes forth to them that are as yet speechless in their trouble. Grant to each of us the heroism of a true Christian sympathy in love, in suffering, in fidelity, in all pain, in everything.

Prayer for Patience.

Do any feel that life is too hard for them to bear? May they understand that the servant is not greater than the Master. May they look unto their crowned Saviour, whose crowns were thorns, who deserved all good, and had all ill; and may they be patient, waiting for the fulfillment of his providence, and the interpretations of his dealings with them.

Witnessing to God's Faithfulness.

It is good for us to come unto thee, where we know there is wealth, compassion and sympathy. We rejoice that the High Priest set forth for us can have compassion upon those who are out of the way, and are compassed with infirmities, so that they may come boldly to the throne of grace to obtain mercy and help in every time of need. Our fathers trusted in thee, and we are witnesses of how firmly they walked, sustained by their faith, and how through hope and through years of clear light, they went down to the valley of the shadow of death. And they have left us the testimony that it is not in vain that we serve the Lord. We have always been brought up in the love and faith of God; and we are witnesses that thy faithfulness has never failed even when we have gone away from thee. Thou hast not departed from us when we have sought to come to thee. Thou hast not been hard and unfeeling; but thou hast pitied us. Thou hast lifted us in condescension and in great mercy. Thou didst never break a promise to us, though we have broken many to

thee. In times of great tribulation and distress thou hast rescued us, and we have promised to serve thee all the days of our lives; and behold, when deliverance was at hand, and prosperity shone again upon us, we easily forgot our pledges, and went the way of selfishness and worldliness. When sickness has overtaken us, and we have tossed on beds of pain, by day and by night, and thou hast snatched us out of the hand of death, and we have given our life unto thee as our deliverer, and thou hast vouchsafed to us thy mercy, and blown away the dark cloud that hovered over us, all our renewed strength and all our refreshed powers we have dedicated again to selfishness and to the world, and so have cheated thee, and deserved nothing at thy hand; and thou hast not been grieved away, but thou hast turned again with infinite tenderness, and called, and called us; and we are monuments of thy grace. We are alive, not through our own wisdom, nor skill, nor strength, but through the saving mercies of God. Make us ashamed, we beseech of thee, that we should lift up the darkness of such lives as ours against the radiance of thy love. By thy mercies may we be drawn to thee. May the meekness and gentleness that are in Christ bring us to his service. And as thou hast planted all that is noblest in the way of Christ, so may we sink ourselves in submission to him.

Confession of Sin.

O, look with compassion upon our poor and despoiled estate. We admit our sin. We admit that in many things we offend entirely: that we transgress against our experience even; against all knowledge; yea, against all purpose. We admit our transgression, and our sin is ever before us; but, Lord, beside that, what infirmities come in upon us often as the very sea comes! How are we, by weakness and by ignorance, thralled and misled! How often are we thrown into despondency! The things that we would we do not; and the things that we would not we do. Lord, have compassion upon us. Thou art a High Priest, and thou art ordained as a High Priest, because thou canst have compassion upon the ignorant, and upon those that are out of the way. Have compassion upon us, not to permit us to go on in things known to be wrong with impunity. Chastise us. By no means clear the guilt that is in us. Make us to feel the sinfulness of sin; but yet have

compassion, and chastise, because thou lovest us, and because we are sons; and forget not thy supreme work. Work out in us a mind like thine own. Grant unto us the same feeling that is in thine heart. May our love know how to suffer; how to be patient; how to be long suffering; how to endure for others and those that deserve nothing; yea, for those that are our enemies, and that despoil us, and despitefully use us. Bring us into the experience of thy nature, and then into the joy of thy salvation. Both save us from evil, and defend us in all good. But so great is this work, so subtle, so many are its adversaries, such are the temptations that come in upon us, that we cannot without thy help obtain the victory. Lord, help us. If we have faith thou wilt; but if we have not, Lord help our faith, that we may receive thy succor, which is for all—the Divine succor.

Gratitude for Tears.

We have not shed one tear too many, nor had one affliction too many. The burden has never been too heavy. The cross has never been cruel to us. Thou hast done wisely with us. The very digging that seemed to be rending us was the digging of the wells of the soul in our experience. The very things that we protested against and strove against have been overruled for our good: and we bear witness that though for the present, affliction has not been joyous to us, but grievous, afterwards it has worked the peaceable fruit of righteousness, in that we have been exercised thereby; and we commit ourselves to thee for the future.

A Prayer for America.

Take care of this great land. As this is the refuge of the poor and needy, so continue, we beseech thee, thoughts of the sacredness of men. Continue those foundations on which our fathers stood to build this great fabric, which is worthy of the name of the refuge of the poor and desolate. Hold back, we pray thee, all sinister influences. Give great power to all beneficent influences. May colleges and seminaries, academies and schools, of every name, prosper. More and more may intelligence prevail among the people. Grant that all sources of knowledge, all papers and books, all influences that tend to feed the hunger of the soul,

may be cleansed, purified, multiplied, and made more and more powerful. We pray that thou wilt cleanse all administrations of our national affairs. We commend to thee the President of the United States, and those that are joined with him in authority. We pray that thou wilt open their eyes to the ways of truth and purity, and help them to walk in righteousness. Remember all governors and legislators, all judges and magistrates. Grant that the whole framework of society may be maintained in integrity, and in true virtue.

Prayer for Enduring Riches.

We beseech of thee, our Father, thou that art the life of all that live, thou that art the thought of all that is thought or thinks, grant unto us this morning the cleansing and stimulating influence of thine own soul; for though we help one another, our help is as the taper that burns within. Thy help is the sun, illuminating all without. When thou art consciously upon us, it is daylight to the soul. When thou art forgotten or hidden, it is midnight and we grope, and so stumblingly travel; but we walk in a plain path when we are in sympathy with thee, and conscious of thy presence around about us.

O grant that we may become rich in the things that are not visible; rich in faith, in belief, in the ministration of thy servants — the angels that minister to the heirs of salvation. May we become rich in the thought of thy presence always, everywhere, in things the least, in things remote, in things the nearest, in all things.

A Prayer for Wisdom.

We pray, O Lord our God, that thou wouldst grant us the wisdom to look back and discern the things that are past, for thanksgiving and for mercies. May we, in looking back upon the past, give God thanks for convoyance and guidance. May we rejoice that so much of the past is gone — so many struggles that need not be renewed; so many sorrows that have ended; so many fires that are quenched. May we rejoice to believe, also, that there are many sins that have expired. May we look upon all the crooked ways of our crooked lives, and be ashamed of so

much that we fain would have rolled up and cast into the abyss forever. And while we give thanks for the past, may we humble ourselves before God also for its sad recollections; and out of it may there come a salutary influence, that as we step from one year into another we may go lightened; go with fewer burdens; go, only freighted with holier purposes, to carry on the life of God in our soul with more zeal and more discretion, under thy divine guidance.

Thankfulness for Loved Ones at Rest.

And we are glad for heaven, and for them that are dwelling therein; and it is sweet and comforting to us to think that the same voices that we taught to speak are now praising God in heaven in strains unknown to us. Nor are we envious that our children have out-run their parents, while we are glad for that rest which remaineth for us.

Prayer for the City and the Nation.

Bless, we pray thee, the city in which we dwell. Grant that it may be favored of God. It has been favored of him; and it shall be. Come thou, then, to purge away all evil, to strengthen us in all that is good in the sight of God and of man; and abide with us, that it may be a city of the Most High. We pray that thou wilt bless our land. Bless those who in various ways and in various spheres are seeking its uplifting, its fuller development, its power and its usefulness. May it shine with the beauty of holiness. All over the earth may its light begin to be diffused throughout darkness; and though the darkness comprehend it not, may it be rolled back until on every island, in every continent, and around the whole world, men shall be found strong in reason, in conscience, and in love, as the children of God.

Sabbath Invocation.

We thank thee that we have come together again this morning, after the labor of the week and its weariness. Grant that we may have a settled peace — that peace of God that passeth all understanding. May we yield ourselves up to him implicitly. May we rejoice that his will

is better than ours. And amidst thwartings, and castings down, and disappointments, let us not feel that our life is lost, or that we are losing it. May we be able to say, in all events, The will of the Lord be done. If we are weakened by excess of sorrow, or if our eyes are dim that we cannot see, or if we have lost the way and know not how to find it, O Lord God of our salvation, be merciful to us and look upon our weakness, and in thine infinite compassion revive us again, and put us upon our feet, and let us hear the voice, though it be in darkness, saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it."

A Prayer to the Dearly Beloved.

With those that rejoice round about thee, O dearly beloved of men and angels, our Father, we this morning rejoice likewise, according to the measure of our light, and according to the measure in which thou has wrought in us to will and to do of thy good pleasure. In thy joyfulness, which is as the light going over all the heaven and throughout creation, everything has light and joy. What thou art, that canst bring joy out of sorrow, we cannot conceive. Thou that dost sanctify suffering in thyself, and bear the burden of the universe, and yet art most blest and joyful of all — how shall we rise to the conception of such an One? Thy virtues take thee away out of the reach of our thought; for we are selfish; we are low-minded and earthly; we grope among things, and can scarcely rise to the higher range even of our own souls; but thou art a spirit, unconfined, universal, rejoicing in what men detest, we seeking to rid ourselves of burdens, and thou multiplying them perpetually; we occupied with the things that concern ourselves, and thou with the things that concern all other creatures but thyself; we perpetually asking to be served, and thou eternally serving. Who of us shall mount up and think of thee? Thou art not what thou art by the power of thy right hand. It is not because thou hast wisdom, and art everywhere, and art mightier than the mightiest, and art the cause of all things that are happening, that thou art God. This is but thine outward garment. The palace of thy soul, the march eternally therein of those grander emotions, and the wonderful outflow and expanse of thy love, who of us can conceive of these things? Who of us can find any-

where the hint, or type, or suggestion of such a nature as thine, in its loftiness? And thou sayest well to us, "As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." Yet afar off, as we discern the light of stars that we cannot assail nor reach unto — afar off we behold thee, as the rising sun to some, as the shining of the moon to others, as the star that overhung the Babe to others, as light to all. We behold thee and rejoice in thee; and as men seeking liberty from bondage through the night, steer themselves by the star of the north, so we seek ourselves and our larger liberty following thee, though we do not know all that thou art. We are sure that we are in the right way when we follow hard after thee.

A Prayer for Thanksgiving Day.

With all that have lived and are gathered into thine heavenly kingdom unto the community of the blessed, with all that dwell upon the earth and recognize thy benignant hand, we desire to join in blessing thy name, and in bearing witness to thy kindness, and to the service of ten thousand ministers of thine in the air, on the earth, upon the land, upon the sea, and from time immemorial. We desire, O Lord our God, to recognize thy service to us. No parent can be so tender to his children as thou hast been to thy children. We rejoice that in all those ways in which men find their true strength and dignity thou art found rewarding them step by step. We rejoice that darkness leads to light, that chastisement leads to joy, and that sorrows become pleasures. We know that they are ministered by thee; and that thy ways though not easily to be interpreted by our fear, or by the flesh, are made manifest in the spirit; and that all things shall work together for good to them that love thee.

Accept our thanksgiving this morning. We are gathered together at the call of our magistrates — this whole people, scattered abroad upon the bosom of this mighty continent, where the seasons are the almoners of thy bounty, where the sea and the land have served them, where the mountains and the mountain-sides alike have ministered unto them, where thou hast in this year very graciously held back raging diseases and pestilences, where thou hast tempered the season to health, where thou hast

brought forth abundantly from the earth, where thou hast made the heart of the poor to rejoice in abundance, where strangers have found themselves at home, and where all the people have dwelt together in growing unity and peace.

O Lord our God, when we look upon the years, and remember the multitude of thy mercies, our hearts are drawn out to thee in thanksgiving. We rejoice that nature, which is but the expression of thy will, that its laws, which are thy decrees, and that whatsoever thou doest, in laying with regularity and continuity the paths on which we walk, shall be stable. May we learn how to do thy will; and may we obey all laws that are of thee, that are ministered by thee, that are sustained by thee, and that are working for thee. We rejoice that through ten thousand veins thou art distributing thy mercies to those that need.

We adore thee, though we cannot compass thee with our thought, that we know the direction in which thou art loving; that we know the effulgence of thy love; that we know what are the plenitude and richness of thy mercies; and what are the influences which, beginning in love, end in mercies.

Prayer for Endurance.

We pray that thou wilt make us strong in the day of adversity, and able to *bear*. May we be clad in all the armor of God, both offensive and defensive, and be prepared to meet every exigency, and yet not be overthrown; to be found still standing when the battle is over, and able to *stand*.

Prayer for Consolation.

Our heavenly Father, we beseech of thee that thou wilt grant the light of consolation, and joy, and comfort to all those, thy followers, that are seeking, through the twilight and through the darkness, to find thee. How great is that darkness to some! How many are there that say, "All thy waves have gone over me. My God, my God! dost thou care for me?" Thou dost care for the poor and struggling soul. Thou knowest how hard the conflict is with those that are, by sickness and poverty, and ten thousand grating influences of life, made wretched. Thou art sorry for them, and thou art sending them sweet angelic

influences; and if they will, thou wilt carry them through the desert, and they shall even see the promised land. Great is the power of thy grace over against our weakness and want.

Prayer for Light and Joy.

Thou who art the lover of the sparrow, and art grieved to see it fall, are we not better than many sparrows? Fold us to thy heart and grant that we may have communicated to us the consciousness of it. Oh, how poor we are in ourselves! Oh, how rich we might be in thee! Rain down upon us the light of God. Pour from thyself streams of light, and life, and joy in the Holy Ghost; and bring us at last, amid tears, beyond sighing and sorrow, beyond sinning, into the land of rest

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Prayer on Behalf of the Children.

Bless the dear children. Sorrows are awaiting them; temptations shall beset them; tears shall be wrung from them. And yet, O God! Thou art stronger than sorrow; and thou canst carry them through crying and through tribulation, and save them yet to great joy here, and to immortality hereafter. We cannot ask that sorrows, which prophesy themselves already, shall not come. Since thou hast been made perfect through suffering, why should we not be made perfect through suffering? But we commend them, in this stormy world, with its temptations and sins, to thy fatherly thought, and care, and guidance. Oh, take care of them, that they may not stumble with fatal downfall.

Prayer for Mourners.

We pray that thou wilt grant that where there are those who sit in darkness, mourning their beloved, there may arise to them a light; a revelation of God through Jesus Christ; a comfort which the world cannot give, and which the world cannot take away. Bless all that mourn, from what reason soever. May broken hopes lead men to look up to him who was broken on the cross, and through whose death life comes. May they build again who are cast down; and may they find joy whose days are filled with

pain and sorrow. Stand thou over against every creature that is in want, O blessed Saviour, to lead him out of his trouble, to redeem him from his captivity, to guide him as a shepherd guides his flock, and so to bring him into the royalty of thine own strength. Be thou manifest in their weakness, and may they, bearing their burdens with patience in difficult ways, more and more be led upward from the animal toward the spiritual.

Plea for Deliverance from Care.

We pray that thou wilt take away from us the overmastering power of care. Grant that we may love suffering if suffering loves us. Grant that we may be cleansed by it, and that we may be lifted above the ordinary sources of consolation; that we may live more and more by reason of finding this world out before we leave it; and that we may, by reason of finding it out, live in the other and higher life. Make this life as the very verge of the great life beyond; and though in the stillest hour we can hear nothing, O grant that by faith we may see and hear much. As men that live far away from the sea hear the roar of the waves upon the shore, so may we hear the praise that beats upon the shores of the other life, where thou hast gathered multitudes that no man can number; where their joy mounts higher than our summer; where everything blooms and everything rejoices. As we hear it, we may rejoice that we are drawing nearer to it, and be ashamed that our voices are so poorly constituted to join in that praise with which thou art surrounded. May we be able to transmute the words of thy servants of old, and fill our heaven with our own conceptions of companionship. Education, conduct, occupation, blessedness — more and more may we be able to make the whole of that, a vocabulary to our thought of thee, and of the joy of thy people. May there spring up in our hearts and out of our imaginations living realizations of thee that our God may be to us as endless and various as he is in himself.

We pray that thus the world itself may become better under our dominion. As thy disciples were to sit upon thrones, judging, so may we be able to sit upon the thrones of our own souls judging all things, measuring all things, governing all things, as the sons of God, until our time is spent — until the rolling world hath measured out

the longest thread to any of us. Then with unspeakable gladness may we drop the life that is, and the body, which having helped, is only now become an encumbrance, and go flying and singing to that rest which remaineth for the people of God.

And to thy name, Father, Son and Spirit, shall be praises everlasting. *Amen.*

Prayer for All Nations.

Bless our neighbor-nations. Knit us together with them, not by the rude bonds of selfishness, but by the sweeter cords of love and sympathy. We pray for thy blessing upon all nations. Remember the peoples that are struggling up slowly, and seeking stability in justice and knowledge. Grant that they may be prospered by thee. May all the diverse influences throughout the globe be clad in the armor of righteousness; and may all the elements which tend to beauty and virtue find thee giving them light in darkness, and strength in weakness. Let thy kingdom come, let thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

Prayer Concerning Old Age.

We beseech of thee that thou wouldst grant unto every one of us, every day as the years go on, not sorrow because weakness is coming, not looking back wistfully and regretting the departed years of youth, but give to us the nobler mind, that we may thank God that so few steps remain, that we are so near to the morning, that the day dawn is showing itself in the East. When at last the final hour of darkness is ripening into twilight, and we behold the glowing East, then to our eyes may the Sun of Righteousness arise, and may we stand in the full light and glory of thy presence in the heavenly day.

DISCOURSE ON ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE MARTYR PRESIDENT.

ON the 15th of April 1865, Henry Ward Beecher delivered the following discourse in Plymouth church, Brooklyn.

"And Moses went up from the plains of Moab, unto the mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho; and the Lord showed him all the land of Gilead, unto Dan, and all Naphtali, and the land of Ephraim and Manasseh, and all the land of Judah, unto the utmost sea, and the south, and the plain of the valley of Jericho, the city of palm trees, unto Zoar. And the Lord said unto him, this is the land which I swear unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, saying, I will give it unto thy seed; I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither. So Moses, the servant of the lord, died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord."—*Deut. 34: 1–5.*

There is no historic figure more noble than that of the Jewish lawgiver. After so many thousands of years, the figure of Moses is not diminished, but stands up against the background of early days, distinct and individual as if he had lived but yesterday. There is scarcely another event in history more touching than his death. He had borne the great burdens of state for forty years, shaped the Jews to a nation, filled out their civil and religious polity, administered their laws, guided their steps, or dwelt with them in all their journeyings in the wilderness, had mourned in their punishment, kept step with their march, and led them in wars until the end of their labors drew nigh. The last stage was reached. Jordan only lay between them and the promised land. The promised land!—oh, what yearnings had heaved his breast for that divinely promised place! He had dreamed of it by night, and mused by day. It was holy and endeared as God's favorite spot. It was to be the cradle of an illustrious history. All his long, laborious, and now weary life, he had aimed at this as the consummation of every desire, the reward of every toil and pain. Then

came the word of the Lord to him, "Thou mayest not go over: Get thee up into the mountain, look upon it, and die."

From that silent summit, the hoary leader gazed to the north, to the south, to the west, with hungry eyes. The dim outlines rose up. The hazy recesses spoke of quiet valleys between the hills. With eager longing, with sad resignation, he looked upon the promised land. It was now to him a forbidden land. It was a moment's anguish. He forgot all his personal wants, and drank in the vision of his people's home. His work was done. There lay God's promise fulfilled. There was the seat of coming Jerusalem; there the city of Judah's King; the sphere of judges and prophets; the mount of sorrow and salvation; the nest whence were to fly blessings innumerable to all mankind. Joy chased sadness from every feature, and the prophet laid him down and died.

Again a great leader of the people has passed through toil, sorrow, battle, and war, and come near to the promised land of peace, into which he might not pass over. Who shall recount our martyr's sufferings for this people? Since the November of 1860, his horizon has been black with storms. By day and by night he trod a way of danger and darkness. On his shoulders rested a government dearer to him than his own life. At its integrity millions of men were striking home. Upon this government foreign eyes lowered. It stood like a lone island in a sea full of storms, and every tide and wave seemed eager to devour it. Upon thousands of hearts great sorrows and anxieties have rested, but not on one such, and in such measure, as upon that simple, truthful, noble soul, our faithful and sainted Lincoln. Never rising to the enthusiasm of more impassioned natures in hours of hope, and never sinking with the mercurial in hours of defeat to the depths of despondency, he held on with unmovable patience and fortitude, putting caution against hope, that it might not be premature, and hope against caution, that it might not yield to dread and danger. He wrestled ceaselessly, through four black and dreadful purgatorial years, wherein God was cleansing the sin of his people as by fire.

At last, the watcher beheld the gray dawn for the country. The mountains began to give forth their forms from out the darkness; and the East came rushing toward

us with arms full of joy for all our sorrows. Then it was for him to be glad exceedingly, that had sorrowed immeasurably. Peace could bring to no other heart such joy, such rest, such honor, such trust, such gratitude. But he looked upon it as Moses looked upon the promised land. Then the wail of a nation proclaimed that he had gone from among us. Not thine the sorrow, but ours, sainted soul. Thou hast indeed entered the promised land, while we are yet on the march. To us remains the rocking of the deep, the storm upon the land, days of duty and nights of watching; but thou art sphered high above all darkness and fear, beyond all sorrow and weariness. Rest, O weary heart! Rejoice exceedingly, thou that hast suffered enough! Thou hast beheld Him who invisibly led thee in this great wilderness. Thou standest among the elect. Around thee are royal men that have ennobled human life in every age. Kingly art thou, with glory on thy brow as a diadem. And joy is upon thee for evermore. Over all this land, over all the little cloud of years that now from thine infinite horizon moves back as a speck, thou art lifted up as high as the star is above the clouds that hide us but never reach it. In the goodly company of Mount Zion thou shalt find that rest which thou hast sorrowing sought in vain; and thy name, an everlasting name in heaven, shall flourish in fragrance and beauty as long as men shall last upon the earth, or hearts remain, to revere truth, fidelity, and goodness.

Never did two such orbs of experience meet in one hemisphere, as the joy and the sorrow of the same week in this land. The joy was as sudden as if no man had expected it, and as entrancing as if it had fallen a sphere from heaven. It rose up over sobriety and swept business from its moorings, and ran down through the land in irresistible course. Men embraced each other in brotherhood that were strangers in the flesh. They sang, or prayed, or, deeper yet, many could only think thanksgiving and weep gladness. That peace was sure; that government was firmer than ever; that the land was cleansed of plague; that the ages were opening to our footsteps, and we were to begin a march of blessings; that blood was stanched, and scowling enmities were sinking like storms beneath the horizon; that the dear fatherland, nothing lost, much gained, was to rise up in unexampled honor among the nations of the earth—these thoughts, and that undistinguishable

throng of fancies and hopes and desires, and yearnings, that filled the soul with tremblings like the heated air of midsummer days—all these kindled up such a surge of joy as no words may describe.

In one hour joy lay without a pulse, without a gleam, or breath. A sorrow came that swept through the land as huge storms sweep through the forest and field, rolling thunder along the sky, disheveling the flowers, daunting every singer in thicket or forest, and pouring blackness and darkness across the land and up the mountains. Did ever so many hearts, in so brief a time, touch two such boundless feelings? It was the uttermost of joy; it was the uttermost of sorrow—noon and midnight, without a space between.

The blow brought not a sharp pang. It was so terrible that at first it stunned sensibility. Citizens were like men awakened at midnight by an earthquake, and bewildered to find everything that they were accustomed to trust wavering and falling. The very earth was no longer solid. The first feeling was the least. Men waited to get straight to feel. They wandered in the streets as if groping after some impending dread, or undeveloped sorrow, or some one to tell them what ailed them. They met each other as if each would ask the other, "Am I awake, or do I dream?" There was a piteous helplessness. Strong men bowed down and wept. Other and common griefs belonged to some one in chief; this belonged to all. It was each and every man's. Every virtuous household in the land felt as if its first-born were gone. Men were bereaved, and walked for days as if a corpse lay unburied in their dwellings. There was nothing else to think of. They could speak of nothing else but that; and yet, of that they could speak only falteringly. All business was laid aside. Pleasure forgot to smile. The city for nearly a week ceased to roar. The great Leviathan lay down and was still. Even avarice stood still, and greed was strangely moved to generous sympathy and universal sorrow. Rear to his name monuments, found charitable institutions, and write his name above their lintels; but no monument will ever equal the universal, spontaneous, and sublime sorrow that in a moment swept down lines and parties, and covered up animosities, and in an hour brought a divided people into unity of grief and indivisible fellowship of anguish.

For myself, I cannot yet command that quietness of

spirit needed for a just and temperate delineation of a man whom goodness has made great. Leaving that, if it please God, to some other occasion, I pass to some considerations, aside from the martyr President's character, which may be fit for this hour's instruction.

1. Let us not mourn that his departure was so sudden, nor fill our imagination with horror at its method. Men, long eluding and evading sorrow, when at last they are overtaken by it, seem enchanted, and seek to make their sorrow sorrowful to the very uttermost, and to bring out every drop of suffering which they possibly can. This is not Christian, though it may be natural. When good men pray for deliverance from sudden death, it is only that they may not be plunged without preparation, all disrobed into the presence of their Judge. When one is ready to depart, suddenness of death is a blessing. It is a painful sight to see a tree overthrown by a tornado, wrenched from its foundations, and broken down like a weed; but it is yet more painful to see a vast and venerable tree lingering with vain strife against decay, which age and infirmity have marked for destruction. The process by which strength wastes, and the mind is obscured, and the tabernacle is taken down, is humiliating and painful; and it is good and grand when a man departs to his rest from out of the midst of duty, full-armed and strong, with pulse beating time. For such an one to go suddenly, if he be prepared to go, is but to terminate a most noble life in its most noble manner. Mark the words of the Master:

"Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning; and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their lord, when he will return from the wedding; that when he cometh and knocketh they may open unto him immediately. Blessed are those servants whom the lord when he cometh shall find watching."

Not they that go in a stupor, but they that go with all their powers about them, and wide awake, to meet their Master, as to a wedding are blessed. He died watching. He died with his armor on. In the midst of hours of labors, in the very heart of patriotic consultations, just returned from camps and councils, he was stricken down. No fever dried his blood. No slow waste consumed him. All at once, in full strength and manhood, with his girdle tight about him, he departed, and walks with God.

Nor was the manner of his death more shocking, if we

divest it of the malignity of the motives which caused it. The mere instrument itself is not one that we should shrink from contemplating. Have not thousands of soldiers fallen on the field of battle by the bullets of the enemy? Is being killed in battle counted to be a dreadful mode of dying? It was as if he had died in battle. Do not all soldiers that must fall ask to depart in the hour of battle and victory? He went in the hour of victory.

There has not been a poor drummer boy in all this war that has fallen for whom the great heart of Lincoln would not have bled; there has not been one private soldier, without note or name, slain among thousands, and hid in the pit among hundreds, without even the memorial of a separate burial, for whom the President would not have wept. He was a man from the common people, that never forgot his kind. And now that he who might not bear the march, and toil, and battles with these humble citizens has been called to die by the bullet, as they were, do you not feel that there was a peculiar fitness to his nature and life, that he should in death be joined with them, in a final common experience, to whom he had been joined in all his sympathies.

For myself, when any event is susceptible of a higher and nobler garnishing, I know not what that disposition is that would seek to drag it down to the depths of gloom, and write it all over with the scrawls of horror or fear. I let the light of nobler thoughts fall upon his departure, and bless God that there is some argument of consolation in the matter and manner of his going, as there was in the matter and manner of his staying.

2. This blow was but the expiring rebellion. As a miniature gives all the form and features of its subject, so, epitomized in this foul act, we find the whole nature and disposition of slavery. It begins in a wanton destruction of all human rights, and in a desecration of all the sanctities of heart and home; and it is the universal enemy of mankind, and of God, who made man. It can be maintained only at the sacrifice of every right and moral feeling in its abettors and upholders. I deride the man that points me to any man bred amid slavery, believing in it, and willingly practicing it, and tells me that he is a man. I shall find saints in perdition sooner than I shall find true manhood under the influences of so accursed a system as this. It is a two-edged sword, cutting both ways, violent-

ly destroying manhood in the oppressed, and insidiously destroying manhood in the oppressor. The problem is solved, the demonstration is completed, in our land. Slavery wastes its victims; and it destroys the masters. It destroys public morality and the possibility of it. It corrupts manhood in its very center and elements. Communities in which it exist are not to be trusted. They are rotten. Nor can you find timber grown in this accursed soil of iniquity that is fit to build our ship of state, or lay the foundation of our households. The patriotism that grows up under this blight, when put to proof, is selfish and brittle; and he that leans upon it shall be pierced. The honor that grows up in the midst of slavery is not honor, but a bastard quality that usurps the place of its better, only to disgrace the name of honor. And, as long as there is conscience, or reason, or Christianity, the honor that slavery begets will be a by-word and a hissing. The whole moral nature of men reared to familiarity and connivance with slavery is death-smitten. The needless rebellion; the treachery of its leaders to oaths and solemn trusts; their violation of the commonest principles of fidelity, sitting in senates, in councils, in places of public confidence, only to betray and to destroy; the long, general, and unparalleled cruelty to prisoners, without provocation, and utterly without excuse: the unreasoning malignity and fierceness — these all mark the symptoms of that disease of slavery which is a deadly poison to soul and body.

1. I do not say that there are not single natures, here and there, scattered through the vast wilderness which is covered with this poisonous vine, who escape the poison. There are, but they are not to be found among the men that believe in it, and that have been moulded by it. They are the exceptions. Slavery is itself barbarity. That nation which cherishes it is barbarous; and no outward tinsel or glitter can redeem it from the charge of barbarism. And it was fit that its expiring blow should be such as to take away from men the last forbearance, the last pity, and fire the soul with an invincible determination that the breeding ground of such mischiefs and monsters shall be utterly and forever destroyed.

2. We needed not that he should put on paper that he believed in slavery, who, with treason, with murder, with cruelty infernal, hovered around that majestic man to destroy his life. He was himself but the long sting with

which slavery struck at liberty ; and he carried the poison that belonged to slavery. And as long as this nation lasts it will never be forgotten that we have had one martyred President — never ! Never, while time lasts, while heaven lasts, while hell rocks and groans, will it be forgotten that slavery, by its minions, slew him, and, in slaying him, made manifest its whole nature and tendency.

3. This blow was aimed at the life of the Government and of the nation. Lincoln was slain : America was meant. The man was cast down ; the Government was smitten at. The President was killed ; it was national life, breathing freedom, and mean benificence, that was sought. He, the man of Illinois, the private man, divested of robes and the insignia of authority, representing nothing but his personal self, might have been hated ; but it was not that that ever would have called forth the murderer's blow. It was because he stood in the place of government, representing government, and a government that represented right and liberty that he was singled out.

This, then, is a crime against universal government. It is not a blow at the foundations of our government, more than at the foundations of the English government, of the French government, of every compacted and well-organized government. It was a crime against mankind. The whole world will repudiate and stigmatize it as a deed without a shade of redeeming light. For this was not the oppressed, goaded to extremity, turning on his oppressor. Not the shadow of a cloud, even, has rested on the South, of wrong; and they knew it right well.

In a council held in the City of Charleston, just preceding to the attack on Fort Sumter, two commissions were appointed to go to Washington; one on the part of the army from Fort Sumter, and one on the part of the Confederates. The lieutenant that was designated to go for us said it seemed to him that it would be of little use for him to go, as his opinion was immovably fixed in favor of maintaining the government in whose service he was employed. Then Gov. Pickens took him aside, detaining, for an hour and a half the railroad train that was to convey them on their errand. He opened to him the whole plan and secret of the Southern conspiracy; and said to him, distinctly and repeatedly (for it was needful, he said, to lay aside disguises) that the South had never been wronged, and that all their pretences of grievances in the

matter of tariffs, or anything else, were invalid. "But," said he, "we must carry the people with us; and we allege these things, as all statesmen do many things that they do not believe, because they are the only instruments by which the people can be managed." He then and there declared that the two sections of country were so antagonistic in ideas and policies that they could not live together, that it was foreordained that Northern and Southern men must keep apart on account of differences in ideas and policies, and that all the pretences of the South about wrongs suffered were but pretences, as they very well knew. This is testimony which was given by one of the leaders in the Rebellion, and which will, probably, ere long, be given under hand and seal to the public. So the South has never had wrong visited upon it except by that which was inherent in it.

This was not, then, the avenging hand of one goaded by tyranny. It was not a despot turned on by his victim. It was the venemous hatred of liberty wielded by an avowed advocate of slavery. And, though there may have been cases of murder in which there were shades of palliation, yet this murder was without provocation, without temptation, without reason, sprung from the fury of a heart cankered to all that was just and good, and corrupted by all that was wicked and foul.

4. The blow has signally failed. The cause is not stricken; it is strengthened. This nation has dissolved — but in tears only. It stands four-square, more solid, to-day, than any pyramid in Egypt. This people are neither wasted, nor daunted, nor disordered. Men hate slavery and love liberty with stronger hate and love to-day than ever before. The government is not weakened, it is made stronger. How naturally and easily were the ranks closed! Another steps forward, in the hour that the one fell, to take his place and his mantle; and I avow my belief that he will be found a man true to every instinct of liberty; true to the whole trust that is reposed in him; vigilant of the Constitution; careful of the laws; wise for liberty, in that he himself, through his life, has known what it was to suffer from the stings of slavery, and to prize liberty from bitter personal experiences.

Where could the head of government in any monarchy be smitten down by the hand of an assassin, and the funds not quiver or fall one-half of one per cent? After a long

period of national disturbance, after four years of drastic war, after tremendous drafts on the resources of the country in the height and top of our burdens, the heart of this people is such that now, when the head of the government is stricken down, the public funds do not waver, but stand as the granite ribs in our mountains.

Republican institutions have been vindicated in this experience as they never were before; and the whole history of the last four years, rounded up by this cruel stroke, seems, in the providence of God, to have been clothed, now, with an illustration, with a sympathy, with an aptness, and with a significance, such as we never could have expected nor imagined. God, I think, has said, by the voice of this event, to all nations of the earth, "Republican liberty, based upon true Christianity, is firm as the foundation of the globe."

5. Even he who now sleeps has, by this event, been clothed with new influence. Dead, he speaks to men who now willingly hear what before they refused to listen to. Now his simple and weighty words will be gathered like those of Washington, and your children and your children's children, shall be taught to ponder the simplicity and deep wisdom of utterances which, in their time, passed, in party heat, as idle words. Men will receive a new impulse of patriotism for his sake, and will guard with zeal the whole country which he loved so well. I swear you, on the altar of his memory, to be more faithful to the country for which he has perished. They will, as they follow his hearse, swear a new hatred to that slavery against which he warred, and which, in vanquishing him, has made him a martyr and a conqueror. I swear you, by the memory of this martyr, to hate slavery with an unappeasable hatred. They will admire and imitate the firmness of this man, his inflexible conscience for the right; and yet his gentleness, as tender as a woman's; his moderation of spirit, which, not all the heat of party could inflame, nor all the jars and disturbances of his country shake out of its place. I swear you to an emulation of his justice, his moderation, and his mercy.

You I can comfort; but how can I speak to that twilight million to whom his name was as the name of an angel of God? There will be wailing in places which no minister shall be able to reach. When, in hovel and in cot, in wood and in wilderness, in the field throughout the South,

the dusky children, who looked upon him as that Moses whom God sent before them to lead them out of the land of bondage, learn that he has fallen, who shall comfort them? O, thou Shepherd of Israel, that didst comfort thy people of old, to thy care we commit the helpless, the long-wronged, and grieved.

And now the martyr is moving in triumphal march, mightier than when alive. The nation rises up at every stage of his coming. Cities and states are his pall-bearers, and the cannon beats the hours with solemn progression? Dead, dead, dead, he yet speaketh! Is Washington dead. Is Hampden dead? Is David dead? Is any man that ever was fit to live dead? Disenthralled of flesh, and risen in the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life now is grafted upon the infinite, and will be fruitful as no earthly life can be. Pass on, thou that hast overcome! Your sorrows, oh people, are his peace! Your bells, and bands, and muffled drums, sound triumph in his ear. Wail and weep here; God made it echo joy and triumph there. Pass on!

Four years ago, oh, Illinois, we took from your midst an untried man, and from among the people. We return him to you a mighty conquerer. Not thine any more, but the nation's; not ours, but the world's. Give him place, oh, ye prairies! In the midst of this great continent his dust shall rest, a sacred treasure to myriads who shall pilgrim to that shrine to kindle anew their zeal and patriotism. Ye winds that move over the mighty places of the West, chant his requiem! Ye people, behold a martyr whose blood, as so many articulate words, pleads for fidelity, for law, for liberty!

MR. BEECHER'S LAST SERMON AND PRAYER

IN PLYMOUTH CHURCH, SUNDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 27TH, 1887.

Text: "I am resolved what to do." Luke xvi. 4.

I READ in your hearing this narrative, this parable of our Lord. The unjust steward had been accused, and rightfully, of betraying his trust and wasting that committed to him. His master called him to an account, and he was satisfied that the end had come; and he communed with himself, and as the result of that, and looking over all the circumstances, he said: "I am resolved what to do."

What he resolved to do was not very honest, but it was very shrewd. He resolved to make friends of all the debtors of his lord. He called them up and settled with them in such a way as to lay them under obligations — gratitude to him. And so, although he and they cheated the master, he made his own nest warm and the master praised him — not Jesus, but the man that owned the property is the one. When he heard of it he said to himself: "Well, that is shrewd; that is cunning; that is wise," and the comment on it is: Children of this world are wiser than the children of light; that is to say, men who are acting in worldly ways, for worldly reasons, are very much wiser than the men becoming good from the highest moral considerations.

What, then, is the nature of a resolution — what is the scope of it, the potency? And what are the drawbacks? The self-consideration of these questions may throw light upon the path of many of us. Now, our long effort of making up our mind is equivalent to forming a purpose. When a man resolves, he means, or should mean, to do something; and all resolutions carry, or should carry, not simply the end sought, but also the capable and necessary means by which the end is sought. I am resolved to cross

that river, by the bridge, by boat, or by swimming. To stand on one side and resolve to be on the other, without any intermediate means of doing it, would be folly indeed. I am resolved to-morrow to go to market. All the intermediate and implied steps by which that resolution could be carried out are included in the resolution itself. A resolution is a purpose in so far as simple things, uncompounded, incomplex, are concerned. A resolution may be executed immediately without loss of time; indeed, the greatest number of resolutions are those which, like the stroke of the hammer or the explosion of the gun, are almost without any appreciable interlapse of time. "I am resolved what to do." Natural resolutions: At the cry of fire the man instantly looks out to see what to do; at the call of a man to step to the door and see a stranger or a friend, he resolves to do it; although the resolution is latent in such a sense by repetition that he is not conscious of making up his mind.

In regard to a great many of the acts of a man's life, cerebration — that is to say, the action of the brain — has become so common that it takes place without any appreciable appearance of taking place. A multitude of things — if one gets in a crowd, and a man would strike him, his defense is not the result of reflection, and yet it was in him as a result of experience to protect himself; and, if it be a shadow, it is just the same, for a shadow seems like a substance, and he puts himself in a ludicrous attitude of defense; he smiles, and he goes on, but the action of the mind, the unconscious cerebration, is there. As, for instance, in things that apply to the now, that are uncompounded and simple, a man resolves and executes almost at the same moment. The child calls from above, "Father," and incidentally there is no thought whether he shall or shall not answer, yet the train goes on with him and he replies, "My son, what?" Or the call has come to him for help, and instantly, before the last echo of the sound dies out of his ear, he is on his feet, on his way. But these are very simple things; they are the primary forms, which afterwards, becoming more and more complicated, running through longer periods of time, imply a great many intermediate steps. For a man can resolve that he will go to bed — it doesn't take long either — he resolves that to-morrow morning he will get up and go "cruising," but to-morrow is dark and stormy, and the resolution is

not half so strong when he wakes up as it was when he went to bed. There are a great many considerations that come. Or the man resolves that to-morrow he will go to market; neighbors come in; he waits; it is noon, and then the time is too little to go and come again. And he puts it off until the next morning. So between the resolution and the night — for one takes hold upon the other — there is a delay and the intermediate history.

Now, as you go on in life, as society itself becomes more complex — civilization is growth in complexity — as the things that you resolve to do or not to do, are largely in their times, and are clustered together by cause and effect, resolutions, spreading over so long spaces and so much intermediatism, are somewhat different from the first resolve.

Resolution, then, means a purpose, the will itself; and it includes in it, also, all indispensable intermediate steps; and some resolutions execute themselves immediately; some with some delay; some with long delay; some through many subordinate resolutions that carry out the primary one. And a man may resolve at a critical moment, that which will determine the whole career of his life; yea, he may determine in any one single, final moment, that which will take the whole of his life to carry into effect. This is the case of ten thousand men. When my father was young, a lad (he was brought up by, substantially, an uncle), he had in him all that was necessary to make him what he was in his professional life. But he did not do it; he was careless; he was heedless; he was forgetful of things external; and so Uncle Lot Benton one morning, going out, found that being out late with the horses the night before, visiting some young company, the bridle was placed over the water-trough, and the saddle was thrown down behind the stable door, and the horses turned in without a halter, and he said, "Oh, well, Lyman will never make a farmer; he is not fitted for it." And so, talking in the orchard with him one day, he says: "Lyman, how would you like to go to college?" No answer. They went on working all day. Next day, about the same hour, as they were working together in the orchard, Lyman says: "I would like to go sir." That settled it. In that beginning was a purpose that shaped differently his whole life; it never gave out; it branched in every direction; he would have made a miserable far-

mer; he made a tolerably good minister and a tolerably good father.

So, then, a man may form a resolution without noise, without parade, that holds infinite sequences in its development. It may include in itself a short process and an intermediate; it may include in itself a longer process; it may include in itself the whole scope of a man's life, and thrice ten thousand resolutions will be formed successively to carry out the great primary resolution which a man makes. Thus, if a man is to be a lawyer he is not going to be a blacksmith, nor a sailor, nor a soldier, so that there is the resolution of exclusion; it turns him away from those things inconsistent with the first element. If he is to be a lawyer there must be the question of education, and a professional education, and all the conditions which are prerequisite to the presenting himself to the court and his license to plead and the beginnings of practice. All of those are wrapped up in the first determination, "I will be a lawyer;" but that determination don't make him one; it starts him on a long train of events that are necessary to make him a lawyer. And so in regard to morality, a young man may stand on the threshold of life; he may resolve that he will see the world; and the man that means to see everything in the world will probably see a good deal under the world, by and by, that he won't care about seeing. A man who resolves, on the other hand, "I believe in honesty; it is the best principle;" (but it is better than nothing to say) that is the best policy; it is good policy; all good policy is a principle; all good principles carry with them a policy. And a young man says, "I am determined to be an honest and upright man;" that at once spreads to other men; he won't associate with certain ones, he will associate with certain others; he won't follow certain things; he will seek other paths; the resolution sifts life for him out of its discipline, and another resolution is a growing, crude thing. Now, there are a good many people who don't seem ever to have a resolution; they are like sieves, all their thoughts run through and are wasted; there is a great deal of diffidence about them; there are some men whose thoughts are like the ratchet-wheel, the wheel that has, notch by notch, to hold what it has got; and there are a great many whose thoughts are like thistle downs that are going everywhere, and don't know that they are going anywhere, and are

subject to the mutations of the wind. There is a great deal of difference — need be — to win men to form resolutions, sometimes, of a strong nature and a sterling strong purpose: when once they have resolved never to flinch, they have never known in any hour a downsliding; they may be less active at one time than another, but they don't turn back. Once having put their hand to the plough they don't look back again. But then there are those that have the same policy resolution, but they are made of different stuff; it slides away; they forget it; they are not stiff enough to stand up against the wind, it may be, that shall come upon them.

The general qualities of the resolutions which men make are of every grade; even a frail woman walking in the boisterous March wind, may find that with all the sail she carries she cannot make headway against it, and supports herself by a fence that is stiff enough to hold her until the wind lulls. And as it is in the community, so it is in regard to individuals — there are many persons who, left to themselves, waver; they do so sometimes from good reasons, sometimes from those not so good, sometimes because the purposes were formed in a moment of excitement and have nothing left of them when the excitement cools. There is instability also arising from disability of organization; that is to say, a man may be susceptible while one class of effects is being produced, and in that mood he may form a resolution, but to-morrow some other blessed, beautiful thing may come up, and he is just as susceptible of that, and the secondary state of mind obliterates the first. A man is under the influence of music, and all his purposes run under that power or influence, but, by and by, the outbreak of politics brings up patriotism, as it is called, and his moods change, and those early sensations at first are no longer operative upon him; another powerful influence causes digression. There are many men who have such ancillary elements brought to bear upon their wills and upon their temperaments that they are almost persuaded to be Christians, and think they will be, but, going home in a hurry, fall in with company, and the day following business instincts and interests. It is like another scene that day. So that there is this changeableness in men. Then the decrease of the power came from the nature of the mind. There is this idea, however, not to be neglected — the distinction between the

man's willing and his wishing. A great many people think that a wish is a resolution. Oh, it has gone into a proverb. "If wishes were horses, then beggars might ride." A man wishes he were rich, but he is too lazy, and he never will be; a man wishes that he knew more; probably never will; he is lazy; a man wishes that he could have entrance into certain circles in society, but the steps requisite he never will have patience or wisdom to take. You might just as well carry a candle around the field and think it is agriculture, because it is light shining on the crops. Thousands of people think they wish to be Christians; they don't. That is the interpretation given much of the instruction of Jesus. Men came to him and said: "Lord, we will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest." "No, you won't; you don't know that I am destined to suffering, poverty, persecution, death; you think that I am going to be a royal personage and shower honors and gold." "Ah," says one, "I will follow Thee, but suffer me first." Ah, there is that "if" and "but" in life. Ten thousand people say, "I would like to be a Christian if," and that settles it. "I want to be a Christian, but"—yes, that settles it again. And so Christ was surrounded by swarms of persons, following him around, wishing and wishing, with various degrees of excitability in them, and he put them all off: he would have nothing to do with them. "Let him take up his cross and follow me, whosoever would be my disciple." There is something to do, something to prove, and to wish. There is a great distinction between wishing, then, and willing; for when a man wills the purpose carries with it the instrument to effect itself. You wish to be a Christian; do you will to be one? Your *wishing* is tantalization if *willing* does not accompany *wishing*.

Now, Christian life is the only reasonable one, whether you regard it as a duty or as a means of the greatest satisfaction; that is to say, we were made to be Christians, and being a Christian is simply putting yourself in those relations to yourself, to your fellow-men and to your God for which you were created. Did you ever undertake to take apart a watch? That is very easy. Did you ever undertake to put it together again? That is not so easy. You don't know which screw goes into which hole; you don't know exactly which wheel goes in first; but one thing is perfectly certain, and that is that nothing else will fit together

but that of which the watch was made, and each wheel was destined to one place and to one avocation, and if you can bring them together, according to the intent of the maker, it will perform, and otherwise it will not. Now, a man was built with a great deal more care than ever a watch was. He has definite relations to himself. A man was made to live with men, and there is only one way and one principle on which men can live together — kindness, love. Justice means love; justice is not something else; and we have a test, an example, a revelation in Jesus, in the Old Testament as well as in the New, but in the New with clearer emphasis and larger light, seeing there how we have got to live toward our fellow-men, what are the interlacing relations and what is the predominant spirit in which we are to treat them. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Self-love is made to be the very model and type of that affection which you are to give to all people. Then we know perfectly well that we are affianced to yet higher beings than man, and to the invisible cosmos as well as to the visible; and we can not live when we are out of joint with any of these relations in ourselves and to our neighbors and to our God. Now, I say it is reasonable that we should endeavor to live after this type upon which we were created. This is reasonable. A great many men can; but, to the weak, Christianity is nothing but priestcraft, and it is not reasonable for a man to be damned because he could not believe, and, especially, because he could not gulp and swallow all the dogmas and all the forms. But that is wide of the mark.

True Christianity means living in those relations for which we were created — harmonization of ourselves, harmonization of our relations to our fellow-men, harmonization of our relation to the invisible future. And I say that is reasonable; I say more than that, that it has in it the inherent, the greatest amount of happiness. For although, for temporary reasons, a man may defer to his passions, taking the average and the whole life, he loses rather than gains; he is loser now but suffers then. A man may think, because he runs through a dissipated period, and then reforms, that the dissipation is all over. No, no, no; the causes sink under and run subterraneously, as it were; and there is many a man that has grumbled at forty-five years of age from the misconduct of twenty years. You know that there are the seventeen-year locusts;

they lay their eggs, and those eggs lie incubating in the ground for seventeen years; then they hatch and come forth. A man may by evil deeds lay the eggs that will hatch twenty years after that, and as a general truth I think it is demonstrable by actual observation and experience that the true happiness of a man lies in that self-control, in that virtue, in that integrity, in that love-power, which is the substance of religion itself. It is not learning your catechism, it is not learning your verses of faith, it is not going through ecclesiastical achievements. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, and thy neighbor as thyself." Therefore, you must lift yourself, and he that lifts himself shows, not by partiality toward the lower and worst features in himself, but towards his whole self — the regent understanding, the moral power and elements and spiritual in him. Now, when a man has this presented to him, and he is urged to enter upon a Christian life as the only honorable one, the only one that has the greatest satisfaction in it, the only one that carries in it the idea of duty and gratitude towards God, how thoughtlessly men heed that. To-night how many are there of you that say in thus looking over the sphere of life — life to come: "I am resolved what to do." Bearing in mind what a resolution means and what it includes, how many men can say to-night, "Yes, I am resolved what to do." There are very few of you that would say, "I am resolved not to be a Christian." That is a very hazardous thing, which very few men care to resolve. Men may say, on the other hand, "I hope some time to be a Christian; I feel sometimes as if I would like to be one; I wish I was one;" just as a lazy man wishes he had the products of industry. But how many men are there here to-night that can say, "I am resolved what to do," "I am resolved what to do."

Are you then resolved at once to become a Christian? Can I be a Christian at once? In one sense, no; in another sense, yes. Nobody ever learned a trade at a blow, but he can begin this day; no man ever became a scholar by a resolution, but he never can become one without a resolution; it is a complex one and a constantly repeating one, ancillary resolutions upholding the main one. Are you resolved to be a Christian to this extent — I will begin to-night? "I am resolved as far as I have light and as far as I know my way, I am determined, God knows I am determined to square my life hereafter on Christian prin-

ciples. I am resolved to be a Christian man." Now, this may include churches. I may be a Roman Catholic and resolve it, or a Protestant and stay out of that church, and stay out of any other church. This resolution doesn't mean I will be a Christian like to this scheme or that scheme, according to this church or that church; it simply means in its simplest form, its primary condition, "I will regulate my life, both inside and out, according to the principles laid down for me by the Lord Jesus Christ." Is not that a very simple thing? But what does it carry with it? It carries, in the first place, this: "I will therefore begin by excluding everything that I know will hinder this resolution; from a consciously wicked way, I will begin as a part of the fulfillment of this resolution, I will stop." That is the meaning of the repentance John began and Christ took up. Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand, that is to say, I will get over every known wrong that is inconsistent with this purpose that I have formed; I am going to live as a Christian man, as a Christian woman; and if there be that which I know to be fundamentally wrong I shall carry out my resolution by repenting or turning away from that. And then, in the next place, a resolution to be a Christian applies immediately; it is not that I will be a Christian next year, or by and by, or a long time — death, but it is going on, beginning at once to live, as far as I know how, righteous. Do you mean, then, to take the steps that are necessary? Are you ready to begin your attempt to live a Christian life by saying in sincerity, "God show me the way; give me thy help?" Are you willing? Not to say your prayers; there are a great many prayers said; a great many, too few prayers that are felt and not true. Is there sincerity in you? I would to God that you have spiritual refilling and the sustaining power of the whole spirit, that you have the certainty that he was working in me to will and to do his good pleasure. Are you ready to begin your Christian life then by opening the word of God and reading, not a chapter nor a verse or two every day, but to make it the line of your counsel? When any great combination scheme is being formed in New York — any syndicate — there is always the lawyer, and they will never take a single step until they consult him, and he is about all the while; he is the man of their counsel: it is a complicated

thing and a great deal depends upon it, and they can not afford to go wrong. Are you willing to take the New Testament as the line of your counsel? See what it says about lusts, about appetites, what it says about crime and envy and jealousy, and all ill will and evil speaking, and all selfishness in its grasping moods.

Are you willing to look through the New Testament to see what the law of the Lord is? Not by discussion. God will take care of his own defense and doesn't thank you for any help; nor has he any occasion to thank anybody. Are you willing to take the Bible just as a shipmaster takes the chart? When he leaves the last shore light and takes his direction he never says "Read me a direction or two of the sailing directions and then read me the draughtings inside again and then again." They have no relation at all to his course, to his actual sailing: but he is not going to read so many parts of his chart and of his sailing directions. Why, no; he lays out his voyage from the beginning, and every day he takes observations, and then he checks down on the chart just where he is. At noon to-morrow he takes another observation; not because there is any need of reading his chart, in reading any book on navigation; not because he is studying astronomy for the sake of anything that is in astronomy. He has got a definite purpose in life; after which he sells his astronomy, and after which he sells his books, or those which lay his course. Are you willing to begin a Christian course and voyage by going to the word of God to ascertain exactly what is expected of you, both what you are to reject and what you are to adopt? That is sensible, that is right resolving, according to a practical basis and resolution. Or, on the other hand, are you, while you are weighing, that is, in yourself, are you saying to yourself. "My other people of God got on the best way. There is my father and mother. If there were ever any Christians they were such. I believe they were real Christians?" Now, a man's mother is infinitely more to him than the Virgin Mary is to any devout Catholic.

You come into the church because you find sympathy there and kindly help there. Are you willing to take advantage of all these kindly helps, so that you may be able to keep your purpose and your will? Are you willing to begin it now? You don't need any more knowledge. You have been brought up in Christian knowledge from

the very cradle; you have no bad associations; you have necessarily none by the average, but what Christian life was and Christian duty, is — there is not a man here that needs to have additional instruction; he knows that he is bound to live obediently to God and in love with Jesus Christ. But can a man come into a state of emotion? Can a man by simply saying I will, feel? No; no; but by saying I will feel he can take the steps to feel. A man shivers and says, "Chills and fever are not agreeable; I am determined to get over them." Well, you cannot get over them by determining it, but if you will take quinine enough you can. Now, let your purpose be not simply this, "I am resolved to be a Christian," but "I am resolved so unostentatiously. I am going to feel myself for all the help I can, and all the Christian institutions that are necessary for my weal." Now, that is practical, and that is common sense as well as moral sense. Or, are you going to say, "Well, I will see about it." No, you won't; you know it. And that thing we have in our times, when a loath debtor, he has given a note for the sake of paying a debt — but for the sake of getting rid of paying it they put it off for four months, and then they give another note. It is the greenback business, in which they pay one note by giving another. There are multitudes of people that form a resolution for the sake of not fulfilling a duty, and a man says, "Well, I have made up my mind I am going to be a Christian as soon as I get ready." When are you going to get ready? It has clouded your conscience and clouded your reason now by promising to do that, by and by, when the convenient time comes; and the devil will see to it that it never comes. It is a resolution that simply means the feeling of having done your duty. And I think the most scandalous meannesses and dishonorableness that can very well be imagined, when the parties concerned are regarded, is that resolution that people form to be a Christian when they have wasted themselves in the service of selfishness, and when they have come into old age and lie on their death-bed. I should think myself very mean if, in the summer time, I should gather a peck of peas and shell out the peas, and send the pods over to my neighbor as a present. That is what men mean to do with God; they mean to live in youth after their passions; they mean to live in middle age after their ambition; they mean to live in old age after their ease, and before they die

they hope to whip on the right side and get into heaven. When you come to examine such conduct in its relations to men, there is not a savage that would not feel that was infamous — to repay protection, divine benediction, the ministration of God through all the channels of nature, and the kindness of God through Jesus Christ for the ministration of the gospel; and the man deliberately says, we will seek all the money out of these things and all the rest that is in life, and when we are no longer of use to ourselves we will repent so as to get into heaven. Two Dutch elders had been warm friends, and yet one day they fell out with each other and, the fire grew fiercer until they came positively to hate each other, and one Sunday morning the dominie going behind one of the elders heard him mutter to himself, "Van Alstyne is a hypocrite; he will go to hell, he will go to hell." The old dominie spoke up to him and said: "Oh, oh, my brother, he won't go to hell." "Yes, he will go to hell." "Well, but, my dear fellow, he may repent." "No — well, he is just mean enough to do it." But this is — it is, candidly — the condition in which some of you are. You mean to live hatefully, disobediently, dishonorably, and yet in the last estate you mean to whip up and get into heaven — you are "just mean enough to do it."

Now, on the other hand, blessed be God, he is long suffering, and he is patient, and as we would pay a debt, by installments, little by little, showing all the time that we endeavor to do it, he respects your endeavor to live, to repent and to live a Christian life, by installments.

If you make up your mind honestly to do it, he will bear with your incompetence and your ignorance and your endearments; he will bear patiently with you, and help you from day to day, and from month to month, and from year to year, "growing brighter and brighter unto the perfect day." Is there any man here that can say in regard to the past, I am resolved that I will cut loose from everything that has been a detriment to me, dishonorable to God? Is there any man that will say in regard to the future, "I am resolved what to do? I am resolved to take a higher life, the nobler ideal; I am determined, by the help of God, that I will live in such a way that I should live." And if there is, don't wait until to-morrow morning; readjust your life to-night; go home and tell God of it; go home and tell your wife of it. That is the very thing you don't

dare to do, because when a man has once committed himself he is ashamed to go back; and if you are ashamed to tell anybody "I have made up my mind to live like a Christian man," it is because you have not made up your mind. When a man has determined that he will live a Christian life he will be willing to show to all that are around about him. "I am going to try. I have made up my mind to try." If you have, mind you will enter upon your journey. "The time is past in which I have served the will of the flesh, and now, to-night I have determined that I will begin, with the help of God, to live a Christian life." Are there any of you that are willing to make that resolve? God help you. For a little while it will be a troublesome thing, for a little while; but then easier and easier, with remuneration, and exhiliaration, and joy, and final victory.

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S LAST PRAYER IN PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

We thank thee for the day, for the light that has shone, for that brighter light that we have felt. We thank thee for the consciousness that has been in us that we have been accepted of thee, and that our souls are endeavoring to walk in thy way. We thank thee for the quiet of our home, and that thou hast among any of us brought the twilight hour within the midnight, as it were. We thank thee for the sustaining grace and for the kindling up before us of a brighter future interpreted by hope; and we thank thee that thou hast taught us that all things shall work together for good to them that love thee. We have learned largely and yet are poor scholars. We believe that in looking back upon life we have discerned the fulfillment of thy declarations. The things that once wet us with tears we now see to have been mercy; the things that we sought for and mourned because we had them not we rejoice that they were denied us. Our children are perpetually getting from us refusals; we rejoice that thou art not less tender of us than we are of our children. And so we submit ourselves to thy providence and rejoice in it, and not alone

because thou hast declared, but because thou hast fulfilled in our experience thy words. We praise thee and rejoice in thy will made known to us in the unfolding processes of our lives. Now we beseech of thee that thou wilt in love chastise us; arouse us from stupor; suffer us not to lose ground as a slumberous man; we pray thee that we may be guided by thy truth and by thy providence. We beseech of thee that thou wouldst grant unto every one of us, day by day, the consciousness that we are walking under the guide of thyself. Sanctify to us the dealings of thy providence, whether they are painful or joyful; make them all joyful, and grant unto us that power by which we can forego temptations; grant unto us that will by which we can hold our own will in subjection; and grant unto us the power to hold our will in union with all that is right and good, and work in us to will and to do of thy good pleasure. We beseech thee that thou wouldst grant thy blessing according to the several necessities of life. To all that are gathered here — are we not all yet acknowledging ourselves to be Christ's in purpose or in disposition? But yet thou makest thy sun to rise upon the good and the evil; thou sendest rain upon the just and upon the unjust, and so are we not the children of thy benefaction? Grant thy blessing upon us all; make our hearts tender to thy truth; cleanse our lives; help us to search what things are individually for advantage; accept our thanks for so many mercies and bounties and grant that they may not make us vain; take not away from us the hunger and the thirst after righteousness. Let thy kingdom come in us, and thy will be done as it is in heaven. We ask it in the Redeemer's name. Amen.

FUNERAL ORATION.

THE REV. DR. CHARLES H. HALL'S FUNERAL ORATION ON HENRY WARD BEECHER.

PRONOUNCED IN PLYMOUTH CHURCH, FRIDAY, MARCH 11TH, 1887.

THE hand that rests so still yonder laid aside the pen over a page of the unfinished "Life of Christ." Possibly the last flash of thought, as the conviction drew upon him of the probable end of life, was that his work was to be left unfinished — that he had not told men all that he would have them know of that precious revelation. Possibly, as the spirit fled away to be with Christ, whom he had been serving, the full knowledge came to him of that shoreless ocean of eternal life, which is "to know God and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent" — that is the beatific vision, the love of Christ which passeth knowledge. We dwell on one tiny bay of it here and dream about it. The departed saints of God have already put out on its immeasurable spaces, and learned that the life of Christ is never finished. It is the one word of God which is ever being spoken, echoing again and again, on and on with ceaseless reverberations, down the centuries. If there was one thing that stirred the heart that now rests from its labors, more than any other, that has marked his life and makes his memory precious to us now, it was his many-sided utterances of a Christ living, as going about among men, a master who first and last asks us to believe in Him, rather than to believe what others say about him. The radical question of this age has been: "Is there a faculty of illuminated reason to recognize a living Christ who can talk to us, and by the great communication of His mind and spirit directly lead us into all truths?" As monarchies and hereditary institu-

tions, and at last African slavery, have fallen to the dust, the question gathers voice and insists upon an answer. It will not be put off by any compromises with past orders and institutions, but renews itself at every turn, echoes in every advance in science or art, comes up in every development of literature and social progress. "Is there a faith in a Christ behind a consciousness of the individual that can be to him the very word of God — the illuminated, mandatory conscience?" In a country that dreams as yet of a government of the people, by the people and for the people, that question is inevitable, and even if it should send the sword among us for awhile in the effort of peace, it must be answered. It is not an accident, then, altogether that the man whose life has been molded by that question and its possible answers should have paused on the unfinished volume of the "Life of Christ." He has been a man of the people, Christward. We remind you that, though the English speaking race to-day mourns his fall and recognizes his loss, Americans feel that he has been a great leader or adviser in the guidance of all manner of substantial interests; though the Legislature of the State has paid him an unusual honor of adjourning as his right; though the press and divines and orators of all degrees are trying to compass the mighty theme in glowing words, in words of exulting grief that we have had him with us so long, and have lost him, yet that as he lies there so quiet, we may look at him as one who has been through all and in all things, an apostle of one supreme thought, a preacher of the everlasting gospel of the ever-living Christ. You who knew him best, you who have listened to him here in this church, know well that first, last, and always, in no barren or dreaming sense, his life has been absorbed in this work, and hid with Christ in God. In the prayers which he breathed out here for forty years so simply you have been hearing an inner echo, as if it had come out of the heart of Jesus. In his ordinary teaching, in lectures and sermons, the one thought in them has been to lead you to believe, not something about Christ, but to believe himself. In his intellect, his heart, his common life, wherever we, his neighbors, have felt him, he has been a witness to the presence of a word of God, the ideal man, the "light that lightens every man that cometh into this American world," that cometh into this Brooklyn life, that cometh within reach of the testimonies of this platform. Perhaps some

would have wished him to have shown tender care of the withes that bound him, as with Ninebark, but God has sent on him the fire that burned them and it was not for him to stay its power. Men talk occasionally of his lack of a theological system, of quotations and learned references and courtesies to the authoritative erudition of past ages. But the living Christ is always greater than divinities or creeds. The cry is as old as Christianity. "If we let this man thus alone, the Romans will come and destroy our city." Jesus to the Pharisees, had never learned letters, and yet the common people heard him gladly. As in his war on slavery there were few persuasive authorities, individual or ecclesiastical, to go back to and set in array, and he could only fall back of a living Christ as Samuel did on a "higher law," so the undertone of this life here has been a faith in Christ, a faith filled with New England sap and silicates, a faith freed by the tonic airs of wild prairies, and vigorously set to work here on every department of human life in which the Creator may be imagined to take an interest. Please note that we are here to bury him, not to praise him. My opinion may be indulged that the one fact about him, which endures in that life into which he has now gone, was his fidelity to the great law of faith, which, in its last analysis, means that he has taken his part in making the life of Christ a reality. He would be the first to allow that in this work there is a law that reverses to the eye all wordly modes of comparison. "The last shall be first and the first last"—the poorest serving girl that has caught the meaning of his preaching and hid her hard life in Christ's wondrous love, and now meets her spiritual teacher in Paradise, finds him gladly confessing his wonder at their surroundings, as being like her, "a sinner saved by grace."

If "The life of Christ" is never finished, then we may consent to go to all manner of teachers for instruction about it, and wade through all manner of learned wisdom, and accept for trial all manner of hereditary experiments so as to know all that we may about Him—but then to cast them all aside in His presence, when that light that shone on Saul of Tarsus, comes blinding down on us, and to ask, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" This is my thought of him to-day. This single chaplet I would put upon his coffin. He lived, moved and had his being in the word of God, on its cisatlantic side and spoken in

its American accent. The children of the poor, the oppressed and the afflicted, the slaves, the publicans and sinners, have had a gospel preached unto them here by a preacher who had little apparent anxiety about the serried files of systematic divinities, in imitation of One who somehow seemed to value more a voice that came to him at times out of the blue sky, "This is my beloved son," or again, saying, when his soul was troubled, "I have glorified and will glorify again." The poor weary souls who have accepted this gospel at his hands have rejoiced with the peace which the world does not give, and, thank God, cannot take away. Is the "Life of Christ" ever finished? Is not always the last volume lying in sheets, wanting the last touch, always receiving the newest revelations of its oldest meanings? Give a glance at his history. St. Luke, the most scholarly of the evangelists, supposed that he had finished it once, but now we hear from him: "The former treatise, O Theophilus! of all that Jesus began both to do and teach"—began, not finished. There was a new power in the world coming to the surface. There was a mystical Christ, entering into the weary heart of humanity and continuing both to do and to teach. St. Luke tells us of an eloquent Hellenistic youth who plead with radiant face against the blindness of hereditary traditions, and saw "the glory of God and Jesus standing at the right hand of God." At his word the scholar of Gamaliel rides forth to crush the new heresy that threatens to break down the old traditions and is smitten to the earth with the splendors of the new Shechinah in the temple of the individual heart, and starts on a new career. Or again Paul goes back to the old temple of his fathers and Jesus confronts him there and bids him depart and go far hence to the Gentiles. Men became possessed with an inspiration that changes all things with a royal regeneration, and it is Jesus always who continues to do and to teach. Miracle passes into law, and the evangelist has only begun again the story of the unending life, and left its final volume unwritten.

St. John, the divine, once thought that a gospel of his had told the wondrous story of that sacred life; but again, on a holy evening as he mused, lo! the high priest stood before him in the great temple of the universe and gathered the splendors of the sunset clouds as his garments, and took on the sound of many waters as his voice, and royally served the little churches of Asia, in what men

now call the progress of events. His message was "I am he that liveth and was dead ; and behold I am alive forever more, Amen, and have the keys of death and Hades." So John tried to give utterance to the grander sides of Jesus. Before in his gospel he has posed him as meek and lowly, sitting languid with the summer heat and dusty with the way, as he wrote it sitting thus on the wall. Now he shows him as still on the earth — the High Priest making intercession — the knightly rider — the throned lamb of God — the King of kings and Lord of lords. Did his life end with the Apocalypse? Let the sufferings and triumphs of the Christ that remained answer. So again when the Northern barbarians crushed the fair and seemly defenses of Roman civilization, in which the Church was tempted to rest, then the great Bishop of Hippo revealed to his age the city of God, the spiritual organization of the mystical Christ and his kingly reign began. Again when the brutal ages ensued of fierce contests with iron mailed kings and savage lords, the great Hilderbrand roused the faithful to a new obedience to organized spiritual forces as supreme, and founded the papal throne as the visible sacrament of an invisible monarch. The crosier testified again to a higher conception of the great High Priest, who went forth with every poor missionary, monk, or hermit, and thrilled all Europe with new life. When that rule became in time corrupt and tyrannical other men of renown arose to recall their ages to the Christ who bade every soul find its justification in faith and accept from him directly its election as the everlasting decree of the ageless Creator. But to come at once to our American soil. Every advance that the world has made has been toward the rights of all men, to a free conscience, to equality of privilege, man with man, and to the solemn duty of faith in a Christ, who comes to all directly in the might of the spirit and mind of Jesus. Forty years ago that question of a living Christ, in whom to live and believe, was knocking at the doors of men's consciences, on the side of orthodox traditions. On its intellectual side it was bound to disturb the whole Christian life of this country. That question was predestined to produce some man or some men who would be driven to reinvestigate the platform which had sufficed for a humbler past. Whether this man has done it well or ill we leave to the verdict of the future. He has certainly compelled all men to think of it and recognize it.

He has left a broad mark upon the Christian life of his age — rather a stimulus in its heart to earnest and devout effort to make the Christ a true presence, to honor daily life as capable of a genuine transubstantiation, so that a plain man may say now as an earnest man once said, "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ, liveth in me; and the life that I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me." Making no pretense to being a theologian or scholar, my faith rests in the possibility of an illuminated conscience. My gratitude goes forth to him who lies here, that he has enunciated that creed with body, soul and spirit. He loved all things, and his eloquence has adorned and beautified all in subservience to that belief. If the Christ indeed now feeds the oil to the golden lamps of special churches and lives on as truly God with us as he ever was, our brother comprehends that his last symbol of earthly work was properly the unfinished volume of his "Life of Christ." Let us follow him as he followed Christ.

Let us turn away to another thought. Abraham was to the Israelite, in some things, what Jesus is to us — the type of a covenant system. We refer now to him in a single point. The Lord came to the old Hebrew of his own divine will, as he saw him somewhat resting in earthly happiness, and tried him to the quick, deliberately shocked him into those days of awful agony, with his very faith on the totter. Then, as the angelic vision held back his hand, the patriarch found in his trial the ideal of the cross. He "saw the day of Christ and was glad." Paul, in the same line, tells us of a desire in his heart "to know the power of the resurrection and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable to His death; if by any means he might attain unto the resurrection of the dead." Jesus also means much the same when He bids us take up our crosses and follow Him. Whenever He sees us too full of earthly wishes or cares or success, and in danger from prosperity, He does for us what He did for Abraham and Job and Paul — and what He did for our brother. He sends a cloud over prosperity to win us by wholesome discipline, if by any means we can attain unto the mysteries of the resurrection. A brave and weary heart is here at rest; brave of old to dare brutal force and defy the violence of mobs and ruffians in speaking for the

slave ; brave to accept the murmurs and doubts of his political friends when conscience prompted to part from them ; bravest to wrestle along with a great sorrow, when he could find no earthly help. We honor him for the courage of his former acts ; we love him and wonder at him for the calm, sweet, gentle resignation of these last years. God, I believe, has led him, step by step, to spend his last days among us with a wisdom gained from the cross ; a tender, gentle, soberer wisdom which helped him to see the Captain of our Salvation, who was made perfect through suffering that we may all be of one, and the Great Sufferer not ashamed to call us brethren.

EULOGIES.

DR. De WITT TALMAGE.

At one of the overflow services held in the First Baptist church in Brooklyn on the occasion of the funeral of Mr. Beecher, Dr. Talmage pronounced the following eulogy :

THERE will be two ears that to-day will not hear one word of appreciation, and there will be two eyes that will not read one word of complimentary journalism — the eyes, the ears of the mighty man for whose obsequies we are convoked. We commit his immortal spirit to the bosom of a living God. But how much we shall miss our friend ! Great charities will present themselves upon our platforms, but his voice will not be heard to plead for them. Times of national crisis will come, but he will not be here to champion the right. The great conflict between the forces of God and the forces of sin seems gathering for an Armageddon, but his battle-axe will not gleam in the fight. Yet "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble."

As our departed friend can gain nothing from all the utterances of to-day, I ask myself, What can be learned for the living?—Three lessons. One for the ministers of religion ; one for all toilers with the brain ; one for everybody. Lesson for the ministers of religion : The power of similitude. Of all the metaphysical discourses you ever heard Mr. Beecher make, you remember nothing ; but his illustrations live and will live with you as long as your memory continues.

The grandest effects produced by Mr. Beecher were wrought by his illustrations, and he ransacked the universe for them, and he poured them forth in floods, and he timbered sermonic literature from dry and dull didactics into a marvelous resiliency. He began the war which I hope will be carried on until everything like humdrum shall be

driven from all the pulpits of Christendom. From the day that Mr. Beecher came from Indianapolis until his last sermon in Plymouth pulpit, it was *a victory of similitude.* Let all ministers of religion, especially all young ministers, learn the lesson.

The second lesson is for all toilers with the brain, and that is the danger of overwork. After Mr. Beecher's brain, like a swift courser, had dashed along for nearly seventy-four miles, lo! it is hitched to half a dozen new loads, any one of which might be enough to break down a fresh brain. After fifty years of incessant and exciting work, Cisatlantic and Transatlantic, he allows himself to be harnessed to a syndicate of letters, to a Life of Christ, to an Autobiography, and to a half dozen other enterprises. At a time he had a right to slow up, the throttle-valve is pulled for new velocities. With health and strength enough to have kept him in active pastorate for at least ten years more, crash, goes the whole mental and physical machinery!

The third lesson is for everybody: The importance of perpetual readiness for quick transit from world to world, a lesson we learn every day and forget as soon as we learn it. The most powerful sermon Mr. Beecher ever preached he is preaching to-day from the text, "Be ye also ready, for in such a day and in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." So often, as in Mr. Beecher's case, the last sickness is a time of unconsciousness, it behooves us while in health and strength to get ready for the next world. Do not wait until you see the flambeau of the Bridegroom coming through the darkness before you begin to trim your lamps. You may wait for your last moment, but when your last moment comes it will not wait for you. And now farewell, illustrious brother, departed. Carry him gently out along the streets with which he has so long been familiar. For the first time he passes without smile or cheerful recognition. Take him out to the silent city where sleep so many to whom he once ministered. They will not greet him now, but on resurrection morn will rise near him. Toll long and loud the bell at the gate. Put him to rest under the early crocus of the spring, for he must be very tired. His right hand closed, for there are no more genial words for him to write; his lips shut, for there are no more encouraging words for him to speak.

PROFESSOR DAVID SWING.

Mr. Beecher's greatest years were only twenty in number, lying between 1845 and 1865. That group of twenty years was made tremendous by the great ideas which lay beneath them. These great years would have been thirty had not his large themes died from fulfillment. We cannot find fault with good dreams which suddenly end by coming true. His mind and body were equal to a longer service, but England needed no longer any instruction as to America; Kansas needed no more intercession; the slaves needed no more of the eloquence of abolition. The cathedral of liberty had been completed and the architect had only to go inside and become a worshiper. For twenty years this wonderful man worked for the human race, then he wrought twenty more years for his parish, this last score of summers being also full of power, but not to be compared with the time when the toil was for the Nation, and the tasks the greatest upon earth. In the greater period he seemed under the employ of the people to plead their cause in politics and religion. His pulpit moved around in the daily press, and was on the banks of the Ohio and the Missouri, while, as the old Scottish clans sprang forth from the bushes when their chieftain gave a blast on his trumpet, the audiences of this evangelist issued at his call from all the hills of the East and the waving grass of the West. In times of deep distress the slaves' souls cried out with the Scotch poet:

> "Oh, for a blast of that dread horn,
> On Fontarabian echoes borne."

The public services of Daniel Webster did not cover so wide a space in time; nor did the great career of Abraham Lincoln take in so many circles of the sun. To Mr. Beecher must be given the fame and gratitude for a battle long fought, and well fought to the final perfect triumph.

The philosophy of his history was about of this outline. He was an inborn, vast genius, so sensitive that he became Americanized easily and deeply. As Angelo under Italy and the Medici became colored by art, as Goethe absorbed all the sweet odors and bewildering fancy of Germany, as Shakspeare caught all of his age in his wide men-

tal drag-net, thus Henry Ward Beecher became Americanized, and from his brain came forth an American politics and an American religion. These two structures arose at the same time, whether side by side or one within the other cannot be affirmed. You may if you choose say the new politics was the external temple, the new religion a golden altar within. It will matter little what form of figure the thought may assume, the truth remains that under the hand of this one workman there sprang up a new form of both politics and religion. The rationalism and humanity which led slaves up out of bondage could not do otherwise than lead God's children out of old Puritanism with its election, reprobation, and literal and eternal fire. For twenty years without intermission rolled forth this eloquence about justice as between man and man, and as between God and man.

DR. LYMAN ABBOTT.

He has been foremost in the workings of our time, but still his genius will go down to the grave with him. If the necessity of life is a creed Mr. Beecher has made a great mistake and his theological teachings were all wrong. The departure from the narrow theology to the broad humanity which he led has been great. He believed in the progression and unfolding of the revelations. To Mr. Beecher, books were only a means to an end; he did not stop at them as some men do at the cobwebs on the window, and so men called him unbelieving. There was not a phenomenon of nature that he did not study in the hope of finding a trace of God in it, and he has left that faith to you as a legacy. He flung his doors wide open to every person of serious thinking. He has been called a mystic. He was not a mystic, for he never hesitated to put his witnesses of thought on the stand and submit them to every questioning. He had no fear of what any philosophy could say of him. He could not think that God was a dead God, in a sealed and musty book, but looked upon him as a living and loving being. He believed in the awfulness of sin, but he did not believe in a punishment without reason,

and the future will not believe it. He believed in atonement, but not in a Saviour who appeased the wrath of another. Those who believe that religion is a creed, that God finished his speaking to the world 1,800 years ago, did well to antagonize Mr. Beecher, and will do well to antagonize his teachings in coming years; but those who believe that God is of to-day can never do dishonor to the man we loved on earth. But no one can ever take out of the brain what Mr. Beecher put into it, or take from the American heart the hope that Mr. Beecher planted there.

JUDGE ALBION W. TOURGEE.

He hated shams above all things, but he believed in the true and the real, because he saw God in everything and everthing in its relation to God. With Carlyle he would tolerate the toad for the sake of the jewel, and like Ruskin he was inclined to the existence of the jewel because of the toad, but unlike both he felt that toad and jewel were both divine and that somewhere and somehow there was discoverable between them an essential harmony. He could not conceive of any toad without a jewel; of humanity unrelated to deity; of a nature that did not reveal the mind of a creator. He has been called a Christian pantheist. Nothing could be wider of the truth. He did not worship God as a divine man, but looked upon man with a peculiar and universal reverence as the clearest exponent — the nearest analogy of the divine. This idea of the holiness and divinity of beauty, he impressed not only on our religious thought, but on our literature and even on our politics. The tender, exalted, and truthful religious, patriotic, and artistic ideals of the generations which have listened to the teachings owe to him the fusing, intensifying, and enlargement of the thought of his great contemporaries. He was pre-eminently the Christian interpreter of nature. He has pointed out more of the pleasant by-ways "from nature up to nature's God" than any other man has ever noted. If Darwin saw in nature the evidence of an inflexible law of development, operating through myriads of millions of years, Beecher saw in that

law and in the all but illimitable period of existence it required, new evidence of the beauty and grandeur, compassion and glory of One Divine. He stamped upon the human consciousness as no one else had done before the divinity of beauty — the divinity of its origin and the divinity of its mission to humanity. As a Christian humanitarian he was not perhaps without his equals, but as a Christian lover and interpreter of nature he is without a peer. Of the pleasant facts of nature others have taught us even more than he; but of nature as an inspired oracle no one has given such wondrous expositions. He has traced better than any other the divine harmony between God and nature and humanity — the unity that pervades, assimilates, and exacts.

REV. DR. McGLYNN.

None other so well as he taught the men and land of his time to exalt the essential of religion, pure and undefiled, in which we all agree, and to minimize the differences that seem to separate us. To him was given to see with clearer vision, to reveal the unequaled genius, and with tireless energy to make common among men the meaning of Him who taught of old on the Mount, and by the seashore, the core of all religion, the brotherhood of man.

I cheerfully confess that from Mr. Beecher I learned from the first days of my ministry a new tenderness and fullness of meaning in the "Our Father;" and I am glad to be able here to state that the theology of the Old Church agrees with him in this, that the essence of religion is in the communion with God through the love of Him, for His own sake, and loving all men with the zest with which we love ourselves, and that while sacrifice and sacrament, creed and ritual, prayer and sermon, and song may be, and are, powerful helps and necessary manifestations of this religion, which is love, without it they are but a mockery and a blasphemy. I thankfully count him among the masters from whom I have learned a fuller meaning of the prayer "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

RABBI ALEXANDER KOHUT.

In Henry Ward Beecher we meet a man who, like Moses, overtowered his fellow-men, and, like him, too, appeared among the people, with his face uncovered, as one of them. Henry Ward Beecher was a humanitarian. In his love for man, of all creeds and all denominations, he showed in practical deeds the greatness of his mind. If he had never said more of the Jews than that "On the Jews the whole world rub their tongues and feet," and the eloquent plea he made at that time for our people, if this had been all, Judaism defended by such a great American owed him much gratitude. But this was only once of the many times that he pleaded for us and responded to our need for sympathy. The Talmud says, "Every righteous man has a share in the future salvation." Henry Ward Beecher not only will live in the other world, but in the hearts of those among whom he lived, by whom he was loved. He will live here on earth forever!

COLONEL R. G. INGERSOLL.

Speaking of Mr. Beecher in 1880, after a great political gathering at Brooklyn, Colonel Ingersoll said: "I regard him as the greatest man in any pulpit of the world. He treated me with a generosity that nothing can exceed. He rose grandly above the prejudices supposed to belong to his class and acted only as a man could act without a chain upon his brain and only kindness in his heart.

"I told him that night that I congratulated the world that it had a minister with an intellectual horizon broad enough and a mental sky studded with stars of genius enough to hold all creeds in scorn that shocked the heart of man. I think that Mr. Beecher has liberalized the English-speaking people of the world. I do not think he agrees with me. He holds to many things that I most passionately deny. But in common we believe in the liberty of thought.

"My principal objections to orthodox religion are two — slavery here and hell hereafter. I do not believe that Mr. Beecher on these two points can disagree with me. The real difference between us is, he says God, I say nature. The real agreement between us is, we both say liberty. He is a man of a wonderfully poetic temperament. In pursuing any course of thought his mind is like a stream flowing through the scenery of fairyland. The stream murmurs and laughs, while the banks grow green and the vines blossom. His brain is controlled by his heart. He thinks in pictures. With him logic means mental melody. The discordant is the absurd. He is a great thinker, a marvelous orator, and, in my judgment, greater and grander than any creed or church. Besides all this, he treated me like a king. Manhood is his forte, and I expect to live and die his friend."

ASSEMBLYMAN JOHN B. LONGLEY.

Tht Legislative Assembly at Albany adopted by a rising vote a resolution of respect to the memory of Henry Ward Beecher, on the motion of Assemblyman McCann, and then adjourned. In supporting the resolution Assemblyman Longley said:

The city in which I live seems lonely and desolate now, since its great preacher has departed. The emblems of mourning that drape its public buildings are typical of the great sorrow that broods in the hearts of all its people — hearts that cannot be comforted, for he whom they have so long and so dearly loved has gone out from their midst, to return no more, forever. Brooklyn without Beecher is more than a moonless night — it is like the world without a sun! His theology followed no paths that were beaten, beyond the point where his own convictions led; but, heedless of the road to which the finger of orthodoxy pointed as he passed the many guide-boards on the way, he pressed bravely and confidently on toward that Celestial City which he had ever in view — that city which he as plainly saw as did the enraptured John in his Apocalyptic vision. A city that had "no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it, for the glory of God

did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." And so, when at last stricken down by a sudden and unexpected blow, while seemingly in the full flush of health and strength, may we not believe, in view of his long and eventful life, that could he have given utterance to the yearnings and promptings of his inner heart, he would have exclaimed:

> "I am kneeling at the threshold, weary, faint and sore;
> Waiting for the dawning, for the opening of the door;
> Waiting till the Master shall bid me rise and come
> To the glory of His presence, to the gladness of His home."

Assemblyman Bacon, General Curtiss and Mr. Baker, of Steuben County, also spoke to the resolutions.

GRATEFUL AND TOUCHING RESOLUTIONS

OF A CONVENTION OF COLORED CHURCHES IN BROOKLYN.

In sacred memory of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

America's most distinguished divine, the friend of the oppressed, and especially such to the colored people of this country in the days of slavery, is dead. Having passed from labor to reward on the 8th day of March, A. D. 1887, he is now with Jesus, whose immeasurable love he proclaimed from Sabbath to Sabbath with burning words and matchless eloquence.

In common with the nation we mourn the nation's loss; in common with the citizens of Brooklyn we mourn the loss of Brooklyn's most celebrated citizen; and, in common with the Christian church and its ministry, we mourn; but, in addition to all this, we mourn as representatives of the colored people of this country, for whose emancipation the great Henry Ward Beecher did so much, and for whose mental, moral and social elevation since emancipation he has done so much bold speaking, forcible writing and liberal giving.

THEREFORE, We, the undersigned clergymen of the city of Brooklyn, for ourselves and for those whom we represent in this ministerial conference, do adopt the following:

Resolved, That while we reverently bow to the will of

God in all things, believing that all things work together for good to them that love him, yet, nevertheless, in the death of Henry Ward Beecher our race has lost a stanch friend and champion, one who was always found ready to plead the cause of the slave and to aid in the work of his education, and that we are passively moved and made to feel the abundance of gratitude we owe him, and that this heartfelt gratitude kindles within us a deep sympathy with his bereaved family and condolence with his weeping church.

(Signed.) J. L. H. Sweres, William T. Dixon, Amos N. Freeman, J. W. Stevenson, Ebenezer Bird, William H. Dickerson, William F. Johnson, W. H. Thomas, W. V. Tunnell, William H. Ferguson, J. B. Murray, Rufus L. Perry.

Servant of God! well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought — the vict'ry won,—
Enter thy Master's joy.

The voice at midnight came,
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
He fell — but felt no fear.

The pains of death are past;
Labor and sorrow cease;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

Soldier of Christ! well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy!

PLYMOUTH CHURCH MEMORIAL TO MR. BEECHER.

AT the regular Friday night meeting in Plymouth Church, May 6, 1887, the following minute was presented by Professor Rossiter W. Raymond, and unanimously adopted and ordered placed on the minutes of the church:

The members of Plymouth Church, in grateful remembrance of the life and character of their late beloved pastor, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, unanimously direct the following minute to be entered upon the records of the church, as a testimony, however inadequate, at once of his virtue and achievements, of their love and sorrow, and of their thanks to God for the blessing so long vouchsafed to them:

Mr. Beecher was thirty-four years old when he became the first pastor of Plymouth Church. For the work he thus undertook he had been divinely prepared, by an illustrious Christian parentage, a varied, intense, and deep spiritual experience, a collegiate and theological education, and ten years of missionary, pastoral, and literary labor in the West. He brought to this work a sound and vigorous body, a mind well stored with the results of communion with nature, with books, with men, and with God, unequaled eloquence, indomitable courage, all-embracing benevolence, quick sympathy, genial humor, and untiring activity, all consecrated in absolute devotion to the one great purpose of impressing, both upon individuals and upon society, the influence of Jesus Christ. As he himself declared, so we bear witness from our intimate knowledge of him, that in all the many spheres in which he made his powers felt, the love of Christ, and of men for Christ's sake, was the motive of his life. Perhaps no clergyman has ever so completely identified himself with men of all occupations; yet none has more constantly borne in mind his sacred mission. Under all his freedom and mirthfulness, his disregard of formal conventionalities and his repudiation of restrictions, whether of dogma or of ecclesiastical government, there was an unquenched and unquenchable zeal for the glory of God in the salvation of men.

For nearly forty years he preached and lived the Gospel of Christ in the midst of this people. During that time he modified in some particulars the form of his teaching, in accordance with the new light thrown by modern investigation upon many important points both of Biblical criticism and of human history and philosophy. But the light of the central truth never wavered and was never obscured. Jesus

Christ, the Divine Redeemer of the world, crucified, risen, immortal and omnipotent, was as clearly declared at the end as at the beginning, and his forgiving and restoring love was made known to the last with an eloquence undiminished in power, nay, augmented by all the force of accumulated experience and wisdom.

Mr. Beecher was not professedly a theologian; but he had a theology which has made a deeper impress upon the faith of the Christian world than that of all the technical theologians of his time. It was the theology of Paul, when, disheartened by his comparative failure at Athens, he went to the Corinthians, determined to know nothing among them except Jesus Christ, and not even him except as crucified. Christ, the suffering Savior; Christ, the loving Savior; Christ sacrificing himself for selfish and unthankful men; Christ dying for those who were even yet his enemies; Christ rising again, only to complete the work of mercy; Christ *himself*, quite regardless of any theories about him or facts outside of him, was the beginning and the end of this theology; to the modern as well as to the ancient legalists a stumbling-block, and, to all who value theories more than souls, foolishness; but to us the wisdom of God and the power of God.

Less and less, as years rolled on, did our pastor feel called upon to predict what Christ will do when he shall come again; more and more he concentrated all the energy of his soul upon declaring what Christ is doing now.

It would be vain to attempt even to outline the variety and range of the instruction which he imparted to us in the light of this central truth. What clear guidance in doubt, what strong support in adversity, what inspiration to manly achievement and endurance, what tender consolation in sorrow, the Divine Spirit has conveyed through his lips to thousands of human hearts, only eternity can reveal. But we cannot forbear to make special note of the blessed effect of his ministry in bringing God and heaven near to us and destroying in us the fear of death. From the sepulchres of our beloved the hand of this angel of the Lord has rolled away the stone, and his voice has said to us, "They are not here; they are risen!" Through him we have learned the gladness and the glory of death, no less than the dignity, power, and sacredness of life.

He was the first to prepare a hymn-book giving upon the same page both hymns and tunes arranged in such manner as to make congregational singing natural and practicable, and in this way he did more to revive and elevate that form of worship than any other man of his time. The example thus set has been followed in many admirable collections of later date, which have the advantage of beautiful hymns and noble tunes not existing when the Plymouth Collection was formed, many of them, indeed, owing their very existence to the new impulse given to congregational singing by that work. But that collection will always remain memorable, not only for the reason already stated, but also because it was the first, since the days of Wesley, to avail itself of all Christian hymns, including those written by devout Roman Catholics, Unitarians, and Friends, as freely as those of orthodox poets; an example of broad Christianity which, like nearly every other forward step taken by our pastor, excited much adverse criticism at the time, only to receive shortly afterward the best form of flattery, universal imitation. To us the Plymouth Hymn-book is doubly dear, not only as a treasury of sublime and

tender religious lyrics, but also because he who made it for us has stamped every page of it with memories of himself.

What Henry Ward Beecher accomplished as a reformer, philanthropist and patriot is part of the history of his age. We rejoice that his labors were not confined to this church alone, though abundant and fruitful here, but, overflowing all limitations, extended throughout the nation and the world. We lent him gladly for such service, recognizing that his great genius was a divine gift to mankind, the blessings of which it was our happy privilege to share with others, and the glory and inspiration of which were reflected upon us. We are glad to remember that for forty years the hospitality of this church has been freely extended to strangers; that the sermons and prayers of its pastor have through the press comforted and exalted many thousands who could not hear his voice; that in his warfare against slavery, and his eloquent support at home and abroad of the unity of the nation, this people stood with unbroken unanimity by his side; and that, through all the conflicts of every kind which he and we have been called upon to meet, the liberty of this church has been maintained without disturbance of its inward peace.

That Plymouth Church was unshaken in its faith by the false accusations which were at one time heaped upon its pastor's head, it is needless to say. We can claim little credit for that. We knew the man; we had known him for a lifetime. Yet even to us who knew him best, that fiery trial revealed an unexpected nobility of soul in him — a magnanimity of patience and forgiveness, a heroic strength of endurance, a steadfast trust in God, a wondrous exaltation of spirit, which illustrates to us beyond all descriptions or exhortations the higher life — the life hid in Christ. We can never forget the days when he, who might have been expected to need consolation from us, still poured forth, from the height of a victorious peace, comfort, instruction and inspiration for others.

This church, which was so dear to him, and to which he was so dear, can never lose the impress of his teachings and example. In every impulse of noble aspiration, in every enterprise of Christian endeavor, in every act of worship, in every hour of prayer, we shall feel his influence.

Mr. Beecher has said, in recent words of unconscious prophecy: "If the life that has gone out has been like music, full of sweetness, richness, delicacy, truth, then there are two ways to look at it. One is to say, "I have not lost it!" Another is to say, "Blessed be God that I have had it so long!"

Both these consolations are ours. We should indeed be unworthy of the great treasure we have enjoyed if we could permit our sorrow in this bereavement to surpass our thanksgiving and triumph and hope. We would transmute both grief and gratitude into holy zeal; and we pledge ourselves, in memory of Henry Ward Beecher, that we will go forward with the work he began, in the spirit which is his richest legacy to us, looking for support to that Divine Savior who inspired, sustained and guided him, and has promised to abide with us.

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